



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

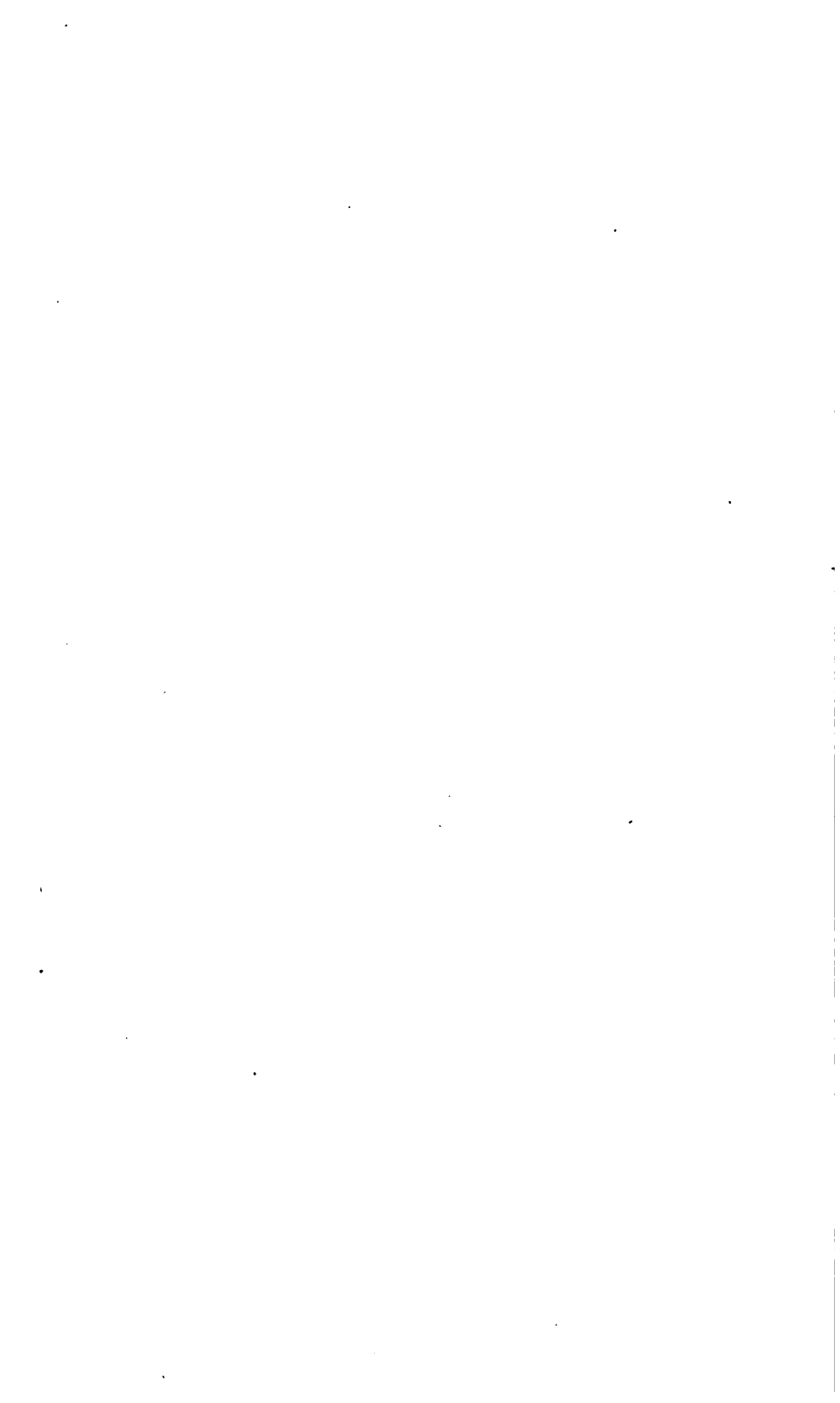
NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 06828262 7



ZKF
C. 1. 1. 1.



THE
CATHOLIC RECORD.

A MISCELLANY OF

CATHOLIC KNOWLEDGE AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

NEW YORK

VOL. VII.

FROM MAY, 1874, TO OCTOBER, 1874.

PHILADELPHIA:
HARDY & MAHONY,
505 CHESTNUT STREET.

1874.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

6-1914

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

1914

L

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

CONTENTS.

VOL. VII.

	PAGE		PAGE
About Words and Phrases.....	38, 101	Letters to a Protestant Friend, Giving a Brief	
Address, Prof. Tyndall's.....	367	History of Protestantism and Church of	
Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.....	12	Englandism in the Words of Protes-	
Affair of the Heart, An.....	372	tants.....	157, 206, 286, 347
Alice Dormer's Sacrifice.....	238	Life and Love.....	226
Apostolicity Essential in the Constitution of		Lost and Found. A Story.....	106
the Church.....	184		
Assumption, The.....	252	Marrying an Heiress.....	75, 163
		Month of Mary, The.....	61
Basilica of St. Petronilla and the American		Mr. Speckles on Himself.....	232
Pilgrims.....	266	Music.....	265
Catholics and the Centennial. The Grand			
Prize Essay delivered at the Seventh An-		Off with the Old Love.....	308
nuual Commencement of La Salle College,		Order of Our Savior, The.....	171
at the American Academy of Music,		Our Fast Age, A Study in American Char-	
Philadelphia.....	152	acter.....	65
Catholicity Characteristic of the Divine In-		Our Lady of Perpetual Help.....	303
stitution of the Church.....	86		
Cause and Effect.....	257	Passion Flower; The.....	125
Chest of Drawers; or, My First School Expe-		Philip Langdon's Promise.....	142
rience, The.....	54	Pilgrimage to the Sainte Baume, A.....	176
Church of the Nineteenth Century. The		Pilgrimage of Pleasure.....	355
Study of a Torn Prayer Book. The.....	90	Protestant Missions.....	321
Christian Burial—Heathen Cremation.....	189		
Colosseum, The.....	318	Sanctity a Characteristic of the Divine In-	
		stitution of the Church.....	34
Divine Institution of the Church Exhibited		Shadow Under the Yew, The.....	278
by the Faith and Practice of Catholicity		Singular Importance of the Irish Language,	
in regard to the Bible, The.....	246	and How to Popularize It.....	51
Dying Summer.....	346	Story of a Noble Life, The.....	1
		Summer of the Sacred Heart, The.....	74
Ethel's Reward.....	48	Summer Musings in the Garden.....	227
Faith and Practice of Catholicity, The.....	313	The Theory of All-sufficiency of the Bible is	
Flat Justitia.....	274, 329	Discredited and Condemned by Pro-	
Flatlery.....	58	testants.....	379
		'Tis Summer.....	170
Giuseppe Garibaldi.....	129	To and From the "City of Fogs".....	294
Hand Maid and Queen.....	33	Vatican Basilica, The.....	253
How Much He Loved Her.....	213	Vesper Hymn, A.....	363
Hymns of the Roman Office for Pentecost		Visit to Mt. Vesuvius, A.....	116
and Whitsuntide, The.....	43		
Immutable.....	138	Wasted Treasures.....	105
		Waiting for Something to Turn Up.....	123
Legend of the Singing Leper.....	205	What I Saw from My Window—A Sketch.....	178
		Words.....	189
		What are the Wild Waves Saying?.....	193

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Adventures of a Protestant in Search of a Religion, The.....	384	Isabelle de Verneuil; or, The Convent of St. Mary's.....	64
Adeline of Chazel.....	192	King and the Cloister, The.....	256
Amelia; or, The Triumph of Piety.....	128	Life and Writings of St. Catharine of Genoa.....	255
Amateur Actor, The.....	256	Life of Blessed Mary Margaret Alacoque.....	64
Baltimore Gun Club, The.....	126	Life of St. John of the Cross.....	127
Catharine Hamilton.....	192	Life of St. Thomas of Villa-Nova.....	190
Charteris, a Romance.....	384	Madam Agnes.....	128
Children of Mary, The.....	128	New Manual of the Sacred Heart.....	64
Christian Cemetery in the Nineteenth Century, The.....	126	Notes on the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore.....	384
Columbian Speaker, The.....	256	Pride of Lexington, The. A Tale of the American Revolution.....	63
De Absolutione Parentibus, Qui Prolem Scholæ Publicæ seu promiscuæ instituendam tradunt neganda, etc.....	127	Pioneer, The.....	192
Essay Contributing to the Philosophy of Literature, An.....	191	Snatches of Song.....	64
French Prisoner in Russia, The.....	127	Sin and its Consequences.....	192
For Husks, Food.....	191	Sign of the Cross in the Nineteenth Century, The.....	255
Glory and Sorrow and Selim.....	127	Tigranes.....	190
Gerald Marsdale.....	255	Vestal, The.....	320
History of Pequot, The.....	256	Wonders of Lourdes, The.....	319
History of the Irish Brigade, A.....	254		
Harmon, Alice.....	259		

THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. VII, No. 37.—MAY, 1874.

THE STORY OF A NOBLE LIFE.

AMERICA's poet laureate, "singing at will beneath his Cambridge elms," never more truly touched the sympathetic pulse of popular favor than when he told us, in his now world-quoted Psalm of Life, that:

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's watery main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing may take heart again.

Especially is this true of a land like ours, under whose social and political system every man has a free start, and a fair field, in the chance of a life successful in every aspect. Let him be blessed with only the most ordinary gifts of heaven, and not wanting energy, he cannot fail to do well, but if he possesses any advantages which may elevate him above the common level of humanity, he has only to develop that bump which is peculiar to the American cranium, and which is known in a common parlance, which ignores the technical

phrases of phrenology, as "push," and he will soon find himself one of those democratic princes of the people, who are crowned not with the jewelled coronets of an hereditary royalty, but with the glory and power and wealth, which a psalmist of life, older, wiser, and sweeter than even Mr. Longfellow once promised, as the reward of a man who feared God and kept his commandments.

The trouble nowadays is, however, to discover who are our great men, a difficulty mainly arising from the fact that we overdo ourselves in this matter of getting along in the world; our "vaulting ambition has o'erleapt itself." We have prostituted a naturally noble impulse to the base and degenerate spirit of the times. Formerly, men not only cared for "getting along," but they also kept a jealous eye upon their own self-respect, and were very cautious as to *how* they got along; our modern communistic spirit, like the excited individual, when he heard a stump-speaker

ask if one man wasn't as good as another, cries out, vociferously, "Yes, and a good deal better." This is the principle upon which men, who do not fear God and keep the commandments; men whose name is legion, and who, gorged with false ideas of progress, liberalism, and money-making, take as the keynote of their worldly career. Policy is the best honesty with them; the way of the commandments of truth, honor, and virtue is too narrow and tedious. Our public-school system, with its modern American geographies, has developed a broader and shorter and smoother way to earthly renown and temporal wealth; a way that makes as great a divergence as possible from the old royal road our fathers trod, and which, after rounding the hill of questionable fame, finds its terminus to be the antipodes of the kingdom of God, and his justice.

The histories and biographies too, which are most in favor with those pot-house Solomons, the public-school directors, largely sustain the above-quoted geographies. Their writers, with a boundless Christian charity, fairly revel in the fulfilment of the popular philanthropic maxim, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," hence, every departed worthy is held up as a paragon of perfection to the rising generation, providing he have been a *successful* man, *ergo*, a presumably great one. Yet all prominence is by no means greatness, and a writer in a late number of a secular magazine, referring to the lack of truly great statesmanship at the present day, boldly declares that it is owing less to a diminution of brains than to the absence of an honest heart in our public men. Yet, the world professes an indiscriminating admiration for men of this class, because it knows them to be among its most obsequious followers, and all the ambitious "Young Americas" shine in the

light of their examples; and, what is worse, even our Catholic men, young and old, seeing the prosperity of these sinners, have, like the royal prophet, wellnigh, if not quite, stumbled from the path of uprightness. But let us not be deceived by treacherous examples of false heroism. Honesty, truth, and purity have not quite deserted the earth, wicked as it may be. Nor do they cease to command the respect even of those who, pretending to ignore them, worship in their stead their graven and senseless images. The mass of social, moral, and political corruption, engendered by the votaries of these false gods, cannot bury beneath its reeking pile the fearless and self-reliant sons of virtue. Truly, great men still live, and we need not step into a first-class optician's shop and purchase a pair of double convex spectacles to assist our eyes, bleared by the clouds of modern iniquity, in finding them. The light of their own lustrous virtue will pierce, of its own force, the surrounding darkness, and un-failing and unerringly rivet our attention, admiration, and successful imitation.

Such a man was he, whose life we have chosen as a theme, most suitable and most worthy of our consideration, the late Hon. THOMAS EWING, of Ohio; one of nature's noblemen; one of America's truly great statesmen; one whom all the people of America can esteem as one of her purest public men; one whom we Catholics of America can honor and emulate as a man; who living not merely by the trite dictates of a commonplace morality, but who, worshipping God in the sincerity of a truth-loving and truth-seeking heart,

"Touched God's right hand in the darkness,"

and was guided, like the Israelites of old, by Faith's pillar of fire, by night, unto the brightness of revelation's perfect day.

The Life of Thomas Ewing has yet to be written, and what we can glean of his career must be drawn from the scattered records of the political history of his times, and from the brief memoir, compiled with filial affection by his daughter, Mrs. General Sherman, and recently issued from the press of the Catholic Publication Society.

His family was of Revolutionary stock, and we find them first settled near Greenwich, in Cumberland County, New Jersey, where the family mansion still stands. His father, George Ewing, enlisted, in 1775, in the New Jersey line, where he obtained the rank of lieutenant, and was present at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, and spent the winter at the memorable camp at Valley Forge. While in the army he sold, on credit, the property which he inherited, and when his bonds became due was paid in Continental money, then a legal tender, but rapidly depreciating, and soon becoming totally valueless, in consequence of which he determined to reinstate his shattered fortune by migrating west of the Alleghanies, and in 1786 settled on a farm near West Liberty, Ohio County, Virginia, where his son Thomas was born December 28th, 1789. In April, 1792, the family removed to the mouth of Olive Green Creek, on the Muskingum River, where, three years later, they were obliged to take refuge in a blockhouse, in order to avoid the danger of being massacred by the Indians, who were rising in all directions. An elder sister had taught young Ewing to read, and while he was in the garrison, he cultivated an assiduous acquaintance with the only book it afforded—the Bible—which caused him to acquire the cognomen of "The Bishop," which clung to him for many years. Indeed, his mind seems to have, very early, taken a semi-religious turn. His cousin and school-companion,

Edward G. Morgan, relates how, on one occasion, Tom Ewing and the relator's brother enticed and locked him in the corner, in order that they might not be disturbed by him while reading the Bible, which they did aloud, verse and verse about, and being discovered at such *pious* mischief, escaped the merited punishment of their prank. This occurred in 1797, when young Ewing had been taken to West Liberty, and there went to school for seven months. His garrison education had given him a preliminary insight into that standard colonial schoolbook, Dilworth's Spelling-book, which he now proceeded to master thoroughly, at a school which is described by his cousin, Mr. Morgan, as being conducted by a Presbyterian minister, who used to summon to class by calling out, with a loud shrill voice, the word "Books;" something, perhaps, in the same style as Dominie Sampson was wont to whistle "*Prodigious!*" The master's authority was enforced by a fearful array of instruments of torture, such as switches, roasted in hot ashes to make them tough, a dunce-block and leather spectacles, and a strong cord fastened to the joists, for use under extraordinary infractions of the rules. Those who have used Dilworth's Spelling-book will remember, says Mr. Morgan, to whom we are indebted for the story, that it contains many short quotations from Scripture, one of them being, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion." One evening on returning from school, when Tom had got in sight of home, he ran forward and called out, "Uncle, uncle! I have turned over a new leaf, and have got to the wicked *flea*;" and he strutted around as proud as a peacock. Forty years after he was heard to say that it was the proudest day of his life.

On leaving West Liberty, he re-

turned to his father, who had then removed to Federal Creek, in what is now Athens County, Ohio, the heart of the wilderness, seventeen miles from the frontier settlements, where, for nearly three years, the family was shut out from any intercourse with the world, and where young Ewing was able to superadd to his Bible but two books, "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "The Fool of Quality." In the year 1800, a few other families, from New England, settled on the Creek, and the same winter a school was opened, under the superintendence first of Moses Everett, a graduate of Cambridge, who was succeeded by Charles Cutler, from the same college. Ewing studied one quarter under each, the rudiments of an English education, his knowledge of poetry being received from an eccentric neighbor, who, like Moses Everett, had been banished from society by intemperance, and this was his total schooling until 1812. The enterprising community on the Creek determined, however, to establish a library, and a fund being raised, to which Ewing's contribution was ten coon-skins, they sent it to one of the Eastern cities, to be invested in books. This was probably the first library ever formed in the then Northwestern Territory.

The books were brought across the mountains on horseback, and in a sack, and on being tumbled out proved almost as motley a company as Falstaff's recruits. Goldsmith's works, Plutarch's Lives, treatises on philosophy, and religious controversial works, were supplemented by fashionable and highstrung romances, with startling titles, all of which young Ewing devoured with a literary appetite which can only be appreciated by those who can adequately imagine the dulness of frontier life, or who have practically experienced, under almost insurmountable diffi-

culties, a similar craving for knowledge.

From the age of thirteen, Ewing's life had been laborious, both as an assistant and principal manager of his father's farm, yet he always possessed a strong literary taste, an insatiable thirst for a complete education, and with these, a laudable and almost passionate ambition. His history is that of nearly all the struggling pioneers of our country's early days; the pearls of education were not then cast indiscriminately to swinelike minds, to train up a generation of cultivated rascals, hence the boon of learning was valued at its true price by those who were capable of appreciating it. All Ewing's spare hours by day were devoted to reading, and at nights the inevitable pine-knot or the crusts of shellbarks thrown on the flame furnished light for the same occupation; having heard that a mutilated copy of Virgil was to be obtained from a friend, he went twenty miles to obtain it, and would gather his farm companions around him to hear him repeat the *Æneid*. One night while reading the passage wherein *Æneas* tells Dido that Jove had sent Mercury to bid him leave her, one of the men startled the company by rising and exclaiming vociferously, that "it was all a lie, and he only wanted to get rid of her, which was a — shame after all she had done for him." Many a time did hope sink within the heart of the youth, doomed thus to spend his best days in apparent fruitlessness, many a time were his tears his only relief, little did he know that God by this trial was building up the strength of his moral character, and fitting him not only for his future grand public career, but also for that unworldliness which is the distinctive characteristic of men whose path through life has been strewn, not with the roses of pleasure, but the thorns of trial, thus pre-

paring him to be the worthy recipient of Heaven's first and greatest gift, FAITH.

In 1808, a lad who had travelled considerably, and who for some months had been employed on the farm, aroused, by his narrations of life, young Ewing's determination to see the world, and make some practical efforts towards the high ends he had in view. He was accordingly induced to abandon the farm, and travelling back to Virginia, received employment at the Kanawha salt works; he was so successful that in a short time he returned home with sufficient means to pay off his father's debts. Returning again to the Saline Mines, he earned sufficient to pay for a period of desultory schooling, at the Athens Academy, and kept on alternating between the two places, until his labor at the mines broke down his health, which a period of rest and laughter, engendered by the reading of "Don Quixote," eventually restored him. He returned to Athens, and except for a brief interim, during which he taught school in Gallipolis, perfected himself in English, French and Latin belles-lettres, and the sciences, but especially in mathematics, for which he had peculiar aptitude, and while the former gave him in after years a bright reputation for exquisite literary taste, the latter served to develop those logical powers of the mind which made him so celebrated as a profound and concentrative lawyer.

In 1815 his goal was reached and he graduated from Athens, taking *ex aequo* with a fellow-pupil the first degree of A. B. ever conferred in the State of Ohio. His choice of a profession was decided upon from his overhearing the Hon. Elijah B. Merriam delivering an argument of uncommon ability, in the courthouse at Marietta. For the first time in his life Ewing felt the power of eloquence, but be-

lieved that he could have worked up a better legal defence, and throwing up his trade of salt-selling, entered the law office of Philemon Beecher, at Lancaster. Shortly after his admission to the bar, while travelling about in search of a place to locate, he, in company with several companions, stopped at a wayside tavern for refreshments, when as he rode off the village Solons assembled as loungers around the door, began to make sarcastic remarks on the young attorney's appearance, one of them, a lawyer, remarked that his immense head showed that he was only "a booby," whereupon one William Bridges, an old settler thereabouts, remarked prophetically, in a quotation from Burns:

"There's many a ragged colt been known
To make a noble alver;
So he may some day fill a throne,
For all your clish-ma-claver."

The prophecy was fulfilled, and Mr. Ewing's rise at the bar was rapid and brilliant. One of his first clients was Judge Sherman, father of General William Tecumseh Sherman, who afterwards became his ward and son-in-law, and whose magnificent success in the army was largely due to Mr. Ewing's kind tutelage of the early years of the future hero. He foresaw young Sherman's latent abilities, and just as firmly defended him, when attacked on his military policy during his campaigns. Mr. Ewing's reputation as a lawyer, both in the local, State, and United States courts, was most brilliant. His great powers of research gave him profundity, while his ability in condensation enabled him to cover in a half hour's argument, the ground other great lawyers would require two days to go over, and earned for him the cognomen of "The great logician of the West." Having occasion to undertake same cases in St. Louis, the records of whose courts were entirely in the Spanish language, he shut himself up in his

room, and devoted himself for six weeks to the study of that tongue, after which brief period he was sufficiently proficient therein to make his own translations of the court documents. His compeers at the bar, notably among them the Hon. Henry Stanberry, have well-nigh exhausted praise on his legal attainments, and surely we should not look elsewhere for more competent or unbiassed judgments. He confined himself strictly to his profession, and it was solely the resplendent integrity of his private character, his high intellectual and legal ability, which induced the legislature of his State to elect him, in 1831, to the United States Senate. An election on such a basis would be almost as great a novelty in modern politics, as so brilliant an opening of political life is rare in the annals of American statesmanship. He immediately took rank with Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, and all the brilliant array of statesmen who once adorned our Senate Chamber at Washington. He was not indeed as brilliant an orator as those great speakers, but he was a more terse reasoner, and it could be said of him, as was said of his compeer in the cabinet, the late Hon. William M. Meredith, "His reasoning was like a sledgehammer, and woe betide the antagonist who mistook its weight." His first term being ended he was succeeded by William Allen, who was elected by one majority. Mr. Ewing being always a staunch whig in politics, co-operated with Clay and Webster, in opposition to the policy of the then administration; one of his first speeches was in opposition to the confirmation of Martin Van Buren, as Minister to England. He supported the Clay tariff, advocated a reorganization in the post-office department, a recharter of the United States Bank, and the passage of the Force Bill as a remedy for nullification. He introduced a

bill for the settlement of the Ohio boundary question, which had caused the famous "Toledo War," and was author of the act for reorganizing the Land Office. He also took a leading part in the discussion of the once famous "Specie Circular," issued by Levi Woodbury, Secretary of the Treasury, in July, 1836.

In 1837, Mr. Ewing resumed the practice of his profession, but was selected by President Harrison, in 1841, as Secretary of the Treasury, and continued under Tyler's administration until, bitterly resenting the partisan defection of Tyler, he, together with the rest of the cabinet, resigned, being prompt among his associates in the cabinet in his election between an adherence to the principles and promises of his party on the one hand and the allurements of place and power on the other, and the scathing letter of resignation with which he surrendered the keys of office did much to mark the boundaries that separated the President from the true men of the party he had, in Mr. Ewing's judgment, betrayed.

It is related that after the nomination of General Taylor, by the Whig Convention, the exultant Taylor men, anxious to conciliate Mr. Clay's friends, proposed Mr. Ewing for Vice-President, and it would have followed as a matter of course, had not Hon. L. D. Campbell, inconsolable and irritated at Clay's defeat, declared that "Ohio did not want any sugar-plums," and the nomination passed on to Mr. Fillmore. Had it rested on the former, it is hardly necessary to add, that Mr. Ewing would have become President of the United States. General Taylor, however, made him first secretary of the new Department of the Interior, one of the heaviest and most intricate in our government, but upon his death, a repetition of the "Tylerism" of his previous cabinet ex-

perience caused him, together with all his fellow-members, to resign their portfolios to Mr. Fillmore. The celebrated "Tom Corwin" succeeded him in the cabinet, Ewing at the same time replacing Corwin in the Senate. His resolute adherence to the course that his own convictions marked out for him, was strikingly apparent in his opposition to Henry Clay's compromise measures, and all the great questions then arising under them, simply because he believed them, as Mr. Clay himself believed them, unconstitutional, and perverse of law and right, though Mr. Clay thought the end justified the sacrifice. On the question of his re-election to the Senate, Mr. Ewing lacked one or two votes of success, and was succeeded by a gentleman then but little known, but who possessed a few "fast friends," Benjamin F. Wade. The days of statesmanship were evidently on the wane. Mr. Ewing was in fact the last of the great galaxy of intellectual stars who then illuminated our country with their splendor.

In his retirement from official life he did not lose sight of public affairs. He was active in his profession, and his force of character and intellect gave him unsought conspicuity and influence. In 1861, he was appointed by Governor Denison to represent Ohio in the fruitless Peace Commission which sat in Washington. When hostilities broke out he took an active part in favor of measures for the support of the National government, and throughout the war was an earnest supporter of the administration, and a trusted counsellor of President Lincoln, whose regard for him amounted to veneration. On the seizure of the Trent, with Mason and Slidell, he urged their surrender in accordance with international law. In the brief space of a telegram to Mr. Lincoln, he condensed the whole law of the

case as follows: "There is no such thing as contraband of war going on a neutral bottom between neutral ports." Mr. Edward Everett urged their retention, and published an argument in support of his views, which Secretary Seward was inclined to favor; but Mr. Lincoln felt, from the first, doubts as to the tenability of that position. Mr. Ewing hurried to Washington, and by his great influence, exerted with unusual warmth upon the President and his Secretary, saved us from the terrible dangers of a most untimely war with England.

Always of a conservative tendency, though by natural disposition impetuous and imperious, he sunk the politician in the lawyer, and with a wholesome dread of revolutionary proceedings, set his face firmly against the Congressional Reconstruction Acts, as exercised over what the dominant party held to be yet sovereign States. His theory was that the effect of the rebellion was to reduce the Southern States to territories, and that they must be readmitted as such to the Union, and not as sovereigns be dictated to by the Federal government. Hence, the close of his days found him in accord with President Johnson and the Democratic party; thus finally succumbing to the system of "Tylerism" which he had so strenuously resisted through life, though he might have pleaded in extenuation that he was but following what would have been the policy of Mr. Johnson's predecessor had he continued in office.

His last notable public service was to preside over the "Wigwam" convention, called at Philadelphia, in 1866, to counteract the "Southern Loyalists' Convocation," held a few months previously at the same place.

In 1862, Mr. Ewing formed a new partnership, and entered upon the practice of law at Washington,

but at the close of the war retired from the bar, except as to some special cases. While arguing one of these in the Supreme Court, he fell into a fainting fit from debility, and for awhile it seemed likely that he would die at the spot which had witnessed so many of his forensic triumphs, but he was yet spared for an incomparably greater and crowning honor.

We have thus hastily sketched Mr. Ewing's career, that the grandeur of his power, the integrity of his aims, the unflinching consistency of his actions with those aims, the moral purity of his character, unblemished by thought, speech or act which could call up on his own cheeks, or those of his friends, the faintest blush of shame; his almost imperious social dignity, which commanded the high respect of all, while it prevented him from becoming a demagogue, or "popular idol," might serve as a brilliant background to that higher element of his character which prompted all these natural qualifications with a grace-like power to their fullest development, namely, his long and sincere search for the truth, which, prompted by a sincere love for Him who made and redeemed him, could not be turned aside from its pursuit by any weakness of human respect, or the treacherous opinions of a deluding and tyrannical world. How true it seems that the faithlessness of the house of Israel shall cause the sceptre to pass from it. How shameful to our generations of modern and "liberal" American Catholics, blushing to be known as possessors of the grand old faith of Jesus Christ, while noble-minded Protestants, exemplified by such men as Ewing, are by thousands and tens of thousands crushing worldly considerations and mental trials under the heel of merited contempt, to reach the goal of faith for which they so ardently long. How beautifully, too, is demonstrated in

his life the ancient truth, "the believing wife shall convert the unbelieving husband," and the impressive and constantly palpable fact, that the influence of a lively practical faith exhibited in the family, Christian household or social circle, will ultimately tell upon all around it, and finally his story proves in the success which attended him through life, crowned at last by the gift of faith, that "to him who loves God all things work together for good;" that "to him who seeks first the kingdom of God and his justice, all things else shall be added unto him."

We have seen what a hold religion held upon Mr. Ewing as a boy. His purely moral efforts had the effect of winning for him the grace of an exemption from the social vices and distinguishing weaknesses of great men, and mayhap the still greater happiness of a Catholic wife, who, if we are to judge by the rich domestic happiness and exalted social dignity which she shed around him, by the influence of her memory exerted upon him long after the grave had closed her from his sight, by the large family of children who survived her, and illustrated her worth by the steadfastness of their faith and the brilliancy of their public name, must, indeed, have been one of Solomon's "valiant women." In 1820 he married Maria, daughter of Hugh Boyle, of Lancaster, a devout adherent of the Church, and distinguished by her piety and charity. She seems to have been immediately successful in turning his religious inclinations directly upon the path of truth, for it is said that in the early part of his legal career he would, when attending court at a distance from home, frequently ride on Saturday and Saturday night forty or fifty miles in order to be at home on Sunday to attend church with his family, and when, in after years, he was incapacitated from sickness or

infirmity, he would sit at the window with his face towards the church, joining in spirit in the adorable sacrifice, and greeting his homeward coming children with the blessing of a paternal smile as they neared the family mansion. He even had a luxuriant lilac bush in his garden cut down because it impeded his view of the church. On one occasion he warned his daughter, Mrs. Sherman, against permitting her second son, Thomas, to associate with a certain family, whose acquaintance was not only desirable but advantageous, but who had ridiculed the lad for not eating meat on Friday, saying that the boy was not old enough or sufficiently matured in mind to resist such pernicious railleries. He also forbade her from sending her children to the public schools, saying that none of his grandchildren should ever attend them while he was able to prevent it. What do our progressive Catholics who wish their children taught from Protestant books, or reared under sectarian influences, think of an American statesman, a Protestant, and an old line Whig, giving such an opinion of our glorious modern enlighteners? What do our worldly Catholics think upon his views of social advantages for their children at the risk of the soul's salvation? What do heedless Catholic parents think of his views of their children having a large circle of acquaintances without regard to the morals of that circle? We will pause later for a reply.

Fifteen years before Mr. Ewing's death the wife of an eminent jurist in Washington engaged Mrs. Sherman in conversation on religion, and desired at a future occasion to renew it, but she refused to do so, because the lady had spoken disrespectfully of the Blessed Virgin. On recounting the matter to her father, he replied, after much agitation, "You should have told her that as God

knew from all eternity that the Blessed Virgin was to be the mother of his Son, He must have made and preserved her pure and perfect beyond all others." His son, Philemon Beecher Ewing, has declared that he had the best opportunities of observing the grace and predilection which he bore through all his life in the elevation and purity of mind which adorned him, even more than the strength and vigor of his intellect; and Judge Ewing thus continues: "Through a period of more than thirty years I was much with him in the most intimate and confidential relations, through all the vicissitudes of his political, professional, and social life, and I can say with confidence that never in my whole life did I hear from his lips a profane or irreverent word. All that I ever saw or knew of him left the reverent conviction that not his words only, but his *thoughts*, might be photographed and read without impeachment of his observance of every known trust or duty, and without confusion in the presence of the purest and best among men."

For more than twenty-five years he kept always about him, even on his journeys, a little copy of Thomas à Kempis, presented to him by his lifelong friend, Archbishop Purcell, and his servant mentions the deep impression made on him by his master's assiduity in reading it during the long nights of his last years.

In common with the Whig statesmen of his day, though unlike many of them from moral as well as political motives, he was zealously opposed to secret societies, saying that they were totally unnecessary anywhere, and contrary to the spirit of American institutions. During the great political canvass of 1856 he wrote thus to a friend:

LANCASTER, Oct. 24, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have yours of the 20th, and, like you, I am slow to learn the tricks of our new political parties. I cannot vote for Bu-

chanan nor Fremont, for reasons which you will readily appreciate, nor can I vote for Fillmore, for although once a Whig he has abandoned the Whig party and become a Know-Nothing, of which I know nothing that is good and much that is evil. I will, therefore, give no vote at the coming election.

I am, very truly yours,
T. EWING.

Mr. Ewing, in delaying his admission to the Church, was not actuated by any motives of worldly respect, and while his affections had always in life been given to Catholicity, his convictions, as is frequently the case with men of intellect, refused to follow his heart, yet with the earnestness of one who would not be rebuffed with such difficulties, he made a careful study of the history, doctrines, and discipline of the Church. His acquaintance with ecclesiastical history, and with the writings of the early fathers, was profound, and in reviewing Dr. Huntington's "Gropings after Truth," he took exception to its completeness because it did not refer to the effect the Church had conferred upon society by her devotion to the Blessed Virgin, her consequent elevation of woman, and the institution of the family. Two or three years before his death, Father Stonestreet, the well-known pastor of St. Aloysius Jesuit Church, Washington, called upon him, and spoke of the subject of religion. Some time after, referring to his interview with the venerable statesman, he said to his daughter, "I am old and gray-haired myself, but I sat with reverence before your father, and from his conversation I can only say he is very near the kingdom of heaven." Some time before this Mr. Ewing had himself said that his family could not be more anxious for him to have the faith than he himself was to possess it, and in his last hours he feelingly spoke to his children of the great blessing they had enjoyed in its lifelong possession. His

charities towards the Church were commensurate with his affection, and he was largely instrumental in the erection of St. Mary's Church at Lancaster. A question having arisen as to the kind of material to be used in building the main altar, it had been suggested that it should be neither of wood nor marble, but of the rich brown sandstone of the Lancaster quarries, in order that the adorable sacrifice might be offered from an altar built of the rock furnished by nature, and that this material would be richer in ornamentation than either wood or marble. This suggestion did not meet with favor from any one until it was presented to Mr. Ewing. He approved it warmly, and said he would give for the purpose the "chestnut tree rock" on his farm—a huge square block of stone that had, in a remote age, been torn from its place in the ridge beyond by some giant force in nature, and placed altar-like on the crest of the hill that stood out from its neighbors, and overlooked the valley for miles on either hand, and he said that doubtless it had been set apart from the ledge more years than he could tell, to harden and bleach for this purpose.

During a social discussion on the question of Papal Infallibility, Mr. Ewing declared "that it is a logical necessity, and the trouble is not in believing but in disbelieving." A few days before his death he said to his son, General Hugh Ewing, "The young man is fortunate and happy who has Catholic faith, it is so firm and living; he may err, but if his faith remain unshaken he will come back. The priests of the Church can alone guide young men." Yet from a too exalted and exaggerated sense of his responsibility to God, he still lingered on the threshold of the temple. A few months before his death, he received a letter from Archbishop Purcell, penned, as

the writer stated, after Mass, and after placing his forehead in the dust, on his knees, on the vigil of the festival of the unbelieving and believing St. Thomas Apostle. The letter was written on the occasion of the marriage of General Hugh Ewing, at Mt. Vernon, Ohio. To this Mr. Ewing replied, reiterating his affection for the Church, but adding that he still had difficulties which one educated in the faith could hardly appreciate, and he added, "I am satisfied that the Christian religion is the greatest boon, moral and social, that heaven ever bestowed on man. This is to me the highest evidence of its truth, *which would be lost if we repudiate the Catholic Church, by which it was originally taught and has been transmitted through ages.*" The boon so long denied, however, to the prayers of his children and his own wishes, came at last in his dying hours. For several days before his death he seemed to yearn with a restless earnestness for this precious gift. Father Dominic Young was frequently beside him, but the dying statesman was unable to make his confession, or receive holy communion. Fortunately, however, the Archbishop arrived, early on the afternoon of the 21st of October, at the church in Lancaster, and without waiting for any invitation, donned his purple cassock, pectoral cross and stole, and bearing the blessed sacrament, arrived at the Ewing mansion just as Judge Philemon Ewing was passing out to seek the priest. Entering the sick man's chamber, the venerable prelate bent over the equally venerable patriot, presenting a scene worthy an artist's pencil, as holding up the sacred elements, he exclaimed, "Mr. Ewing, I have come to bring you the crowning blessing of your life, the body and blood of your divine Redeemer; I know that you are now too ill to make a regular confession, but if

you can say to me in sincerity and truth, that you believe all the doctrines of the Holy Catholic Church and that you repent of all the sins of your past life, and beg pardon of God for them: say this to me in God's holy presence, and that is all that will be necessary in your feeble state, before giving you the bread of life." The dying man responded fervently and solemnly, that he could truly say he had a firm faith in the Church, a hope in the Redeemer, a love of God, and a sincere contrition, adding, "All this I can say from the bottom of my heart, and I will be most happy to receive the Holy Host." The absolution was conferred, and then resounded through the room those solemn words, "*Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam æternam.*" Peacefully and calmly he lingered yet a few days, and on Thursday, October 26th, 1871, surrounded by all his children, amid the variegated coruscations of an autumn sunset, the brilliant career of Thomas Ewing closed as richly and as gently as sunk the dying orb of day. His funeral was, by a happy coincidence, blessed with the presence of two great apostles of the faith in the forest wilds, Father Dominic Young of Washington, nephew of Right Reverend Edward Fenwick, first Bishop of Cincinnati, who had married Mr. Ewing, and the venerable Archbishop Purcell, who is still happy, ruling the queen diocese of the West, and who preached to a large and distinguished concourse the funeral sermon.

In person, Mr. Ewing was largely built, with a figure developed by early physical labor, and crowned with a "dome-like" head, that made the observer immediately compare him to one of the giant oaks of his native forests; an external grandeur of mien that served but to impress the beholder more fully with the massive nobility of the soul

within. And if our brief recital of his life will but add a little spark of generous enthusiasm to those who, in the language of a recent Catholic critic, "need an education which will lift them above low and petty aims, and cause them to take an interest in things of an unselfish kind, those who must be taught that worth is better than success, and honor better than wealth, who must be taught to outgrow the narrow calculating spirit of the huckster and shopkeeper," and we may add, the disposition to use a weak man's weakest weapons, a supercilious smile or a contemptuous sneer at moral grandeur; enthusiasm in noble aims and high princi-

ples of action, then not in vain will Thomas Ewing have lived and died; then not in vain will his story have been handed down to future generations, while he himself enjoys the reward of one who "waiting served," since his sentiments concerning the Church and her teachings, enunciated while he yet delayed outside her boundaries, and coming from a man of such gifted powers and large experience, cannot fail to fall on the ears of lax-minded Catholics as the warning tones of a solemn prophecy, the more likely to be appreciated because the prophet was not of their own country.

AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM.*

As I was travelling through France, some years ago, I stopped for one night, or rather for half a day and a night, at an old-fashioned hotel, in the ancient provincial town of D.; a place abounding in traces of the piety of former ages. At every turn the eye is met either by a venerable tower, or what looks like the wall of a cloister or a church, in some cases dismantled and converted into a storehouse, or an imposing gateway bespeaking the importance of the place in bygone days. After wandering some time about the streets, and, from a terrace shaded by planes and aged elms, enjoying the refreshing breeze and the sight of a perfect sea of waving corn, bounded in the distance by vine-clad hills, I retraced my steps, and went to a church I had noticed on my way from the hotel.

The front door was shut, but I found an entrance through a side alley called *Impasse des Capucins*.

On the opposite side from the church ran a long strip of building with a conventual appearance, on the frontispiece of which was inscribed the word *Hospice*. At the farthest end of the *impasse* stood a small gable-ended house, covered with a trellised vine, and separated from the street by a little garden literally choked up with roses, tall white lilies, and an abundance of *mignonette*. After spending an hour in church, partly in prayer and partly in examining its curious architecture and quaint carvings, I came out, and saw a lady standing at the gate of that little garden. I stepped forward to ask her at what o'clock mass was said on weekdays at St. Cyprien, for that was the name of the old church, which had once been attached to the monastery now turned into an hospice.

She answered in so kind and

* The idea of this little tale is derived from one in M. E. de Margerie's *Contes d'un Promeneur*. Published by Bray, 66 Rue des Saint Pères, Paris.

courteous a manner that I felt prompted to continue the conversation, and made with that view several inquiries which implied I was a Catholic. This pleased her very much. She said it was a real joy to see an English person of her religion. I told her I was a convert, and for the first time in a Catholic country since I had been received into the Church. "No words can express," I added, "what a joy it is to feel oneself at home in God's house;" and as I said this, my eyes turned with reverence towards the sacred building I had just quitted. "I can well understand that feeling," the lady answered; "a return to our true home is such a blessing, even though the estrangement may have been, as it probably was in your case, involuntary."

My heart warmed towards my new acquaintance. I suppose my face showed it, for she invited me into her house and offered me a cup of coffee. Whilst it was getting ready, we went on conversing. She said the state of religion in England had always greatly interested her; and she made inquiries which surprised me by the knowledge they evinced of what was going on in that country. She spoke also of Ireland, of her past sufferings and actual struggles, with the most intelligent sympathy. She seemed also well acquainted with our literature. I could hardly conceal my surprise at the amount of common subjects of interest which existed between us. And when she left the room for a moment, to hasten the preparations for our meal, I looked curiously at the furniture and arrangements of the room where I was sitting. It had no comforts, in the English sense of the word. There was no carpet on the red-brick floor, no sofa or arm-chair worthy of the name. The chairs and footstools were of the commonest description;

the table covered with circulars, pamphlets, books, and packets of clothes tied up and ticketed. An old bureau with a surprising number of drawers, a writing desk, and a shelf for books completed the furniture of this apartment. Above the writing-desk was a crucifix; over the chimney an image of our Lady. Pictures of saints, in wooden frames, adorned the otherwise bare walls. Among them I noticed prints of St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Ignatius, St. Alphonsus Liguori with his pen in his hand, and also of St. Cecilia and St. Teresa. When the mistress of the house returned, I felt, in consequence of this inspection, still better acquainted with her than before. We sat down by the open window drinking our coffee, and enjoying the evening air and the delicious perfume of the mignonette. A conversation ensued, such as seldom takes place between persons meeting for the first time and never likely to meet again. I will not detail the process by which we were led on to speak to one another with an extraordinary unreserve, or analyze the reasons of the deep sympathy that seemed at once to spring up between us. Not often in life can this occur, but when it does, there is something very delightful in it. There were circumstances which, in our case, perhaps accounted for this mutual attraction. Be that as it may, we poured forth (I did at least to her) thoughts and feelings which I had never communicated to those nearest and dearest to me. What she told me of her life and history I have preserved in writing. I sat up all night at the hotel, transcribing it almost word for word. I wish I could have rendered the earnestness, the simplicity, the absence of self-consciousness with which she related a story, which she fancied, from what I had said to her of my past life and my

thoughts for the future, might be of use to me. But I must begin by mentioning what immediately led up to this communication. We had been speaking of French books, and I had remarked how few French authors, comparatively speaking, used fiction as a means of doing good, or, if they did write in that line, possessed the talent of powerfully interesting their readers.

"Yes," she answered; "few attempt it, and fewer succeed."

"How do you account for this?" I asked. "Is it the strong prejudice amongst good people in France, against whatever resembles a novel, that causes this failure?"

"In some measure, perhaps," she replied; "and yet I think that when attempts are made to write stories in a good spirit, encouragement is not wanting, even to feeble efforts of the kind."

"Almost the only French writer who seems to me to have devoted real genius to the cause of religion," I said, "is Madame N."

"You have read her works?" my companion asked.

"Yes," I answered. "I admire them immensely. There is a strength in her writings which must arise, I think, from an intense desire to make others feel as she does, and a consciousness of her power to influence. Do you not like her books?" I asked, surprised at receiving no answer. I repeated my questions.

My hand was taken between those of my kind hostess, and, with something between a smile and a sigh, she pressed it and said, "I am Madame N., and I am very glad you like my books."

I was astonished and delighted. If before this disclosure I had been disposed to look on this lady as a friend, I now felt as if I had met with a person I knew and loved. It seemed to me that I had a thousand questions to ask her. I looked about me with renewed interest.

Everything about that little abode tallied with the impression I had received from Madame N.'s writings. A love of poverty and a love for the beautiful were strongly combined together in this humble abode. Everything about it was simple, calm, intellectual, and harmonious. Almost severe in its simplicity—and yet, what with the abundance of flowers in and outside of it, the fine engravings, the books which filled every unoccupied corner of the walls, the fine old trees in the back court, the picturesque old church with its windows of painted glass towering above it, and the wall of the hospice richly lined with a fringe of yellow flowers over the way,—there was something about it that gave me a wish to live and die in some such corner of the wide world.

The question which of all others I wished to put to Madame, or rather to Mdle. N.,—for I found that she had never been married, and that it was only as an authoress that she went by the name of Madame N.,—related to her first attempts at writing, and her début in the literary world. I timidly expressed that desire. She remained silent a moment, and then said,

"It is just possible that the history of my childhood and youth may be useful to you. God has been very good to me. I had a great escape at the outset of my life; one for which there is no day that I do not thank him, especially when I take up my pen to write."

"Do," I said, "begin at the beginning, and tell me all your history as far back as you can remember."

What she told me is contained in the following pages.

I was an only child; both my parents died during my infancy, and I was left to the care of my grandmother, who was sixty years

of age when she took charge of me. Her family, once a wealthy one, had been ruined at the time of the first revolution, and nothing remained to her, the sole survivor of many brothers and sisters, except this little house and a small capital, on the interest of which we lived. None of her relatives except my parents had left any children. I was therefore the last of my race, and the doom of loneliness, in every sense of the word, seemed to rest upon me. My dear old grandmother was deaf, and very nervous. To get through the day without any sort of agitation or disturbance was the one object of her ambition. She had few visitors, and never would let me visit any one, out of fear, she said, that something might happen to me. For some years a lady in the town gave me lessons. She had been a teacher in Madame Campan's school, and had retired on a small annuity. She instructed me in all the elementary branches of education, and died when I was ten years of age. As far as learning went, this was no great loss to me. I had by that time learned almost everything she was capable of teaching. But I missed the hours I used to spend at her house, the walks to and fro across the promenade, the occasional researches in her drawers, which contained many curiosities, exhibited to me when I had been particularly good; and, above all, a large gray cat, who disappeared from the neighborhood on the day his mistress was buried.

From that time forward my principal occupation was reading. My grandmother had very few books, and they were all devotional, but my kind teacher had bequeathed to me her little library, and it contained some works of a less exclusively religious character. Three of these, *Le Génie du Christianisme*, *Télémaque*, and *Paul et Virginie*, became my constant study and de-

light. I read and re-read and pored over them till I literally knew them by heart. I used to sit on the grass in that little corner near the cloister, repeating aloud my favorite passages, or, shutting my eyes, I tried to transport myself in imagination to the places described in my beloved books. Soon I began to scribble myself. The franc my grandmother always gave me on New Year's Day was spent, not in *bonbons*, as she supposed, but in sheets of coarse paper, which by dint of crossing lasted me a long time, and served for a large amount of desultory composition in every possible line. Ink and pens I sometimes obtained from our servant Nanon, or for a sou I bought a pencil. My old slate came also into use. I wrote verses upon it, which I learned by heart before rubbing them out. Amongst my grandmother's books those I liked best were Royaumont's History of the Old and New Testament, and some volumes of the Lives of the Saints—especially those of martyrs and hermits. When I was in a pious mood I always fixed upon some particular saint as my model, but this did not last long enough to secure any sensible progress towards perfection. And I was apt to get out of temper because my grandmother and Nanon did not act towards me at those times the parts I mentally assigned to them. Once, when I was personating St. Catherine of Siena, I stayed all day in church, not coming home even at dinner-time, in hopes that they would scold me terribly and send me to work all the next day in the kitchen. But my grandmother said nothing—she had dozed, I believe, during the hours I had been away; and Nanon only laughed and set before me some cold soup, which did not at all suit my taste. I soon grew tired of being a saint. Then I thought I would be Virginia, and fixed on a

little boy who sang in the choir as the representative of Paul. The first thing necessary was to explain to him who Paul was, and for that purpose I began one day—when he was weeding the path up to the back entrance of the church, and I was leaning against our garden palisade—to read, or rather to tell him the story of the two children in the island. After I had gone on with this for some time, I stopped and said,

“Isidore, would you like to be Paul, and I to be Virginia?”

He looked up with a doubtful expression of countenance, and said, “Mamzelle, I’d rather be myself, and not somebody else; and then I don’t think it’s right to say Paul *tout court*; you should say St. Paul, as M. le Curé always does.”

“O, but, Isidore,” I exclaimed, quite shocked, “I am not speaking of the Apostle St. Paul. Did you not hear what I said about Paul being a little boy in an island?”

“Well, mamzelle, I thought maybe that was the way St. Paul began before he was converted; but I should not like to be that other Paul, before I asked M. le Curé about it.”

“M. le Curé would not understand about it; you need not ask him. You don’t know enough about books to play at this.”

And so ended the scheme at personating Virginia. I tell you these things because they will make you understand in what a world of fancy I lived; how my childish imagination worked on the slender materials which fed and excited it, and how it was perpetually casting about for fresh subjects on which to exercise its restlessness.

At the time when I was preparing for my First Communion, our good curé spoke to me very earnestly of the danger of reading bad books, and the impossibility of a girl remaining pious and virtuous if she was fond of novels. He hoped such works were not within

my reach, and that I should never think of opening one; but that, if ever they should come in my way, I was to remember his warning. He saw me so often with a book in my hand, that he thought it necessary to place me on my guard. He would be better pleased, he added, if I was oftener sewing or knitting, than always poring over books.

I asked him if *Télémaque* and *Paul et Virginie* were novels. He hesitated a little about the first. It was not, he thought, the best work Fénelon had written, though there were good things in it; as to the last, he was sorry I had read it, and regretted its being in my possession. The next time I went to confession I brought with me the torn and soiled little book I was so fond of, and told him he was to burn it. He praised me, and said that God would reward me for having made this sacrifice. The dear old man’s words came true long after he had breathed his last, for he died some time before I left my home. On an Easter Sunday, which happened to be my eleventh birthday, I made my First Communion. For some years afterwards my life went on in the same groove, dull and monotonous outwardly, but inwardly full of restless changes and varying moods. I studied more than ever the Lives of the Saints, and floating ideas of a religious vocation passed through my mind. Sometimes I helped the Sisters of St. Joseph at the Hospice, and visited with them sick persons in the town, but no lasting impressions seemed to abide in my soul. I made a few acquaintances, but took no interest in any of them. I was wayward and dreamy, always living amidst imaginary scenes, holding conversations with imaginary persons, picturing to myself events in which I took a leading part, and pouring forth on paper my desultory thoughts and high-flown aspirations.

At last there came a day which changed the whole aspect of my life. An event occurred which, strange to say, took me by surprise. Though my grandmother was nearly eighty years of age, it had never struck me that she was likely to die soon. I never remembered her having been seriously ill; and for many years her infirmities had neither increased nor diminished. So, when one morning Nanon broke to me that her mistress had died suddenly in the night, I was astonished and almost bewildered at the announcement. I felt as if it would be impossible to live in this house without her, and just as impossible to live elsewhere. I could not form an idea of what life would be under these altered circumstances. She had loved me in her silent passive manner, and I had loved her more than I was conscious of. She was the only parent, the only relative I had ever known. There had been no intimacy, not even much intercourse between us. Her deafness and habitual reserve had limited it to a few formal remarks, little occasional presents, a kiss night and morning. But she liked to look at me moving about the room, or sitting with a book in the garden. She could not bear me to be long out of her sight. She liked to lean on my arm when we went to church. I could not realize that this was all over, and that I was alone in the world.

The days which intervened between her death and her burial were very sad. My old friend the curé had been dead for some time. I did not care much for his successor. My best friend in this town was an old notary, who had always managed my grandmother's little money-matters, and it was he who informed me that she had left me this little house and the small capital on the interest of which we had lived. He asked what I meant to do.

"What could I do?" was my answer.

"What would you like to do?" he rejoined.

And I could not tell.

He offered me a home in his house, in case I did not wish to live alone with Nanon; but I did not accept the offer. I stayed here some little time, and then I began to think I should like a change. I was out of health, and the doctor whom Nanon sent for said I ought to have more amusement, and see something of the world, he added. This was just what I wanted him to say. But how was this to be arranged? I consulted my old friend the notary, and he consulted the wife of the prefect. She told him she had a sister who lived at Paris who would have no objection, she thought, to receive me into her house for some months, if proper arrangements were made to that effect.

"Can I afford such an arrangement?" I asked.

He considered a little, and said that if Nanon went to live with her friends, which she wished to do, it might be practicable. But I must be very economical; for money did not go nearly as far in Paris as in this place.

Well, I accepted the offer of the prefect's sister-in-law; and, bidding adieu for the first time to the home of my childhood, under the charge of a lady who was leaving D., I went to Paris. I arrived there on a dark cold winter's day in November, and landed at the house in the Chaussée d'Antin which was to be my future abode.

Madame P. received me very kindly, and introduced me to her husband, who she told me was an *homme de lettres*. He gave me also a very cordial welcome. They were a middle-aged couple, who had never had any children. Their home was the rendezvous of a literary circle. She informed me of

this fact, and hoped I should not find their society too grave for my age. She would do everything she could to make Paris agreeable to me; and indeed she kept her word but too well. It was indeed a sudden change from my former life; a sudden introduction to every kind of interest and amusement. The streets, the shops, the bustle of Paris; a variety of new acquaintances; the pleasure of listening, and, by degrees, taking part in animated conversations, occasional play-going and sight-seeing, were enough to make me feel as if I had passed into another world. Two or three times a week there was company at dinner, chiefly consisting of men belonging to literary or artistic professions. At first I was quite silent on these occasions, not understanding half of what was said, and afraid to betray my inexperience by some ignorant remark, but pleased now and again to hear the expression of an opinion or the utterance of a witticism which I could enter into and smile at.

One evening, after a dinner-party of this kind, an elderly gentleman sat down by my side, and said, "Mademoiselle, though you did not speak more than five or six words whilst we were at table, I could see by your eyes that you were interested in our discussion. I am not mistaken, am I, in thinking that you are fond of reading?"

"There is to my mind," I replied, "no pleasure in the world to be compared to it; but I am one of the most ignorant girls in the world, and I have read very few books."

"But read them to good purpose," he said with a smile.

His manner was so kind, that I felt immediately at my ease, and I asked him how a girl of twenty, who had lived hitherto in a country town, with no resources for improving her mind, could set about acquiring information.

He looked surprised. "Is that really what you wish to do?"

"Yes," I answered; "but I do not know how to set about it. Do you think Madame P. would help me?"

"She would if she could," he answered, smiling; "but I would not give much for the assistance she might afford you. A more kind-hearted person never existed. But though her husband is an author—"

"O, does he write books?" I exclaimed. "I should never have guessed it. How wonderful!"

M. C., my new friend, laughed outright, and said, "Do you think it so wonderful, mademoiselle? I assure you that it is not so difficult as you imagine. In our days every one writes. Even good Madame P. has published some indescribable *nouvelles*. But to return to the improvement of your mind—and allow me to say that I can already perceive that it is worth improving—I suggest a regular course of reading and attendance at a class of literary instruction."

"Who would tell me what to read," I said, "and where to go for instruction?"

"If you will accept of my guidance," M. C. replied, "I will draw up for you a list of the books I would advise you to begin with, and the order in which to read them."

"How shall I manage to get these books?" I thought.

M. C. apparently guessed what was passing through my mind, and said, "You must allow me to place my library at your disposal. It is not every one to whom I would lend my books; but I have a presentiment that they will never have served a better purpose than that of making you familiar, mademoiselle, with the literary treasures I intend to offer to your perusal; but you must tell me what you have read, in order that I may be able to advise you what to read."

The shelf where my books were

ranged rose before my mental vision. Some of them I had an instinctive reluctance to name. I had not heard M. C. say anything that showed him to be opposed to Christianity or Catholicism; and yet I should never have thought of mentioning to him the Lives of the Saints. After a moment's reflection, I said I had read *Les Œuvres de Bossuet, Le Génie du Christianisme, Télémaque, and Paul et Virginie*.

"You have read these works through," he asked, "perhaps more than once?"

"Oh, I could not tell you how often I have read them," I exclaimed, relieved that he did not seem to despise my favorite books. "I know them and a few others almost by heart."

"Not a bad foundation," he observed. "They are all good models of style in their way. Well, Mademoiselle N., the course of reading I intend to suggest to you will be in some degree analogous to your early studies. It will comprise history, not in a dry, didactic form, but under a philosophical and romantic aspect. Châteaubriand, in his most famous work, brought Christianity into harmony with the imaginative and pictorial side of human nature. The authors I shall recommend to you have done a service of the same sort to history. They have drawn it from the domain of mere facts into the higher regions of thought and philosophy. I would have you exercise your mind on subjects that will enlarge it, and enable you to gather, from writers of various epochs and various creeds, the essence of truth and morality. And then we must not neglect *la folle de la maison*, that charming capricious being who plays such delightful pranks, even with the wisest of us. Not that I would advise you, mademoiselle, to read many novels."

"Oh, no, of course," I exclaimed.

"A moderate amount of that sort of reading will suffice to make you acquainted with the best modern writers of fiction. Imagination at your age is better cultivated by the study of good poetry than by an indiscriminate perusal of the trash that fills circulating libraries. If Madame P. will permit me, I will pay my respects to you ladies, tomorrow, and bring with me the promised list, and under my arm some volumes to begin with. My friend P. will be delighted to find that his young guest is more bent on the improvement of her mind than on the gayeties of Paris."

Madame P., who had been listening to the latter part of our conversation, cried out, "The one need not exclude the other, I hope, M. C. I think, for my part, that nothing is more intellectually delightful than a good play; and that fine music is a great help to the imagination. I began my first *nouvelle, Catalpa*, one night after the opera. The airs of *Norma* were running in my head all the time I was writing."

"Madame, Mdle. N. having accepted me as her mentor, I wish to act up to that character, and I therefore declare that without objecting to balls, plays, and parties as a rule, I nevertheless maintain that late hours, when they are habitual, injure the head and weaken that energy and power of application which is requisite for study."

"But I suppose Mdle. N. has finished her education," Madame P. rejoined.

"Oh, no; on the contrary, I have never been educated at all," I said, so eagerly that M. C. smiled and exclaimed,

"So much the better;" and then he asked Madame P. if he might call the next day with some books which would put me in the way of beginning my own education. She laughed, and answered that this sounded very formidable, but that if he would be merciful, and spare

her young friend some of his favorite works in seventeen volumes, he would be welcome.

This first conversation with M. C. was the beginning of a singular sort of friendship between him and myself. He was about fifty years of age. His friends called him an original, and he was certainly very unlike other people, though this did not strike me as much at first as it did afterwards. I was seeing at that time so many persons different from those I had known before, that his originality passed unperceived. He was a most kind-hearted man, and particularly fond of young people. To initiate them into the delights of literature—one of his favorite expressions—was his especial hobby. Books were not, in his opinion, means to an end, but the sum total of existence; reading the only pursuit fitted for a reasonable creature: a person who did not care for books and reading he looked upon as scarcely superior to an animal. He had a particular system of his own on the subject of intellectual improvement, and he considered it a wonderful good fortune to have discovered a girl of twenty who had read next to nothing, but had a passionate desire to read more. He undertook to guide me in a course of study which he sketched out. I shall always feel that I owe him much. He had, alas, no definite ideas of faith. He neither believed in nor practiced any particular religion; but he was not a complete infidel, certainly not an atheist. He would frequently expatiate in a literary point of view on the beauties of the Bible; he pointed out to me eloquent passages in the writings of the Fathers; and often dwelt on the grandeur of Church history and the poetical magnificence of Catholicism. His mind was refined and his feelings elevated. I might easily have fallen into worse hands at that dangerous moment of my

life. He had a fatherly affection for me, and I always gratefully call to mind his kindness. The society that frequented M. and Madame P.'s house was literary, and, as I soon found out, mostly composed of persons without faith or religion. She herself was a Catholic—not an impious or bad woman, but very indifferent on the subject; she went to Mass on Sundays and to her duties at Easter. She thought the less women spoke of religion the better; all men, with very few exceptions, she told me, had ceased to believe in it; and nothing bored them so much as women who were *dévotés*. In her *nouvelles* she took care, as well as in conversation, never to allude to anything of the kind. She hoped M. P. would see a priest when he was dying, but the best way of securing this, she thought, was not to bore him about it *à l'avance*. I was pained and shocked at these things. I preferred M. C.'s vague appreciation of Christianity to Madame P.'s stunted and lifeless Catholicism. He was careful to guard me from reading anything openly impious or glaringly wicked. He warned me against books which he said no modest woman ought even to glance at; but he selected what appeared to him the most harmless and unobjectionable works of some of the modern novelists. Balzac's *Eugénie Grandet*, George Sand's *Geneviève*, one or two of Alexandre Dumas, and even Eugène Sue's least pernicious tales, he placed in my hands. And he could not deny me, he said, the enjoyment of reading Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris*, though he hesitated a little about it. As the volumes of Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries du Lundi* came out, he furnished me with them. Whatever Lamartine wrote in verse or in prose, he recommended. I almost think that their writings were more dangerous to me than those before mentioned. The poi-

son, from being more disguised, is, I believe, more fatal: I am speaking of young persons educated in good principles. For those who from childhood have had evil instilled into their souls, and have never or rarely heard of goodness or been in the way of holy influences, it is possible that Lamartine's works, with their strange admixture of good and evil, their traces of an early faith and a latent piety, may awaken some good thoughts; and that some of Sainte-Beuve's portraits of great Christian characters may suggest a new view of life or a higher ambition. Even in my case, I will not say that they had not sometimes that effect, but on the whole they did me much harm. *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, which I was regularly furnished with, was also a fruitful source of evil to my mind at that time: on the other hand, M. C. often brought me very good books, and that is why I feel that, considering the circumstances in which I was placed, I have reason to be grateful to him. By this means I read Montalembert's Life of St. Elizabeth, Lacordaire's Conferences, Nicholas's Philosophical Essays on Christianity, Maine de Biran's writings, and Joubert's "Thoughts." No doubt that these sort of works counteracted, though they did not nullify, the effect of the others.

When I look back to those years, spent amidst influences so dangerous to faith and piety, I have some difficulty in analyzing what was the precise state of my mind. The new intellectual life within me, so suddenly called into existence, seemed, for the time being, to overpower, though it did not destroy, my faith. I became indeed very negligent about my religious duties, but did not absolutely give them up. Two or three times a year I went to confession, but not to the same priest; and then I only briefly accused myself of my positive sins,

and never mentioned my engrossing literary occupations, my questionable readings, or the worldly influences which surrounded me.

Madame P. was kindness itself to me, and my life was a very agreeable one. Indeed, I never met with anything but kindness from all those who frequented her house. Her society, as I have already said, was chiefly composed of literary persons and artists of both sexes. Though herself an irreproachable person, she was not very particular as to her acquaintances: persons distinguished for talent of any sort found it easy to obtain admittance into Madame P.'s *salon*. I think she liked me, and that she thought my youth and interest in their pursuits made me a favorite with her habitués and enlivened her receptions. I also made myself useful by copying out her contributions to various magazines. She used sometimes to say, "Why don't you write yourself?" The fact was, that during the first years of my life in Paris, I was so much taken up with studying, reading, sight-seeing, and social engagements, that I had never had either time or inclination to put my pen to paper, except for the purpose of making extracts from books or comments on what I read.

My mode of existence was certainly congenial to my tastes, and my qualms of conscience few and far between. A clever man once said that he liked being in the country in fine weather—it felt so like virtue! My intellectual occupations produced upon me a rather similar effect. I saw so many young women absorbed by frivolous amusements, wasting their time in sheer idleness, caring for nothing but dressing and dancing, that in comparing my life with theirs, I felt no small amount of complacency. Whilst they were lying in bed, I was hard at work, seated before my bureau, reading, copy-

ing, analyzing volume after volume. Whilst they were driving in the Bois de Boulogne, or endlessly loitering in shops, I was visiting with M. C. the Bibliothèque Royale, the Louvre, the Jardin des Plantes, the museums, old monuments, and ancient churches of Paris, or with other friends attending a debate in the Chambers or a musical festival at the Conservatoire. I said to myself that my time was usefully employed. If for a moment I reproached myself for my neglect of religion, vague thoughts of turning to it later on pacified those transient fits of remorse; and in a somewhat pharisaical spirit, I rejoined that though I was not pious, I was, nevertheless, not as other girls were, frivolous and empty-headed. It happened that, after I had been in Paris nearly five years, I sprained my foot very severely, and was obliged for weeks to lie upon the sofa. Having more time than usual on my hands, I read a greater variety of works of fiction than I had hitherto done. I had gradually become less particular in the choice of them. There is nothing to which the mind gets so easily and imperceptibly accustomed as a tone of immorality. The conversations I was constantly hearing harmonized but too well with the questionable reading I was indulging in. Anything coarse or grossly immoral still shocked me, but I ceased to shrink from the insidious writings of unprincipled authors. The tone of my mind became thus lowered. Excitement was what I sought. My love of study and serious reading diminished. Emotions were what I cared for. One day I had just finished a novel which had powerfully roused my feelings. The story, the language, the sentiments, had affected me deeply. My cheeks were flushed, and my eyes full of tears. All at once I thought of a plot—quite a different one, but which would be capable of being

worked up into just such an exciting tale—and then the next thought was, "Why should I not write it? Why should I not write a novel? I think I could." That day I began the first story I ever wrote. I worked at it in secret, in the early mornings and late at night. In a state of feverish ardor, with my mind full of impressions derived from the works I had been lately reading, pouring out the thoughts which had been accumulating within me during the last years, exciting myself to the utmost in order to excite others, I composed a novel. A wonderfully original one I am convinced it was; one which could have hardly been produced by any one but a young person, innocent and, as yet, pure in heart, but conversant with bad books, imbued with false ideas, bewildered as to right or wrong by the tone of the society in which she had lived, and unconscious of the drift of what she wrote. This story, abounding in passionate descriptions, and full of sophistical distinctions, tending to confound virtue and vice, written too with a sort of artlessness which often powerfully attracts, would have been more dangerous to some minds than far worse books. I finished it on my twenty-fifth birthday. No misgivings crossed me as to its morality. I thought it in many respects a good book. There were passages in it, I thought, that might have been read from the pulpit. Not a word in it shocked me as I read it through, previous to the important step of showing it to M. C. As to its literary merit I felt diffident. I knew that persons cannot themselves judge of their own writings; I had had occasion to observe the gross illusions which authors labor under with regard to their works; and though I could not but think, that if somebody else had written this tale, I should have thought it very striking and interesting, I was quite uncertain if

there was any real merit in it. It was not, therefore, without a great deal of nervousness, that I said one evening to my mentor, as I always called him,

"Do you know, M. C., that I have written a book?"

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed, taking off his spectacles, which he always did when he was greatly excited. "You ought to have consulted me about it before you began. It is not yet in print, I hope?"

"Oh no; and never will be, I should think. But will you read it, and give me your opinion of it?"

"Certainly; what is it about?"

"It is a novel."

"Ah! I am sorry for that. At your age it is difficult to write fiction with sufficient experience of life to produce anything original."

"I daresay it is great trash," I said; and I was speaking quite sincerely.

"No," he replied; "you cannot have written trash; but a novel is a bold experiment, and I warn you beforehand, my dear pupil, that you will never publish, with my consent, an indifferent work of the sort. The position of an eminent authoress I could covet for you, but not that of a second-rate *femme de lettres*."

He carried away my manuscript, and for some days I neither saw nor heard from M. C. At last I received from him the following note:

"Long live literature! Long live female genius! Long live my dear pupil! My dear child, I wish you joy! Your old mentor sat up all night reading your book. He laughed, he sighed, he wept over it. He trembled with excitement. He could not lay it down till it was finished. Good heavens! what had he been about that he did not guess what you were capable of!

"I must now inform you, mademoiselle, that mistrusting my own partiality, I carried off your manuscript, as quickly as my old legs

would carry me, to the Rue M., and placed it in the hands of M. de L., who writes to me:

"I am astonished and delighted! Genuine feeling, true pathos, inexpressible charm, adorable simplicity, great originality. This young friend of yours will carry the world before her. She begins by a *chef d'œuvre*."

"Bursting with pride and vanity, I set off for the Place S. G., and asked Madame S. to read your novel, without telling her what M. de L. had said of it. This is the note I have just received from her:

"Your *débutante* beats us old stagers, *mon cher*; only the young can write as this girl writes, but then so few girls can write at all. None but a youthful imagination can combine such passionate feeling with such delicacy of expression. This novel will make a great sensation.' One more testimony, and I have done. M. V. the great publisher, who is also an excellent judge of works of fiction, has likewise read your book, and he says: 'This young authoress will take at once a high position in the literary world. I shall be happy to offer her terms for her novel.' I again repeat, Long live literature! *à revoir*, I hope, to-morrow."

When I had read this letter I felt inclined to cry, and walked up and down the room in a state of intense excitement. I could hardly keep down my impatience to talk over the subject with my old friend. So much praise was beyond my expectations and hopes. It opened a vista to a new career full of interest and pleasure. Castles in Spain without number passed through my mind, founded on that parcel of closely written manuscript. That evening I went to the opera with Madame P. The *Somnambula* was performed, and when Persiani sang the concluding air of Bellini's beautiful opera it seemed to me as if those exulting trium-

phant notes were giving expression to the glad beatings of my heart.

The next few weeks passed in a dream of delight. I became an object of attention to all around me. M. V. called upon me and offered most liberal terms for my book. A sum three times at least as large as my yearly income he said he could secure to me. Madame P. proposed that I should write for her magazine, and a young gentleman devoted to literature, having heard M. de L. speak of my forthcoming work, proposed to me the following day. I did not accept his offer, and I put off for a short time concluding my agreement with M. V. M. C. and some other of my friends had advised me to make some slight alterations in my story, which I wished to complete before signing that agreement. I told him I would do so when I returned from D., where I was going for a short time to arrange about the sale of my house. My old friend the notary had written to me that a purchaser had offered for it, and he wished to know what were my intentions on the subject. M. C. and M. and Madame P. strongly advised me to sell it, and definitively fix myself in Paris. Such was my own wish; but before doing so, I wished to visit again the home of my childhood, and to take away with me a few things I had left there. I accordingly came here alone, bringing with me my manuscript, which I meant finally to revise during the few days I remained in this house.

Thus after five years' absence I found myself again in my old home. Poor old Nanon welcomed me at the gate. She had come from her village to meet me, and had made everything look bright and cheerful in anticipation of my arrival; had baked the little cakes I used to like, and prepared coffee and an omelette for my supper. She had also filled with flowers the blue jars on the

chimney. The old clock did not go, but that did not signify; the chimes of St. Cyprien struck all the hours. If it had not been for Nanon, I should have felt very lonely that first night. But her dear kind old face brightened up the well-known scene: and as I sat by the window looking on the bed of mignonette, and listening to the church-bells, I hardly knew if I felt happy or sad. It was all like a dream, or rather the whole of my Paris life seemed an unreality, and I seemed to be once more the little girl who used to read *Paul et Virginie* under the shade of the church-wall. This reminded me of the poor curé and my surrender of the book he had deemed dangerous. What would he have thought of my writing a novel? What would he have thought of the novel I had written? What strange things come to pass! When I was sitting amongst those flowers some years ago, enchanted with a new story-book, one of those rare indulgences I enjoyed at long intervals, how astonished I should have been if I could have seen myself, in the future, complimented by M. de L., and Madame S., or visited by a publisher to arrange terms for my first novel! It would have turned my head, I suppose. That evening I spent in nothing but musing. Looking over my drawers, in which I found many childish reminiscences of the past, I thought the little house very charming. I could now appreciate its quaint and poetic aspect. The old church also was wonderfully picturesque.

"Why is the church lighted up?" I asked of Nanon, as through the windows I saw the lights inside.

"The mission begins to-night," she answered. "Madame T., who called this morning to know if you were arrived, says that it is a famous preacher from Lyons who gives it. She declares that he preaches better than M. le Curé."

A mission beginning on the very day of my arrival! It was a curious coincidence. I remembered one that had taken place when I was a child—how full the church used to be!—and the great cross that was planted as a memorial at the entrance of the town. I determined to be present at the opening discourse. A vague idea of going to my duties during my stay at D. had floated in my mind. Perhaps I might hear something which would prepare me for it. I was not sorry to place myself in the way of some good influences. So I put my bonnet on, and by the well-known back entrance went into the church.

The sermon began. It was hardly like a sermon. It was a familiar address; a sort of appeal to each individual present. Each one there, the preacher said, had a soul, and to that soul he had to deliver a message. From whom? He paused for some instants, and then said: "From Him who made that soul. From God Almighty. It is not I who am speaking to you. I am but the voice of one crying in the wilderness; the voice of one mightier than I. That thou art here to-night, O soul who hears me, is a miracle of mercy. Who brought thee here? Wherefore art thou come? Listen to the answer that is even now rising from the depths of thy heart. What does it say? Art thou come to pray, or to scoff, or to turn away? Art thou come to write in the book which stands ever open in the sight of God a mark against thyself, one of those terrible marks which imply a rejected grace? or dost thou feel that this is an accepted time, a day of salvation, perhaps the turning-point in thy life?" These words were addressed to hundreds of souls; they seemed spoken directly to me. I raised my eyes to the pulpit, and fancied that the eyes of the preacher were fixed upon me. This was a delusion. Amidst the crowd of up-

turned faces he had not distinguished mine, but, as he afterwards told me, he had felt an inward conviction, when he uttered those opening sentences, that there was some one amongst his hearers that night who would hear the message, accept the challenge, and appropriate the summons he was appointed to deliver. I scarcely heard the sequel of that first sermon. Those words, "the turning-point in thy life," had taken hold of my mind; they seemed to re-echo in my ears. During the singing of a hymn and Benediction, and afterwards when the crowd withdrew, and the church grew dark and empty, still did those words haunt me. At last the sacristan came and told me to go; he was about to close the doors. I went home and mused till a late hour on what I had heard. When I awoke, the bells were ringing for the morning exercise. I dressed quickly, and arrived in time to hear the missionary utter the words that form the groundwork of what I have since learned were the Exercises of St. Ignatius: "Man was created to praise God, to show him reverence, to serve him, and in so doing to save his soul." "Man was created." From those words the preacher deduced conclusions which, once realized, place the whole purport of existence in a new light. "God has made you," he urged, "made you for himself. You are his property, his creature, his possession. Have you ever realized what it is to be a creature—to have a creator? You plant a tree, and you call it yours, yet you have not made it. You fashion a tool or a machine, or you raise a building; you do not create them out of nothing, yet you call them yours, because you have made them what they are. You write a book, you compose a poem or a tale, and you call it yours, because it is the creature of your intellect, the produce of your imagination. God

has made *you*. The mind of the Almighty has conceived *you*. He has breathed into *you* life. In him you live and move and have your being. Is there a man on earth with a right of possession to anything on earth equal to God's right to you? and yet you deny him that control over your actions which you do not hesitate to claim yourself over your children, your servants, your laborers. You do your own work, not his. Nay, you stand up and you say, 'I will not serve.' What Satan said once, you say practically every day of your life; and you have not been, like him, precipitated into the abyss. And why not? My brethren, I can only answer, because he waits for you. He has waited till this day. Perhaps he will wait no longer. There is a terrible abyss into which we may unconsciously fall, that of loss of faith and utter indifference. Let those who stand, the Scripture says, take heed lest they fall. Let those who feel that God is speaking to them to-day, take heed lest they never hear again his voice. There is a silence of the soul more awful than death."

I record these words, not because of their intrinsic power, but because God used them to awaken my individual soul. Yes, awaken was the word; and a terrible awaking it was, though a gradual one. At first I did not realize all it involved. "I will praise God," I thought; "I will show him reverence, I will serve him." And then, descending to particulars, I said to myself, before the discourse was over, "I will go to confession, I will lead a Christian life." But the mission went on, and the logic of the Spiritual Exercises pursued me. "God made us for himself; for what purpose? That we might serve him, and in so doing save our souls." Then that purpose has to be fulfilled. Upon this followed the meditation on the use of crea-

tures, on the necessary dedication of every possession—every faculty, talent, and gift, of every power of the soul, of the body, and of the mind, of the heart and the imagination, of every instant of happiness and of sorrow, of health or of sickness, of every opportunity life offers and death affords to that one sole object, salvation—the purpose of God in the creation of our souls. This deduction, this conclusion is irresistible to an honest mind. There is no escape from it but Satan's "*Non serviam*."

A strange uneasiness seized me, a sense of being pursued—hemmed in on every side. I came home, and on the table my manuscript was lying, the story to which I was to give the finishing touch during the quiet days at D. Quiet days, indeed! Anything less quiet than my soul and mind at that moment could hardly be conceived. I told myself that I was losing time, that I ought not to allow myself to be so engrossed with the mission as to neglect what was really important to my future career. I tried to set to work, but a painful sensation of weariness beset me; and then what I had written at Paris without the least misgiving, startled me when I read it again, with the words of that pitiless reasoner still echoing in my ears. He had ended his discourse that morning with these sentences:

"If, therefore, anything can help you to your salvation—if the object you propose to yourself, the career you choose, the work you undertake, the state of life you adopt, be it what it may, the highest or the humblest, the busiest or the quietest, the one which men will most applaud you for selecting, or despise you for embracing, tends to that result—fearlessly enter on it. God's blessing will rest on your labors, God's sanction will hallow each step you take; the visible token of his presence, the cloud by

day, will shield you from the burning heat of this world's desert; and in the dark night of temptation the pillar of flame will throw light on your path. But if the road you have chosen leads in a contrary direction; if, in the service of the world or of your own pride and self-love, you are using against the eternal interests of your own soul what God has given you for the purpose of advancing them; if you, his instrument, are rising up against your Master; if you, a creature, are saying to your Creator, 'I will not do your will, I will not serve;' then, however harmless or apparently useful or great in men's sight are your aims, you are on the broad road that leads to destruction. Proceed on that path, and the day will come when words, such as I am now uttering, will have lost all power to arouse in your souls even a transient emotion. Faith and conscience will both be dead!"

I thrust aside the sheets before me, mentally exclaiming, "I cannot do both, work at this story and think of those sermons!" Then I resolved not to go any more to the Exercises of the retreat; to conclude as quickly as I could the business which had brought me to D., bid a last farewell to the Impasse des Capucins, and return to Paris to pursue my career. But when the bells rang for the evening service I vainly tried to sit still; I went out and tried to walk away from the church; but the sound of those bells pursued me. The words "time" and "eternity" seemed to ring in their pealings. I could not resist the fascination, for that was the name I gave to God's grace urging me to turn back. For two days the struggle went on. Each time I attended an instruction I resolved it should be the last; but always when the time came, I was seated in my accustomed place near the pulpit, my head leaning against a column, my heart beating fast,

my mind riveted, my soul, for the time being, captivated, subdued, by the unanswerable logic and the eloquent pleadings which I could not escape from.

Then came one morning the meditation on the kingdom of Christ, and in the evening the one on the two standards. Is there any one who believes Jesus to be his God, who can listen unmoved to that strange appeal to his latent chivalry, that call to follow where he led the way, to take his side in the battle of life, to fight for his cause, and, if needs be, to die with him on Calvary?

It was to me like a new revelation, that picture of a life hallowed by a passionate love for a crucified God, and absorbed by an interest in which every power and faculty finds an object, and the whole being of man a worthy end.

I rose from my knees that night with a firm resolution, and my heart full of enthusiasm. Standing outside the church in the stillness of the night, and looking up at the silent beauty of the starry skies, I exclaimed, "My Creator, my Lord, my Master, my Father, my God, I will praise thee and serve thee all my life long."

I said this with entire sincerity, and from the depths of my soul. But light had not yet shined fully on my mind. My illusions were not dispelled. The struggle was only about to begin. Till that day it had never even passed through my mind not to publish my book; for the first time, during the meditation on the kingdom of Christ, a thought had shot across me that its drift was not exactly on the side of religion, not favorable to the most strict principles of morality. "There is a great deal of good in it," was the quick answer I made to that thought. I called to mind some eloquent passages about remorse, and the misery of a soul given up to evil passions, and others about

the grandeur and beauty of self-sacrifice; but even these would not bear the test of the new light thrown upon them by the tall crucifix standing before me in the sanctuary. The question at issue was to be solved during the few next weeks. That after the publication of this one novel, I should become a servant of God, a true Christian, and write magnificent things in support of religion, was no longer a doubt; but it was impossible to forego the start this book would give me in my literary career, or the pecuniary advantages it promised to afford.

With an established reputation as an authoress, I could do incalculably more good by my writings than an unknown person; and with the sum I was to receive for it, I would set on foot some good work. "There can be no doubt about this," I said over and over again to myself during a sleepless night. "There will be no occasion to speak on the subject to Father — when I go to confession. He could not form an opinion on the subject unless he read the manuscript, and he would not have time to do that; nor even if he did, would he be able to judge of its effect on people of the world. It is much more moral than any of the recent celebrated novels, and I think some things in it would do positive good to some persons. I will accuse myself of my many sins, of my long neglect of religion, of my ingratitude to God. I need not mention what is not a sin. But is it not a sin to write bad books? But mine is not a bad book, not at all a bad book. Father — would think so. But he knows nothing about novels. Could I modify some of the scenes? It would spoil the whole story; that one scene which I had most doubts about, M. C. had said would make the fortune of a book: it was so original." Such were the inward arguments which went on through-

out the whole of that night, which drove away sleep from my eyes and rest from my soul. O, how extraordinary it seemed to me on the following day, when the preacher, appearing to answer my most secret thoughts, related as it were my own case in my astonished hearing! Still more strange was it when St. Ignatius wrote the "Spiritual Exercises" three hundred years ago, he should have thought of a state of mind so similar to my own at that moment. The person who is left a legacy, and, doubtful if it will help or impede his salvation, does not put the question fairly to the test, does not resolve to refuse it if the latter should be the case—who was it but myself? And he who offers to surrender everything to God, save the one thing which it costs him too great an effort to give up; who, like the man called by our Lord, bargains to go and pay the last duties to an earthly object of affection before he yields himself completely to his Maker—who again was it but myself? I saw it, I felt it, and still I wavered. How near I was turning a deaf ear to grace! How great was the temptation, how fierce the struggle! But grace would not forego its hold on my miserable heart; and Providence sent me a message that day besides that of the preacher.

On that very day when I was going to confession, still undetermined to make it full, entire, and unreserved, still shrinking from the probing of my conscience which it so greatly needed, I happened to call at the Hospice to speak to one of the Sisters of St. Joseph, a simple soul who used to give me sweetmeats when I was a child, and who looked as young and as kind as she did ten years before.

She said that they were very busy upstairs, that a poor girl was dying in St. Catharine's ward. Perhaps I remembered her. She was the sister of Isidore, who used to sing

in the choir. This was the boy to whom I had proposed to be Paul in the days when I wanted to be Virginia.

"What is she dying of?" I asked.

"Of consumption," the sister answered. "Poor child, she went to be a servant at N., fell into sin, and led a bad life; then her health failed, and she came here to die. Every one knows her sad story, or I would not have mentioned it. Her mother is broken-hearted."

"Poor Martha!" I exclaimed.

"May I go up to see her?"

"Yes," the sister said, and took me upstairs. "There she is," she added, and left me with her.

It was a sad sight, that young face with the stamp of death upon it; but what was sadder still, was that of the gray-haired mother by the side of the bed. They were such respectable people, and their children had been so well brought up. I could see in that mother's face a sorrow deeper than that of the approaching death of her child. Whilst I was speaking to them, a lady came up whom I had seen several times in church. She spoke a few words to the sick girl, whose languid eyes brightened as she bent over her. I saw the mother kissing her gown by stealth, and felt myself, when her voice fell on my ears, as if there was music in it—the music of another world. She whom I met by that dying bed was to be my good angel. She was to show me the way in which I have found peace which passes all understanding, and that joy with which a stranger intermeddles not. What took place between us that evening was to go on for life—the influence of a strong and holy soul over one who has rested under its shadow with childlike love and trust. We left the Hospice together, that lady and I. We made acquaintance as a matter of course; the only thing I do not recollect is, which of us spoke first to the other. We went

and sat on one of the benches of the terrace, and conversed for a long time. She told me Martha's story. The scandal of it had been public, but the humble penitence of the repentant sinner was little known. "She is a true penitent," my companion said. "The other day she told me to speak of her fall wherever it could be of use, and to warn girls of her age against hurtful reading. She traces her ruin to the day when she read by stealth in her mistress's room a story which confused her ideas of right and wrong, and weakened her horror of sin. How little people think of what a book may do for good or for evil! and when once it has gone forth, how irreparable is that evil!" My eyes were fixed on the opposite hills; they were filling with tears. I could not restrain them. She looked at me inquiringly; she took my hand. She said something, I know not what, but just what my soul needed at that moment; and then to that stranger, whose name even I did not know, I opened my heart. I told her what my childhood at D. had been, and my subsequent life in Paris, and that the little old-fashioned house in the Impasse des Capucins belonged to me; that I had meant to sell it, but that now I did not know what I should do; that the mission had made me miserable. And then I mentioned my book, and said how strange it was she should have spoken of Martha and her story, and now she knew the reason of my tears. I was afraid about my book.

"Will you let me read it?" she asked.

I hesitated; but a wild hope occurred to me that she might, after all, think the good predominated over the evil, and then all would be right. Already I felt a confidence in her I could hardly account for. She came back with me to my house. As I was opening the garden-gate, Father — came out of

the church, and seeing my companion, he came up to us. His manner of addressing her showed me at once that my confidence was well placed. He inquired after several persons she had promised to visit, and then turning to me, he said,

"Mdle. R. is my right hand during the mission. When I look at her, I often think of that lay brother we read of who sat at the foot of the pulpit, and did more by his prayers than the preacher by his sermons."

She shook her head with a smile, and we went into the house together. The missionary had mentioned the name of her aunt, and I found it was one well known to me. Mdle. R. was spending some months at D., to take care of this sick relative. It was not her constant home. How often I have thanked God that she was there during the mission! We talked on till it was time to go to church, and after the service was over she carried away with her my manuscript. The meditations on the life of our Lord were going on; each day we conversed upon them. She had a way of speaking of Jesus Christ and of the Blessed Virgin which was new to me; she seemed to live in a sort of intimacy with them. I could not help feeling as if she had caught the spirit of their lives. Her manner was simple, her dress plain, her countenance calm and gentle; I could not look at her without thinking of our Blessed Lady. Three days passed, and she had said nothing to me about my book. I thought that perhaps she would not read it till the mission was over. Friday came, and the meditation on our Lord's death on the cross. I cannot describe what that hour wrought in my soul. It was not a discourse the preacher uttered, but a prayer. He knelt down before the crucifix, and there he prayed with us and for us in accents such as I had never heard

from human lips. These pleadings seemed to bring me so near the divine presence in the tabernacle that it appeared almost tangible. My heart felt breaking with love and sorrow, and what had seemed impossible to me before now seemed to grow easy. What was the world and its praise, what success, what fame, what earth and its pleasures, in comparison of that love stronger than death which I began to understand at the foot of the cross that night? The work was done, the battle fought, the victory won! A great calm filled my soul. Mdle. R. was waiting for me in my room. She had in her hand my manuscript. I saw tears rolling down her cheeks. She was feeling for the pain she was about to give me. I went up to her, and as I took from her what had been to me more precious almost than life, I said,

"Do you think there is *any* merit, *any* talent in it? That it shows, as I have been told, genius?"

"If it was not so," she answered, "it would not be the dangerous book I think it is. My judgment is worth little in comparison with the other opinions you have had with regard to its literary merit and probable success. My own impression also is, that it would be *fatally* successful."

She paused, as if praying inwardly for words in which to plead the cause of God and of my soul against Satan and my pride.

I threw my arms around her neck and cried, "O, thank God there is then something to sacrifice, something to forego, small as it is, for Him who died for me!" And in one instant I had lighted a candle, removed the paper ornaments from the inside of the chimney, thrust my book between the dogs, and set fire to it. "I have no copy of it," I exclaimed. "There, it is gone forever. Now I can go to confession to-night with-

out shuffling and reserve, and feel in my heart something of that loving sorrow which, as Father — says, is the beginning of heaven on earth."

My friend—for by that time she was my true and dear friend—watched the shrivelling sheets of manuscript which were gradually turning to ashes, and said with deep emotion:

"This is one of those acts which our Lord often rewards in no ordinary manner. Pray that he may let you know his will in your regard."

From that moment I never ceased to thank God for the danger I had escaped. When I thought how bitter, instead of sweet, my repentance would have been, had I turned to him after I had published that book; how through life I should have been haunted by the thought of the irremediable evil the work of my brain and my pen might still be doing, even whilst all the powers of my soul were striving in a contrary direction, I could only wonder at the mercy which had combined so many providential circumstances to save me from that misery.

The Father, to whom I opened my heart fully before he left D., advised me to suspend my future plans for awhile, and to accept Mademoiselle R.'s invitation to return to Paris and spend some time in her house. No one, he said, would give me wiser and better counsel as to my future course. He commended strongly the sacrifice I had made; but at the same time said that for one intending to be a true Christian there could be no option in the matter.

"I feel it," I said; "I never will write another story."

"Stop," he said. "Another story of the same kind you never will write again; but far be it from me to advise you never again to write a work of fiction. I have not

time to go into the question with you; it is a deep and a broad one. Holy men have differed as to the use of this powerful stimulus for the human mind, and arrived, in some instances, at contrary conclusions. With Mademoiselle R.'s help, you will consult a wise and prudent director, and on this and every point concerning your future life earnestly pray for God's guidance. This I will venture to say: that if, with the sole desire and end in view of promoting his glory and exciting souls to virtue, any one sits down to write, be it a grave or a gay work, be it story, be it poem, and as he begins breathes an ardent prayer that the divine blessing may rest on every word which falls from his pen, I do believe a merciful Providence will guard him from injuring and misleading others, and that our Lord will say of him, 'He hath done a good work; he hath done it for my glory.'"

I have but few words more to add. Before I left D., I wrote to M. C. and to Madame P., and told them the whole truth. His letter was like himself; he said he was sorry that an intellect which was meant to charm and benefit mankind was to be henceforward restrained and narrowed to suit the few who could see neither merit nor beauty outside an iron circle of dogmas, and the *élan* of an ardent imagination crushed by an ascetic mysticism inimical to human passions and feelings. At the same time, he could not, but say that there was something noble, great, and logical also, if once the premises were granted, in the absolute devotion to what one believed to be truth, and in the readiness to sacrifice a brilliant career to an inexorable sense of duty. I had shorn his remaining years, he said, of a source of great happiness, and had disappointed him in one, but not in the worse sense. He should still be interested in me, but could

not hope our intercourse would ever be what it had been for the last five years. I had acted rightly, according to my convictions. He respected me for it, and that bright flash of genius which had subsided in ashes, like the lightning in a dark sky, would ever remain in his memory as a proof of the strange power of a religion which can command such sacrifices.

I never ceased to correspond with him, and had the joy of knowing that on his death-bed he had sent for a priest and said to him, "Ever since that little N. burnt her book, I have thought there must be something real in Christianity."

Madame P. wrote that she was very sorry I had become ultramontane and clerical, and that she was afraid her house and society would no longer suit me; which was indeed the case. We continued to see each other from time to time whilst I was in Paris, but with little satisfaction on either side.

Mdlle. R., my good angel as I have always considered her, introduced me to the Père de R., and under their joint guidance, that of a father and a friend, my new life began. I soon discovered that, though I had no vocation for the cloister, I was called to devote myself by a special consecration to God's service, and the sanctification of every day and hour, through the employment of whatever talents I possessed, in the sphere, in the place, and in the occupations which Providence assigned me. This little house was not sold; and after two years' residence with Mdlle. R., and by her advice, I took up my abode here in the *Impasse des Capucins*, and devoted myself chiefly, as you know, to literary work. The charities of this place, the hospice, the schools, the ladies' association for visiting the poor, have been the recreations rather than the labors of my life. It is at that desk I have toiled. This may

seem strange; but composition even in its lightest forms is labor, and especially so when, under a light form, it has an important object in view; when imagination has to be exercised, and at the same time kept in check; when the effort to persuade is accompanied by the fear of repelling, and an invisible hand seems to control the pen, which we feel to be God's instrument, not the mere servant of our own fancy. Yes, I have worked here in sight of that crucifix. This little room has been my cell, my spiritual home. I have found here that happiness which the world cannot give or take away. God has so far blessed my efforts that my books are read all over France, and have, I hope, done some good in their way. I have had the unspeakable joy of hearing that they have sometimes been the means of awakening or reviving faith, of kindling holy desires, and strengthening souls under trial. St. Cyprien with all its holy associations is the holy of holies to my soul. Last year a mission was once more preached within its walls by a Jesuit father. As the Spiritual Exercises, now so familiar to me, pursued their course, from the fundamental truths to which they begin to the glorious meditation on divine love with which they end, I recalled one by one the graces which flowed from that retreat to which I owe so much. Every year I spend some weeks in Paris with Mdlle. R. and her friends. During my last visit we were speaking one day of that miracle of mercy worked at that time in my behalf.

"Can you trace it to any cause?" she asked me.

"Only to this," I replied: "that in my most careless and worldly days I could never look on an image of the Blessed Virgin without emotion, or omit to invoke her."

When Mdlle. N. had finished her

narrative, I pressed her hand, and said: "You do not know all the good you have done me. What I have heard from you this day will influence my future course more than you can perhaps imagine."

She smiled, and taking a little picture out of her prayer-book, she wrote on the back of it the words, "Omnia ad majorem Dei gloriam;" and gave it me as a keepsake.

HANDMAID AND QUEEN.

WE stand within a lonely room and bare,
No Eastern luxuries are gathered there;
Yet 'tis in Palestine, that land so blest,
Which once by God's own people was possessed;
But now 'neath Herod's iron yoke they groan,
And reap in tears of blood the harvest sin hath sown.

The time is ev'ning, and the setting sun
Shines in that chamber on the brow of one
Who kneels in prayer: a humble maiden she,
Having no mark of outward dignity,
Save the pure beauty of that gentle face,
That well befits a child of David's royal race.

Yea! what new radiance makes the sun grow dim?
Sure 'tis some spirit messenger of him
Who is the source of light. Yes in that cell,
Clothed with a grace no mortal lips may tell
An angel stands. Oh, happy virgin she,
On whom our God bestows such heav'nly company.

"All hail! thou full of grace," the angel said,
While lowly he inclined his radiant head:
"Behold, thou shalt conceive and bear a Son—
Jesus he shall be called—the Holy One."
"Let it be done according to thy word,
For I am but the handmaid of our gracious Lord."

Such were the words of sweet humility,
The deeper for her awful sanctity.
Thus Mary spoke. O virtue doubly blest,
Thou hadst thy dwelling in her spotless breast,
By thee she gauged her own deep lowliness,
And then, with thirsting heart, drank in God's holiness.

Now 'mid the angels on this joyous day,
She hears the world salute her Queen of May;
And children's voices, innocent and clear,
Chanting May carols to their "Mother dear."
No more a maiden poor, she reigns above,
Tasting the golden fruits of God's almighty love.

Then, Mother, listen to my humble rhyme,
And guard me from the dangers of the time—
This time so full of sin, and pain, and woe,
Till when my strife is ended here below,
To the celestial gate I find my way,
And celebrate above one never-ending May.

SANCTITY A CHARACTERISTIC OF THE DIVINE INSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH.

THE glorious character of sanctity as a peculiar distinction of the true Church was announced by the ancient Prophets, bestowed by Jesus Christ, and commemorated by the Apostles. By the mouth of Ezechiel (37th chapter), the Lord thus speaks: "*I will set my sanctuary in the midst of them for evermore, and the heathen sanctuary shall know that I the Lord do sanctify Israel, when my sanctuary shall be in the midst of them forever.*" In the same way that Christ prayed for unity, he also prayed for the sanctity of his flock: "*I pray not (17 John) that thou shouldst take them out of the world. Sanctify them in truth. Thy word is truth. As thou hast sent me unto the world, I also have sent them into the world. And for them do I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified in truth. And not only for them do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in me.*"

We also find this essential mark of sanctity set forth by the Apostles. St. Peter, in his 1st Epistle, 1st chapter, declares that Christ has regenerated his followers, "*Unto an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that cannot fade, reserved in heaven for you, who by the power of God are kept by faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time.*" In the second chapter he says: "*But you are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people, that you may declare his virtues, who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light.*" St. Paul gives similar evidence: writing to the Romans in the first chapter, he addresses, "*To all that are at Rome, the beloved of God, called the Saints.*" Writing to the Ephe-

sians, 5th chapter, "*Christ so loved the Church and delivered himself up for it that he might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life, that he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish.*"

When we state our proposition, that the Catholic Church solely and exclusively possesses the mark of sanctity, the mind seems to hesitate whether it shall yield to the conviction of a self-evident demonstration or glance at the bright array of testimony which makes this very proposition as positive a truth as ever yet enlightened the mind of man. Her foundation has been laid by no other than Jesus Christ; her first teachers have been no others than his Apostles; the successive pastors who have continued the work of the ministry, have sprung from no other source than the one originally and forever opened out by the Saviour, to carry the tide of doctrine and moral legislation, in full copiousness and purity, unto the end of time, without an addition from any tributary stream. This affirmation is so perfectly true, and so elevated above the need of argument, that even the concessions of those who wish to be esteemed our opponents, must satisfy every unbiassed mind. For, let us harass patience, by winding through every tortuous labyrinth, or passing over the extensive scenes through which ingenuity and malevolence have ever led the spirits opposed to the Catholic Church—stand with them in any age, discuss any point of doctrine—the whole of what they can say amounts to a declaration that she at some

period became corrupted. In the meantime they must admit her to be the parent of Christianity, and it is to the avulsion from her bosom that they trace their origin. Thus they freely cast disgrace and infamy around their birth; they have no Paraclete illumining the skies with fiery tongues, but fling over and around their cradle the murky clouds of error and superstition. The throes of the parturient mother are represented in eight hundred years of agonizing error; the birth of the pseudo-reformation was an effort to slay the parent; their first breathing was her revilement, and their only inheritance is a scripture which must be unsafe and insecure to them, whereas they took it as they say from polluted hands. But let us leave heretics to remove that tremendous difficulty of their own creation, whilst we glory in the fact that the Church had her birth, her foundation, her first administration in sanctity. How long or short that endured we need not discuss, she was established by Christ, therefore she has the mark of sanctity.

Here we might rest satisfied with the brilliant glory of original sanctity so clearly impressed upon the Church, and which fills the whole circuit of time with its effulgent light, leaving to all adversaries no existence but the dark penumbra engendered by the heavy exhalations of their dreary spirits. But perfect like the Lord, this sanctity is conspicuous under every aspect; therefore we turn to behold its eminence in the doctrines of our Church. With her alone the sacred deposit of truth has been found during so many ages, in the course of which, everything in the world has been changed, and whilst Cereinthian, Arian, Nestorian, Manichean, and various other pretending systems have been borne away by the lapse of time, her hand alone has held safe the written word of

God. Ever holy has been that important record of the will of heaven, equally holy has been the institution which kept intact the holy deposit; and they who now would build their religion solely on that volume, must be well persuaded of its sanctity; but this they never would have known if the Catholic Church had not made it safe and conspicuous as the means of her instruction, the history of her origin, and thence we conclude that sanctity is thus the mark of her doctrine, associated as it has been with the very existence and preservation of divine revelation. Christ never said that he would preserve the sacred Scripture, but he most positively declared that he would preserve the teachers of his doctrines in all truth; for them alone he prayed that they might as a ministry be holy like himself. To these alone and not to the Scripture the faithful are referred for instruction under pain of reprobation. But where are those preachers to be found? Most certainly in the Church, where the very Scripture has been safely and originally found; in the Church, where alone we can touch a link of testimony passing up from age to age, until we stand before Jesus Christ saying, "Teach whatsoever things I have commanded."

But some will say, "We also have the Scripture." Yes, you have it as a stolen document, but not as a sacred deposit; you have it with an assumed right of private judgment, but not with the positive command of teaching it; you have it, and so has the Mohammedan who mingles a portion in his Koran; you have it, and so has the Brahmin, who mingles a portion in his Vedas and Puranhas; you have it, and so has the Jew, who makes it the substance of his Talmud. But the Catholic Church holds it as she ever possessed it, the original production of her teachers, a testimony

for her commission, a record of the early labors of her ministry. Therefore by her original and integral right of possession in this sacred fountain of truth we establish the sanctity of her doctrine. There is sanctity in the law as it is written, there is equal sanctity in the law preached, and the same must be found in the organ of its expression.

Take the whole range of doctrine in which she exercises the gift and right of teaching, and in all she is most holy, and so perfectly uniform, that not one single article presents a blemish. Indeed, this is so true, that our fiercest enemies are obliged to draw upon their power of imagination, to invent appropriate objects for their spleen. Take her canons and her catechisms, and there you find every moral precept of the law of nature, every strict command and counsel of Jesus Christ. Take her approved books of instruction, from the days of her Cyrils, Chrysostoms and Augustines, down to her Kempises, Bourdaloues and Masillons, and throughout you find the same indignant censure against vice, the same exciting motives proposed to raise glorious conceptions of every virtue. The doctrines of heretics claim for patronage the wealth, talent and respectability that fumes away its silly hour on this scene of vanity, but the Catholic Church is eloquent in praise of the widows' mite, her gospel is preached to the poor, she makes enemies by resisting the proud, and urging humility upon the arrogant oppressor. All that is calculated to make the perfect saint and useful citizen, the careful parent, and the faithful friend, is the holy effort and perpetual object of her zeal.

I may produce the testimony of a learned Protestant: "Of all religions (says De Haller), the Catholic is without question the most proper to maintain a union of

hearts and minds, and to preserve the internal tranquillity of states; because it is founded on obedience to legitimate authority, and not on independence of all authority; on respect and not on contempt for fathers and mothers; on the denial and not on the idolizing of self; on the reciprocal sacrifice of one for another, which is the bond of an immense community, united by the same faith and the same law, and not on a principle of hatred and isolation, and dispersion; in fine, because in its dogmas, in its morality, and in its worship, it teaches, nourishes, and vivifies without ceasing, respect for the maxims and traditions of fathers and superiors; veneration for all that is ancient, universal, perpetual, and repugnance against all separations and all fundamental innovations." (Restoration of Political Science.)

Let us pass to the mysterious doctrines of faith, and upon these taken singly or collectively we behold the clearest mark of sanctity. Ample proof may be drawn from the fact, that every insult which ignorance, bigotry, and illiberality could invent is poured out against these doctrines, by men who find no principle for their arguments but error, no proof but misrepresentation, and no confirmation but wild invective. Such opposition being made—scripture and sound reasoning being abandoned—a remarkable testimony is afforded to the strength and sanctity of our faith, and a concession of the weakness of parties requiring such measures for their maintenance and defence. Our doctrines alone are reconcilable with the written word of God and human reason. They have ever been the subject of faith in an undivided church, and thus reason is safe in yielding submission to the highest authority, viz., the wise and saintly of every age and nation; also they adequately explain the sacred Scripture by the

voice of a teaching ministry, whilst out of the pale of the Catholic Church, the doctrines presumed to be founded on the Scripture, are derived from the private judgment of individuals, totally unauthorized; and persons believe not whatsoever Christ commanded, but whatsoever their own reason suggests, and ultimately their whole doctrine is a mere human conjecture, not founded at all on the Bible. Those who are separated from us must say (according to their principles), that without the Scripture they would not have any Christian knowledge; but in the case of the Catholic, whether there be a scripture or not, he has the faith of Christ in the voice of the Church, and having this as the peculiarity of our church, we have exclusively a holy doctrine. For we must remember that, no other provision for the diffusion of his truths has been made by the Saviour except a teaching ministry independent of Scripture; this teaching is now and has always been present only in the Catholic Church; therefore she alone diffuses sanctified truth coming directly from Jesus Christ. The Saviour did not order a Bible to be written, or distributed, or read in his church; but he certainly ordered the people to be taught by a certain class of persons appointed for the work of the ministry, attended by his own abiding Spirit, which gives its influence to faith and morals in a way that never could be communicated to any written, lifeless document. Therefore the Catholic Church being the only organ of the faith in its original form as it was communicated by Christ and expressed by the Apostles, and she alone being able to trace out this gift unto the very first moment of her institution, she has the mark of sanctity in her doctrine. Moreover, examining her doctrine taken collectively she not only holds the mark of sanctity

affixed by the fact of a right of teaching, which is traced up by her alone, through the voice of her pastors, till the moment when Christ said, "Teach whatsoever I have commanded you," but she alone has her doctrine marked in the manner ordained by the Saviour. In the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark, we read the commission of teaching given to one party, and the obligation of believing to another, and then the mark was set forth in the following words, "*And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name they shall cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues. They shall take up serpents; and if they shall drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay their hands upon the sick, and they shall recover.*" And the Evangelist says that "*the preachers went forth, the Lord working withal, and confirming the word with signs that followed.*" Now the Catholic Church having indisputably the commencement of her existence with a doctrine that thus appeared marked, she holds exclusively that distinction of sanctity; it belongs to her alone, for, no other community that ever broke away from her pale has produced any of these signs. She holds by right of inheritance the value of these primitive signs until some new system shall divide the honor by producing a similar testimony. For which I guess we shall wait long enough.

But, the mark of sanctity is the sole property of the Catholic Church, not only as regards the signs attending her first teaching in the apostolic age, but even in the subsequent ages, when her opponents would have us suppose she became corrupted. That a miraculous power is not so frequently exerted now as in the days of the Apostles is universally acknowledged, nor is it required for the benefit of the faithful, or the con-

version of unbelievers. But that it has never been withdrawn from the one Catholic Church is a matter of fact attested by a cloud of witnesses, whose judgment and veracity cannot be questioned nor denied by the most decided enemy. *"We have been not only taught the truth of God (says Luther, de Indeis, p. 210), but have seen it confirmed by manifest signs and miracles for these last fifteen hundred years."* The Centuriators of Magdeburg give us some useful information concerning one of our saints. St. Patrick (say they) was a man excelling in doctrine and miracles, who by his prayers shortly converted all Ireland, founded churches without number, ordaining preachers, delivering the possessed, raising the dead, to the number of sixty, and baptizing twelve thousand souls. But he had the marks of Antichrist, for he built many churches for the increase of popery. Witaker, as bitter an enemy as the Church ever had, cries out, "Let not Bellarmine think that I despise altogether the miracles of Xavier, for it may happen that such have been and may still be wrought in the Popish Church." Let us hear a little more of this holy Xavier, and from a Protestant minister, Mr. Hackluyt, who thus

writes, in a work entitled, "Principal Navigations:" "That godly professor and laborious doctor of the Indian nation in matters concerning religion, Francis Xavier, after great labors, injuries, and calamities, suffered with much patience, departed indeed with all spiritual blessings out of this life, in the year of the Lord 1552, after many thousands were by him brought to the knowledge of Christ. Of this holy man, his particular virtues and wonderful works, all the latter histories of the Indian regions are full." Babdeus, another Protestant, in his Indian history says: "If the religion of Xavier agreed with ours, we ought to reverence him as another St. Paul; yet, notwithstanding the difference in religion, his zeal, his vigilance, and the sanctity of his manners ought to stir up all good men not to do the work of God negligently. For the gifts which Xavier had received, to execute the office of a minister and ambassador of Jesus Christ, were so eminent that my soul is unable to express them. I am forced to exclaim, Who is capable like him of these wonderful things?" He ends by an apostrophe to the saint, "Would to God, being what you have been, you had been or would have been one of ours."

ABOUT WORDS AND PHRASES.

Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ.

WITHIN a few years there has been manifested a new and strong desire to analyze the English language, to inquire into its origin, and to correct its use. The result which one would suppose would naturally present itself has not been realized, that is, the language has not been improved in precision or force.

If one were to inquire why these attempts at improvements in language have been made, we should probably be told that a subject so important to a people as the means by which they are to convey ideas for present instruction or future use naturally suggests efforts to illustrate and improve those means. Another reason may be offered for

this new presentation of the subject of English grammar, from the A B C of the child's book to the most laborious rules of syntax, viz., that people who must write for the periodical publications have written themselves pretty nearly out as it regards the facts, the logic, and the policy of events in the great *body* of national literature; and as they cannot give up their pen without jeopardizing their bread, they are not disposed to examine minutely into the nerves, ligaments, and joints of the language.

We are not prepared to say that either of the above assigned reasons is correct. It may be that gentlemen in the course of their scholastic studies, and, indeed, in their literary pursuits, have found the existence of certain contradictions, or the appearance of contradictions, in the elements of our language, and in trying to understand their origin have been led to believe that benefits would result from a closer investigation and fuller development of the elements of the language, with a view to fix certain points and limit changes, when changes may be allowed. Now we must confess that these efforts to erect some standard for the English language are not at all premature. The danger is that so much of error has crept, or been forced, into our everyday uses, that the eradication will be too great a work, and people who know nothing of language but what they hear or see in the newspapers, will, with some others who know a little more, declare that the English language is that which is spoken and written to-day, and to-morrow it will be that which may be spoken and written that day, and this decision will be made without any reference to those who may speak and write.

The language changes slowly, and people do not, in general, notice the introduction of new words, or the omission of those that have

been current. The rules of grammar that seemed to have no exception are violated by hasty writers, and the present use, though it startle the ear at first, soon becomes familiar, and the binding force of the old rule is forgotten.

The ex-preceptor, who in the day when his precepts were occasionally enforced with a ratan, would have punished his pupil for putting into his exercises the phrase, "She wished *to* speedily return," impressing upon the lad's memory and elsewhere the rule without exception, "No word must come between the verb in the infinitive mood and its sign, *to*," will now try "*to steadily* avoid the error." Our language is deteriorating. It is losing in force and precision, in the latter especially; and this is greatly due to the public press. The editorials of the daily and weekly papers are generally well written. The style is good, and the rules of grammar are usually observed. But a portion of what appears in "reports" is often offensive to taste, and in violation of the most common rules of syntax and composition. And these contributions are those most generally read, and therefore their errors are more extensively injurious.

We sometimes see in "reports" a word either wholly new or of which the immediate use is new and wrong. Yet in a short time it is repeated, and very soon is admitted into full family privileges, at least in the reporters' lexicon. One of the abominations that disfigures the newspaper reports, and has paved its way into colloquial distinction, is the word *resurrect*, at first directly applied to the stealing of dead bodies from graves, &c., and this use is now so well established, that it is employed to denote the revival of theories, rumors, &c. We are told that men were detected in resurrecting a dead body, and we see also in papers, that not content

with reports of present or recent misdeeds, these people have *resurrected* an old calumny, &c. We find no good use of "resurrect." But we have no security against its being thrust into the next dictionary.

Another word has great authority, but is not legitimate—*enact*, to act, to perform a part. Shakspeare put such a word into the mouth of old Polonius, and it is used in a sense somewhat like that in one of the historical plays. Spenser also uses it. But readers will notice that for a long time the word has not been in good use. A dramatic critic sometimes strengthens a sentence by the use of *enact*, but it has the appearance of small pedantry, and scarcely any reader sees the word in such use without thinking of Polonius.

There has only recently crept into our language the use of the verb *assist*, to signify being present at, to assist, that is, to be at the opening, &c. *Assist* comes to us, of course, from the Latin, through the Italian and the French, with the signification in those languages which we are condemning when used in the English. The word is found in almost every notice of church service, a social meeting, a ball, or an excursion, which is reported in a French paper. The bishop, the king, the mayor, the ladies, and witnesses are all said to *assist* in these several meetings, though perhaps no one had a part therein except as a spectator. But the English, and still more the Americans, getting hold of this French use, try to force it into English use, and the carelessness of general readers as well as the vanity of others, help, aid, and *assist* in foisting it upon us. Italian and French books, now lying before us, contain some excellent advice as to the mode of hearing Mass, and in both languages it is recommended that "worshippers

should entertain, in that solemn service, the same feeling which they would have experienced had they been *assisting* at the awful sacrifice on Calvary."

That did very well in Italian and French, but when it is found in English, and the word *assist* is retained, it certainly does not convey the same idea that is presented in the French and Italian.

The feelings of the devout worshipper at certain parts of the Mass are not and ought not to be like those which animated the persons that helped, aided, and *assisted* in the awful sacrifice of Calvary.

Demand is another word which has recently been used in our language in the French and Italian sense, so that we see in the papers, and hear in good company (that is, good with the exception of its language), that certain persons have *demand*ed contribution and alms.

In Congress we hear a member demand the previous question, when "to call" for it is all that he has a right to do. When difficulties arose between the government of the United States and that of France relative to some money settlement, and information was then "long a coming," General Jackson asked of a Senator what was the nature of the dispatch from France? "Why," said the Senator, "France demands an early settlement of the account." "Demands," said the old hero of New Orleans, "France demands a settlement, does she? By the eternal, she shall have her *demand* answered at the mouth of the cannon." When the dispatch was translated, and it was found that the *request* of France was quite in the way of business, there was peace at the White House, and peace between France and the United States.

The French and the Italians say *I demand* of God, when their petition should be translated into English "I humbly ask of God."

The *Gentleman's Magazine* of a

hundred and twenty or thirty years back gives the text of a tripartite treaty into which England, France, and Holland had entered, and among other provisions set forth was one that Holland should *manage* the navy of Great Britain.

The document was translated from the French into English, with the exception of the few words which were considered wholly diplomatic. Of that kind was the word *manage*; and in the midst of the jubilation of London at the settlement of a vexed question, which had disturbed commerce and threatened greater evils, the word *manage* was discovered. Forthwith John Bull roared lustily and shouted, — "Never, never, would the British people consent that Holland should *manage* the British navy. Perish the treaty, — let it be burned by the common hangman, and let the same executive gentleman do his amiable office upon the ministry that would give up the management of the wooden walls of England to the Dutch or the French."

After some time the tempest was staid, and the multitude appeased by the solemn statement that the word "*manage*" did not mean to direct or manage, but the provision of the treaty was that the Dutch would "*respect*" the English navy.

The pronoun "*you*," in our old grammars, never was regarded as of the singular number; and hence we have "*thou lovest, you love.*" But long colloquial use commended the employment of *you* in the singular number to bookmakers, so that now many of the grammars conjugate the verb so as to make it agree with *you*, in the second person singular. And one or two of them appear to regard the use of "*thou*," and its agreeing verb, "*lovest*," useless, and *art* as obsolete; and indeed, with a few exceptions, they are so. But we still retain *thou* in the solemn style. No translation of the Holy Scriptures, so far as

we know, has adopted the familiar style of "*you*" for its second person singular; nor in addresses to the Deity do we hear *you* used.

But in the Italian prayer-book *you* is used instead of "*thou*," and God and the Saints are approached with that pronoun which, in our language, is considered quite too familiar for such purposes. The French have long been following the example of the Italians, and we, especially the Catholics, suffer from this abuse of words, because those who have undertaken to translate into English the beautiful prayers which enrich the devotional books of France and Italy, do not translate the pronoun and verb into solemn English.

When, for example, in Italian the words "*Oh Dio di bontà voi venite*" are rendered by translation "*Oh God of goodness you come.*" the translation is verbally correct; but the ear of a pious English-reading person must be pained by the use of *you* for God. Yet such errors mar a large portion of the devotional works translated into our language. We have no objection to the use of *you* in the singular number for any person or being, were he even an emperor, but let it not be applied to objects of worship. "*Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.*"

A few lines above we spoke of translating the pronoun and verb into solemn English. It will be noticed that if *thou* is given instead of "*you*," in the present tense of the indicative mode, the verb has an equal change. "*You believe*" is the familiar style; *thou believest* is the solemn style; and when the solemn style is adopted for the second person singular, it must be used in the third person singular also. Thus, familiar style, he *believes*; solemn style, he *believeth*; and it must be borne in mind that this use of *eth* (*believeth, loveth*) is peculiar to the

singular number; it can never extend to the plural number. One may not say "James and John believeth," though a few instances of that kind of error are found even in the James's translation of the Bible. Scott and most of the popular writers not only use "you" for *thou*, and "s" for *th*, but they contrive in a single paragraph to confound the solemn and the familiar without change of circumstance or speaker.

Directly is a word which, in its primary sense, would intimate straight movement, not in a winding course. But it has also a signification of time; "he will return directly," that is, "very soon."

In its character as an adverb of time, it was, twenty years ago, employed falsely; but its novelty tickled the eye or ear of some American writers, and forthwith the periodicals adopted the error, following, it is thought, Bulwer, who says, in more than one place, "*directly* he was seated," instead of "*as soon as* he was seated."

Immediately sometimes is misapplied in the same manner. Warren, in his "Ten Thousand a Year," supplies an abundance of evidence that he does not understand the English, especially in his frequent use of "*directly*" for "*as soon as*."

There are certain words in our language that have been undergoing a change of signification for many years. In this class are "prevent," "sincere," "persecution."

Prevent now is used almost invariably for "to hinder," "to stop;" and in theological works it often retains its original signification "to go before," "to meet," &c. So that while in one class of works—prayer-books—the word "prevent" really intimates guidance, assistance, in other and general, it denotes entire stoppage.

Sincere, which started with an entire physical signification, has come to denote a moral quality.

Sincere, *sine cere*, without wax, was the name given to honey from which the honeycomb, the wax, and other coarse particles had been strained.

"New-born babes desire the *sincere milk* of the word," says the Scriptures in the earliest translation.

As late as the time of Queen Anne of England, an act of Parliament was passed to secure "*sincere tar*" for her majesty's navy. At present, "sincere" denotes moral quality alone.

Persecute, "persecution," &c. This word, "persecute," has of late settled down into a simple idea,—that of wrongfully inflicting fines, penalties, severe dealing, &c. Thus, Nero persecuted Christians by inflicting imprisonment and death. But the meaning was originally and for a long time far more extensive.

Some years since, when persons were stirring up the public mind against the Catholic Church, a writer seems to have tried his hand or his invention on what he called "the bishops' oath." This oath, it was said, was taken by all bishops who received investiture, and it included in translation the promise, "I will *persecute* all heretics." So, according to the writer, each bishop was bound to inflict pains and penalties which he knew to be unjust, if "persecute" had the same signification then as it has now. We do not often hear of an official solemnly pledging himself to do any act which he recognizes as unjust. Now, if any such oaths were taken by the bishops, it was when they were necessary to civil or political power as governors of a city. But, whatever may have been required of them, it is scarcely supposable that they would pledge themselves to injustice. Yet it is said, and perhaps with truth, that they pledged themselves by oath to *persecute* a certain class

of persons holding erroneous religious opinions; and if "persecute" had then the same signification that it now has, they must have sworn, if they took that oath, to visit with what they admitted to be unjust and undeserved *infliction* a portion of their people. But did *persecute* then mean to inflict unjustly? Or did it mean "to follow, to consider closer, to write thoroughly?" &c.

Cicero probably understood the Latin language about as well as do we moderns, and he has this use of the verb "to persecute:" "Has res persecutus est Xenophon in eo libro;" and a fair translation of that sentence is,—“These things Xenophon has discoursed of in his book.”

It is said with much truth, that, "in judging of the merits of any act

in the distant past, we must make ourselves acquainted with the manners and customs of that period." So also in fixing a meaning to certain words we must understand what was their signification at the time of their employment.

It would not be permissible at the present time to say that our generals *prevented* their armies at the moment of going into battle. Nor would our Secretary of the Navy escape some ridicule if, in advertising for naval stores, he should call for "sincere tar and turpentine." And the District Attorney would astonish the good people of Philadelphia if he were to give notice that he should *persecute* his erring fellow-citizens.

We may, at a future time, call attention to a few more improprieties of speech.

THE HYMNS OF THE ROMAN OFFICE FOR PENTECOST AND WHITSUNTIDE.

METRICALLY TRANSLATED FROM THE MISSAL AND BREVARY,

BY CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

AT VESPERS.

Veni Creator Spiritus.

COME, blest Creator Spirit,
Come visit thine own hearts,
Come flame the souls which Thou hast
made
With thy supernal darts.

Who Paraclete art called,
Thou gift of God most high;
Thou fount of life, Thou flame of love,
Thou unction from the sky.

Thou septiformal gift,
Thou index of God's power,
The Father's rightful promise, Thou
The tongue's mellifluous dower.

Thrill through our frozen veins,
Thy love in our hearts pour;

The weakness of our fallen flesh,
With heavenly strength restore.

Drive far salvation's foe,
Give us thy brooding peace;
Our leader Thou, from treacherous
ways
Our wandering steps release.

Grant us, through Thee, to know,
And knowing e'er to bless
Father and Son, and Thee; the breath
Of both, to aye confess.

To God the Father praise,
And to the Son, who rose
From death, with Thee, sweet Para-
clete,
While age on ages flows.

AMEN.

AT MATINS.

Jam Christus astra ascenderat.

CHRIST mounted to his star-girt seat,
Whence he had erst descended, soon
To send the sacred Paraclete,
The Father's fruitful boon.

Now through their mystic space away,
Had seven times seven cycles rolled;
When earth approached the solemn day
In prophecy foretold.

The night had scarce three hours waned,
When to the apostolic band
In prayer, a sudden sound proclaimed
The yearned for God at hand.

How bright! how beautiful the flow
Of light, that from the Father
streamed!

How rich the words' commingled glow,
In their true bosoms beamed!

Thus through their souls with joy elate
The Spirit's influence is poured,
While they, in divers tongues, relate
The wondrous works of God.

Lo! with admiring accord,
Romans, Barbarians and Greeks,
The nations all, receive the word,
Each in the tongue it speaks.

Yet still the stubborn, faithless Jews,
Reject with hate the Heaven-wrought
sign,

And Christ's true ministers accuse,
As drunk with new-made wine.

Then Peter, rising up again,
Disproves with miracles their lies,
And the prophetic witness strain
Of Joel verifies.

Glory to God the Father be,
And glory to His risen Son,
Glory, blest Paraclete, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

AT LAUDS.

Benta nobis grandia.

THE rolling year brings back the day,
With sacred joys replete,
When, with the Church to dwell for aye,
Came down the Paraclete.

'Neath mystic tongues of quivering flame
He to the Apostles brought
The gift of speech, his law to frame;
His love in their hearts wrought.

They speak in tongues of every race,
The crowds, with wonder spelled,
Declare them, who overflow with grace,
By new-made wine impelled.

This mystery completes the space
Of festal Paschaltide,
Through whose blest days the law of
grace
Is to sin's debt applied.

Thee now we pray, sweet Holy Ghost,
As we adoring bend,
O let the gifts of Pentecost
Upon our souls descend.

As Thou of old didst fill with grace
The Apostolic breast,
With thy pure rays our guilt efface
And give us tranquil rest.

To God the Father glory be,
And to His risen Son,
The same, sweet Paraclete, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

THE PROSE AT MASS.

Veni Sancte Spiritus.

COME, thou ever sacred Dove,
From thy radiant throne above
Shoot thy resplendent darts;
Come, father of the poor, come, thou
Rich source from which all blessings
flow,
Come, purest light of hearts.

Come, consoler, highest, best,
Come, the soul's thrice welcome guest,
Refreshment sweet bestow;
Amid our labor thou art ease,
Amid our heat a cooling breeze,
Solace of griefs, o'erflow.

Come, thou luminary blest,
Come, and every faithful breast
With thy pure radiance fill;
Without thine impulses divine
Naught can man e'er claim of thine,
Or naught be free from ill.

Lave, Lord, these sordid stains of ours,
Our dryness dew with heavenly showers,
Our sin-wrought bruises cure;
Our rigid obstinacy away,
Our frozen sense solve with thy ray,
Our wandering steps assure.

Upon our souls, who Thee adore
By faith, we pray, sweet Spirit, pour
Thy blessings sevenfold.
The merit of thy grace oh lend,
Grant us to share thy saints' sweet end
With joys etern untold.

ETHEL'S REWARD.

CHAPTER I.

"It is useless to say anything more, Mary, my decision is irrevocable; with my consent she shall never take so infamous a step. What!"—and here the angry man sprang to his feet, and impatiently walked the floor—"my daughter, a descendant of a family whose name is without blemish, to disgrace it now by joining a set of low ignorant women, that live, God only knows how! No! a thousand times no!"

"Oh! Charles, Charles, do not speak so harshly of what you know nothing; far from being low and ignorant, these holy sisters are for the most part noble women, who for religion's sake have thrown aside all luxuries, and separated themselves from their friends and all most dear to them, to devote their lives to God and their less fortunate fellow-beings. What would our land be without our good sisters of charity? Whom do you see in the hospitals, where nothing but suffering and misery are to be found, but the sister of charity, moving quickly from bed to bed, and by her gentle words and soothing touch, bringing alike consolation to the body and mind of the poor sufferer, who never fails to call down a blessing on her as she passes. For my part, though the separation would be a terrible trial, I will never ask for a better fate for our darling child, than that she may have the grace and strength necessary to enable her to renounce the world, and persevere in the holy path she has chosen."

"What could I expect from a daughter, whose mother had such ideas? Oh! unfortunate day that I allowed myself to be persuaded

to send Ethel to a convent! When I married you, Mary, I promised never to interfere with your religion, but to allow you to live up to it, and follow the dictates of your own conscience in all matters."

"Yes, Charles, and you have kept your promise nobly; no woman ever had a better or kinder husband than mine. Oh! my husband, be as generous to our child as you have been to me. Do you not suppose that this trial will be far harder for her to bear than it is for us, she who voluntarily gives up everything and adopts a life of hardship and poverty? But she feels that it is a call from on high; and feeling and knowing this, how can she hope to work out her salvation if she neglects it?"

"Nonsense, Mary! this is all superstition. Ethel will be quite and even more likely to reach heaven by acting like a sensible girl, and obeying her father (for I know there is a commandment telling children to obey their parents), than by going in direct opposition to my commands. I never opposed your bringing her up a Catholic, for I felt that a religion that could make such a good wife as you were, would certainly make a good daughter, but could I have seen the end of my blind ignorance, rather would I have seen her in her coffin than have ever allowed her to put a foot in a Catholic church or school. Send Ethel to me now, and I will end this folly, once for all."

Here let us take a few moments to explain the above scene.

Charles Merrill was a wealthy citizen of Richmond; he was a man who commanded the respect and admiration of all who came in contact with him in any way. En-

dowed by nature with every gift of body and mind, he was well fitted to shine in any sphere. He had married in early life a young Catholic girl, and the one cloud that marred her married life was, that her husband had no religion. In vain she had prayed and sought by her example and gentle admonitions to lead him aright, but while he was not at all bigoted, but on the contrary entertained very liberal ideas, she saw that there was very little hope of his conversion; still she left it all in the hands of God, and did not despair. Ethel was now their only child, one son, a few years older than she, had been his father's idol, but he had died some years before the opening of our story, and since that time Mr. Merrill had fairly worshipped his daughter. She was a girl that any man might be proud to have call him father. Tall and fair, with thoughtful gray eyes and a profusion of golden hair. Mr. Merrill had looked forward with impatience to her return from school, and enjoyed in anticipation the sensation that she, with her beauty and accomplishments, could not fail to create in any society into which he might take her. Bitter had been the blow to the proud man when, a few days after her return, he first heard of her intention of joining the order of the Sisters of Charity in which she had been educated. Fearing her father's opposition, she had revealed her secret to her mother, and implored her to obtain his consent. Mrs. Merrill dreaded the effect such an announcement would have upon her husband, but wisely considered it was better to get it over at once, and hence the opening of our chapter. Ethel entered the room a few moments after her mother left it; she was very pale, and visibly agitated, but around her mouth was an expression that to a close observer would have announced unwavering pur-

pose. When she entered her father was standing at the window, with his back to the door: he turned quickly as he heard the door open, and, without giving her time to speak, said:

"Ethel, your mother has just apprised me of your very singular infatuation; I hope it will be only necessary for me to tell you that I will never consent to your taking such a step."

"Papa, forgive me if I offend you; in anything else, you know I would not act against your wishes, but in this pray do not oppose me. I must go, it is my duty, and I can never be happy anywhere else."

"It is your duty to do what I tell you; this is my decision, and you must abide by it. You are but eighteen, and for three years anyhow will be under my control; during that time I positively forbid you to see or correspond with any one from the convent, and if you were to brave me and enter, I will drag you out, if I had to burn the house around you. After that, if you persist in going, the consequences be on your own head. From the day you leave my house for such a purpose, I have no longer a daughter, and my curse will follow you."

"Papa, I must do as you say for the present, but at the end of the three years my determination will be as fixed as it is now, for I know that I will be only doing right, and I can only pray that, if I persevere after so long a time, you will see that it is not infatuation, but a divine grace given me, which if I neglect will destroy my happiness in this life and hopes of salvation in the next."

"A little knowledge of the world, Ethel, will destroy all such delusive ideas. I sincerely hope before the end of the three years to see you happily married; but for that time, never let me hear the subject again."

Slowly and wearily the time passed to poor Ethel, who had no heart for the gayeties in which her father forced her to mingle. For his sake she was always cheerful and smiling, and seemed to enjoy the pleasures by which she was surrounded. Never was a daughter more affectionate and loving than Ethel; she knew the misery she was to inflict upon her fond father, and she pitied him and blamed herself, though at the same time she felt that what she was going to do was not her will, but her Heavenly Father's, and she trusted to Him to comfort her father, and knew that the time would come when he would forgive her and take her back to his heart, for she knew him too well to hope for anything different from the treatment he had told her to expect if she disobeyed him.

And he, poor man, how did he feel all this time? He vainly hoped against hope; at times when Ethel seemed bright and happy, he would persuade himself that she had forgotten her intention or willingly abandoned it; and again he would watch her, when she was not aware of his presence, and sometimes see such a melancholy yearning look come over her face, that he would turn away with a sigh and deep bitterness in his heart. He was much to be pitied, for, having been brought up amongst people who were bigoted and looked with contempt upon nuns, he had naturally imbibed some of their erroneous ideas, and though these were partly corrected by his wife's gentle teaching, still sufficient remained for him to look with aversion upon the thought of his cherished child deserting him for a class of people of which he had such a dread.

Well, all time, whether it leave us with joyful recollections or sad memories, must pass at last, and too quickly for Mr. Merrill, and

oh! how slowly for Ethel, dawned her twenty-first birthday. As she entered the breakfast-room her father rose from his chair, and, kissing her tenderly, wished her "many, many happy returns of the day."

"Heigh ho, Ethel," he said, resuming his seat, "I am fortunate in having my darling so long, but I know whose fault it is that she has not been run away with long ago. You must not be so hard to please much longer now, my pet, for after all I am not selfish enough to want my little girl to be an old maid; but I guess I need not fear: you will be giving me a son-in-law soon enough, and I can safely promise to be well satisfied with your choice, whoever he may be, provided he keeps you near enough for me to see you every day, for I never could live away from my little girl."

Ethel's eyes filled with tears, but she said nothing, and her father watched her through the meal with a vague sense of uneasiness that he could not account for; though he felt that she might leave him in the end, it never occurred to him that it would be soon. When he rose to go she threw herself into his arms, and said, "Papa, kiss and bless me before you leave," and then, bursting into tears, hastily left the room. Her father turned to his wife for an explanation, but as she said nothing, and looked as puzzled as he did, he left the house with a clouded brow.

Ethel had made her arrangements to be received as a postulant that day. She had told her mother nothing of it, for though she knew she would not oppose her, still she felt that she would rather not assist her plans, in opposition to her husband's wishes. Though Mrs. Merrill had not been told, still she felt it, and was not surprised, when about an hour after breakfast, Ethel presented herself in her room

equipped for travelling. The parting between them was heart-breaking, and our poor heroine started off alone on the "thorny path."

Mrs. Merrill looked with anxiety to the return of her husband in the evening, for she felt that his grief and rage would be terrible. With her it was different; she had her religion to console her, while he had nothing. At last he came, and looking around and not seeing his Ethel, he divined the cause of her absence at once. Turning to his wife, he asked in a hoarse voice, "Where is she? But stop, you need not tell me; I see it in your face," and sinking in a chair he buried his face in his hands, and for a few moments his frame shook with violent sobs. When this paroxysm of grief was over, he left his seat, and with a stern hard expression on his face, said: "I am ashamed of this weakness, but it is but momentary; never let me hear that ungrateful girl's name again, and let no letters, no tidings of any kind ever be received from her; I want to forget her; for the future she is dead to me; I have no daughter."

From that day Ethel's name was never mentioned in the house. At first her mother tried to speak of her, but Mr. Merrill stopped her so angrily, that she thought it better to desist, and trusted that time might mitigate his grief, and make him see in what an unreasonable manner he was acting; but in this she was mistaken.

CHAPTER II.

Two years after the occurrence of the foregoing events, Mrs. Merrill died, without having the happiness of seeing the reconciliation of her husband and daughter. Ethel, who of course had been in correspondence with her mother, heard of her death only through a paper, and then she wrote to her father, thinking that in a time of

trial like that his heart must soften towards her, and she could be in some measure a consolation to him. She had deceived herself, however, for her letter was returned to her, with a notice in the corner, saying it had "been refused." This did not discourage her, for she still felt that the time must come, when his affection would return to her, and all she could do now was patiently wait and pray. After the death of his wife, Mr. Merrill found his life very lonely, and at the opening of the war, he gladly went forward, and offered his services. He received a captain's commission at once, and by the end of the first year he had advanced to the rank of general, this advancement being won by his singular bravery. Where dangers were thickest he was always to be found, and if any one was required to head an expedition of more than usual bravery, it was always Captain Merrill that was called for. It might have almost been supposed that he possessed a charmed life, for while his companions fell thickly around him, he had so far escaped all injury.

"Why is it," he would say to himself, "that I, who have nothing to live for, and court death, am always spared, while so many of my comrades to whom life is sweet are cut down?" He did not recognize then the goodness of God, that, moved by his daughter's prayers, was preserving him, until, touched by grace, he should embrace the true Faith and make his peace with his Redeemer; but it seemed at last as if his desire for death was to be gratified, when, during the heat of an engagement, he fell mortally wounded with a ball in his side. He was carried from the field for dead, but when examined by the surgeon it was found life was not yet extinct. He was conveyed at once to the rude shed that had been thrown up for an hospital, and in which several sisters of

charity were already doing all they could for the unfortunate wounded.

"Another patient, Sister Seraphine," said the surgeon, calling one of the sisters aside, "to whom I would like you to give particular attention, our beloved General, who I fear has received his death-wound." "God help him, poor man," murmured the sister; "lead the way, doctor, and I will go to him at once; I have done all I can now here; perhaps the General's wound will not prove so dangerous as you fear."

Ethel, for it was she, had been one of the first of the sisters to volunteer, when nurses were required at the beginning of the war, and for the last two years her life had been spent on the battle-field, or in the ward of the wounded and dying, and many a poor man had closed his eyes to the world blessing her with his dying breath. She followed the doctor quickly to the bedside of her father, and for a moment did not recognize in the pale unconscious man before her the one whom she loved best on earth, but when the knowledge burst upon her, she started violently, and placing her hand convulsively on her heart, would have fallen, had it not been for the doctor, who caught her. "What is it, sister?" said he; "do you recognize the General as a friend or relation?" "Oh! doctor," she said, in a pained quivering voice, "it is my father, my darling father, whom I have not seen for so many years, and then to find him thus; my God, it is too hard;" but in a moment recovering herself she added, "Thy will be done, O Lord."

The doctor regarded her pityingly for a few minutes, while she gave way to this natural burst of grief, and then said:

"Sister, if you want to nurse your father, in his presence you must control your feelings, for any great excitement might cause his death."

"Then, doctor, is there no hope? can he not possibly recover?"

"Why, poor child, I wish I could give you some consolation, but in a case like this truth is the greatest kindness. It is only a matter of time; he may possibly linger a week, or he may not live through the night; all we can do for him now is to make his last moments as comfortable as possible."

"Then let us return to him at once, doctor; I will promise to be perfectly calm."

When she returned to the cot on which her father was extended he had regained his consciousness, but was lying with his eyes closed. Ethel leaned over him for a few seconds, eagerly scanning with tearful eyes the beloved features of him she loved so well, and who was so soon to leave her; and then sinking on her knees she breathed an earnest prayer, that her sacrifice might not be in vain, and that her father would not be allowed to die without the grace of conversion.

Taking his hand she softly whispered, "Papa, papa, here is your Ethel, will you not speak to her?"

The sick man opened his eyes, and looking wonderingly at Ethel for a moment, gave a low cry, and exerting all his little remaining strength he raised himself in bed, and catching her to his breast, cried,

"My Ethel, my daughter, now I can die happy;" for a few moments they remained locked in a close embrace without being able to speak, but at last Ethel, remembering the doctor's injunction, forced him gently down, and said:

"Papa, you are very weak; you must not try to talk, but keep perfectly quiet, and I will stay with you."

"One question, my child," said he; "has the doctor any hope of my recovery; must I die?" And he looked in her eyes with such a beseeching expression that it nearly broke poor Ethel's heart to have to

truthfully tell him that his days were numbered. "Then, Ethel, if there is no hope, there is no use of my remaining quiet; my time will be only too short, darling, for all I have to hear and say. Tell me now everything about yourself, from the unfortunate day you left me till now."

Ethel commenced, and with her father's hand clasped tightly in her own she related to him how her life had been spent for the last sad three years.

He listened in silence, and when she had finished he asked, "And was my daughter happy and contented all this time?"

"Oh! papa, as I could have been in no other sphere; it is true our life is hard, but what is that when compared with the consciousness that we are constantly doing good. And often will the grateful blessing of some poor afflicted creature more than recompense us for the coldness and slights we so often receive from those who, not understanding our holy religion, look upon us with distrust."

General Merrill lay for a few moments in deep thought, and then, with a flush mantling his brow, he said:

"Ethel, tell me something, child, of your Faith; for a religion that can give the grace to weak women to live the lives of saints, for it is nothing less, must be the true one."

For a moment Ethel could not speak, so great was the flood of joy caused by her father's words, but quickly mastering her emotions she commenced, and simply explained

to him some of the principal truths of her Faith. As he listened light suddenly burst on his mind, and what before had been dark and unintelligible to him he now saw clearly by the light of grace.

"Ethel, it is enough," he cried, "I am convinced; God forgive me for remaining so long in ignorance; but is it too late, Ethel?" said he, with a sudden fear; "will God receive one who so long resisted his teachings?"

Ethel joyfully assured him that it was never too late for the "strayed sheep to return to the fold," and, at his request, brought him a priest, who, after talking to him for a few minutes, and finding that he had the proper dispositions, heard his confession, and administered conditional baptism.

When Ethel returned to him she found that he was sinking rapidly. He looked at her lovingly, and said, "My child, I know I have but a few moments to live, but I am more than content to die, for I am no longer without hope. And oh! my darling, it is your piety and goodness that obtained for me this priceless blessing. Ethel, I am going to your mother. My darling, good-bye;" and sinking back, his soul quietly passed away without a struggle.

Ethel fell on her knees, and covered the cold face that could no longer answer to her caresses with kisses; but though she wept, the bitterness was taken from the blow by the consoling knowledge that "he was at rest!"

WISDOM, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,—
What is she but the means of happiness?
That unobtained, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end which makes our wisdom wise.

SINGULAR IMPORTANCE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE, AND
HOW TO POPULARIZE IT.

EVERY person conversant with the matter will allow that there is much truth in the remarkable saying attributed to Charles V., "Autant de langues on parle, autant de fois on est homme," which may be translated thus: As many languages as one speaks, so many times is he a man, or is his intelligence increased. He will also admit that a knowledge of languages, modern as well as ancient, forms a principal part of a liberal and thorough education; and yet while so many minds are actively engaged in devising plans for learning them, it is truly singular that an important and fertile source for their acquisition has been hitherto overlooked, or perhaps I should say thoughtlessly despised.

This source, however strange it may appear, will be found, as will presently be seen, in the noble and resonant language of Erin—that language which England in her insane and brutal bigotry has so often attempted to eradicate, along with the Catholic religion, from the face of the earth.

It is a fact which cannot be successfully disputed that this language, often called Hiberno-Celtic, forms the best key for acquiring the pronunciation and thorough knowledge of the vernaculars of England, France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, all these being radically largely commingled with the ancient Celtic. But it is admitted by all linguists who are conversant with archæology that Irish is the purest and best cultivated dialect of that selfsame Celtic, hence it must be to the languages of Southern and Western Europe what the Sanscrit

is to the modern tongues of India and of some European countries.

This deduction or inference will not appear so strange when it is remembered that after the subversion of the western Roman empire Irish missionaries were, under the Holy See, among the principal teachers of Western and Southern Europe both in religion and in letters.* Hence, we may well conceive that these worthy pioneers of Christian civilization, who loved their native language, as all true Irishmen do or ought to do, took occasion to impress a portion of its peculiar features and excellences upon the languages of those countries which were then in a state of formation, and in which they must have largely concurred in giving forms and principles to, in their capacity of teachers, for it is well known that the modern languages of Europe had their origin about the time when the people speaking them were converted to Christianity. We see then how important it is to the cause of education that the language of Ireland should be cultivated and diffused.

But there is still perhaps a more important reason why this should be done; it is this: It is well known to those who live the life prescribed by true religion that some languages are better adapted to the purposes of devotion than others. Who acquainted with the matter will not for this purpose prefer Latin, or

* From many instances that could be mentioned I will content myself with the following: "It is from thence" (Ireland), writes the Englishman Alban Butler, "that Charlemagne invited the learned professors Clement and John; the one the founder of the University of Paris, and the other of the University of Pavia in Italy."—*Lives of the Saints*, September 6.

any of the languages derived from it, to those of Teutonic origin, admirable as they undoubtedly are in other respects? The mysterious connection between sound and the emotional faculties of the soul has frequently been noticed as well as felt, and is no doubt the physiological basis of those beautiful Gregorian chants which the Catholic religion understands and uses with such soul-stirring and rapturous effect. What applies to music and melody does, no doubt, in some degree apply to language, hence, it may be worthy of inquiry how far we ought to study and cultivate Irish, that language which for three centuries was almost the only vernacular of a people whose piety and erudition procured for their country from the rest of Christendom the glorious and well-earned title of *Insula sanctorum et doctorum*, the Island of Saints and Scholars.

The plan I propose for making the acquisition of this language easy and popular is simply this, to substitute for its original characters or letters the Roman or modern ones in common use, but with the variations which will be presently specified. Nearly all the modern languages of Europe have, if I mistake not, adopted this method. The German, which some may consider an exception, is fast tending to it in Prussia and in other parts of Germany. The attempt to diffuse and popularize the Irish language may appear to some to be a futile idea, but to me it appears not only possible but even eminently practicable.

Here I would remark that until the tastes of the reading public are materially changed the language of Erin, with its present antique characters, will be felt but partially and imperfectly studied and explored. A dead language, so called, should have its ancient or primitive characters, but Irish by no means be-

longs to this class, but, on the contrary, is a living one, replete with vitality and energy, and, therefore, subject to change, to culture, or, if the term be preferred, to progress. By presenting it then in Roman characters, its words, phrases, &c., will become more plain, familiar, and striking to the general reader; he will then more easily see its relation to other tongues; that is, he will the more easily see how many of their words are borrowed or derived from it, or similar to it. He will see that it contains within itself, in the most perfect harmony, all the sounds, and, to a great extent, all the generative principles that are peculiar to all the modern languages above referred to. He will thus be induced to examine it more and more, and be enabled to appreciate its beauties and advantages, and in the course of time it will assume its true and legitimate position in polite literature and in the classical course.

Before I proceed to develop my proposed plan, I would remark that the attempt already made of printing and writing Irish in Roman characters might have been expected to be a failure. It introduced *too many letters*, and when the student had to consult his glossary or dictionary, he felt at a loss what word to look for as a primitive or radical; thus if he wanted to find the meaning of the word *curp*, in the phrase *ino churp*, my body, in vain would he look for it among the words beginning with *ch*. My plan would obviate these two great objections; it would preserve all the advantages of the ancient characters, while the characters themselves would be discontinued and only resorted to for the special benefit of antiquarians, a class who are very few in number.

I recommend then that the dots or pips of the ancient characters be retained in place of the numberless *hs* that otherwise would be re-

quired. To show the advantages of the proposed method over the ordinary one in which Roman characters are used, I will introduce a couple of examples which will place their relative value in the clearest light. I will give the first petition of the Lord's Prayer, as it occurs in the county of Cork dialect, in both ways. According to the ordinary method we would have, Ar n'aithir atair neainh, go naomhthar d'ainm. In the proposed or new method it would be written:* Ar naitir ata air neain, go naointar d'ainm.

I would here remark that the method here recommended would easily place the means of printing Irish in the hands of every printer. In addition to his ordinary types he would only have to procure some supplies of dotted letters like *i*. The *sine fada* or sign of a long sound could well be substituted by the Latin sign for a long quantity. The ordinary dots of *i* and *j* could well be omitted, and thus give the page a less dotted appearance. By the way, I think that this omission of the dots in the letters *i* and *j* may well be adopted in printing and writing other languages as well as Irish, for what is the use of any appendage to a letter that is sufficiently plain without it, and that is not likely to be confounded with other letters? Omitted as they are in the capitals, what is the use of them in the corresponding small letters?

Another method worthy of consideration for writing and printing Irish would be this: Like the Italians, Spaniards, and to a greater or less extent other modern nations, to adapt the orthography to the pronunciation of words, having but little regard to their etymology. Hence, in the language of Cervantes, we have *filosofia*, philos-

ophy, while in that of Dante we have *soprumano*, superhuman, words in which their etymology is evidently sacrificed to their pronunciation. I see no reason, not applicable to those two highly cultivated and widespoken languages, why this plan may not be adopted for the Irish and its cognate dialect, the Erse or Gaelic of Scotland.

It will be seen that each of the plans or methods to which I have adverted has its advantages as well as disadvantages. In the first-mentioned the primitive or radical letters would be preserved, while in the second they would, to a great extent, be sacrificed for perhaps a greater advantage. There can be no doubt that the latter, which may be called the *phonetic*, would be the more suitable one for children to learn the language, while the former, which may be termed the *etymological*, would be the preferable one for the learned and for those who are more or less acquainted with the common or spoken dialects. I would here observe that dictionaries or glossaries could be easily adapted to the phonetic method by having prefatory notes informing the student that the words, for instance, beginning with *v* must be looked for among those beginning with *b* or *m*, and so of the others. In Spanish grammars there are long rules to enable students to find words in dictionaries of the language that were printed before its modern orthography came into use.

Adopting the phonetic method the passage from the Lord's Prayer, already adduced, would be written somewhat thus: Ar n'aibir ata air neav go naoohar d'ainm. In truth I see no reason why a judicious and philosophical combination of both systems, that is to say of the etymological and the phonetic, may not be adopted.

It would be highly desirable to have in Dublin an Academy estab-

* We regret that our types will not enable us to print the examples our contributor gives in the manner he has indicated, but we trust that in the dress in which we give them his meaning will be fully understood.—ED.

lished on the plan of the Spanish Academy of Madrid, or of the French Academy, one which would devise and publish a code of laws for the correct spelling and pronouncing of the language, and which I fondly hope would adopt one or the other of the methods I have here indicated. The decisions of such an Academy would, of course, command more respect than would those of any individual scholar, no matter how great his learning or attainments may be; in short, its decrees would be deemed authoritative, and no loyal scholar

would feel at liberty to disregard them. We should remember that authority in regard to languages is of a republican character, and that the "republic of letters" is not altogether an unmeaning term. It is to be hoped that the time for establishing such an Academy is now come, and that the noble Catholic University of Dublin will, without delay, found and foster it, and cause its decisions to be respected and submitted to as those of the Supreme Court of the language.

THE CHEST OF DRAWERS, OR MY FIRST SCHOOL EXPERIENCES.

I REMEMBER well—as well as if it were to-day—the first time I went to school. They—I mean the folks at home—tried to make it appear that going to school was the greatest privilege that any little boy could enjoy; and I have no doubt they would have won me over to this belief, had I not, child as I was, detected a startling inconsistency between their present statements and certain threats which had been held out to me on previous occasions. As it was, I wept copiously when at length the morning came (I can call to mind how it snowed—snowed as though all nature was a school, and all the scholars were indignantly tearing up their task-books) that I was extra-dressed and super-sweetstuffed, and led to the Grove of Academus. I took my little trouble to heart, and knuckled my streaming eyes most piteously.

Our house was on one side of the street, and the Grove of Academus was on the other. The Grove

of Academus was, and still is, a little one-roomed, whitewashed cottage, with trim lattices, and a grape-vine which sprawls and struggles, like a child's first attempt at writing, up one side of it, and over half the red-tiled roof. There is a bit of a garden at the back, with a waterbutt at one corner—a slate-colored wooden barrel, which I think might hold some twelve or fifteen gallons, but which I then thought big enough to supply all the world with water. How relative are our notions of size! When I went into the schoolroom, a day or two since, it seemed to have shrunk to less than half its former dimensions, while the top of the bedstead had descended a good five-and-twenty feet!

I remember well, I was saying, my first visit to the "dame." What a grim old lady she seemed to me then! How prim and precise was her manner! Her stiff cambric cap looked far more warlike than Athene's helmet.

"Royster," she said, when my mother, after a hurried encouraging kiss, had left me, "I taught all your brothers and sisters, and I must teach you. Dry your eyes and look at this board. That's A."

Which was A? Half-blinded with my tears, the alphabet danced about the board like the figures you have seen through those revolving wheels at the Polytechnic, while so intense was my childish horror of the cane, that I believe I thought the letters went darting away in agony as she touched them with the tip of it.

Long and dreary seemed that first morning—dreadful the little faces that made light of my sorrow as I sat crying upon the form. There was one little girl, with round blue eyes and a wealth of golden hair, who tried to comfort me, proffering the loan of a needle and thread; but even this failed to assuage, or even to mollify, my grief. From nine to twelve was, as the Byronic phrase runs, "wept away." The Bonaparte's-ribs remained unbroken—the bull's eyes were intact.

Reader, I have had a fair share of sorrow since then, My cup has been bitter. Still, never have I been—and never shall I be, I take it—so inconsolably wretched and heart-broken as I was on that first morning of my life and strife at school. The stress of my suffering seemed to come from the feeling that I was disregarded and unloved at home. Else, I asked myself, and got nothing but sobs for an answer, why was I sent away? Why, if my mother cared for me, did she not come and fetch me back? "O, do-o-o let me go home!" I cried; but the inexorable dame was deaf to my entreaties, and went on basting the little girls' pocket-handkerchiefs, and instructing them in the art and mystery of keeping the hems straight.

Twelve o'clock came at last. The

morning had seemed a day, and the vibration of each stroke of the twelve appeared to last for an hour. I wondered if the wheezy old china mandarin on the mantelpiece, with the little clock in his stomach, would ever leave off striking, for I was too young to know how many "twelve" meant. He did, however, finish at last, pulling up with a sort of quinzical gasp, and (blessed moment!) school was dismissed. We left in pairs, for the snow lay deep on the ground, and "governess's" instructions were that we were to keep each other from falling. There was no necessity, however, for any one to keep *me*; for no sooner had I gained the outside of the school than I was caught up in a mother's arms and carried home.

I soon found I had not been forgotten in my absence. A little cake was baking for me in the oven, and with this I was at once presented.

That cake was the first step to knowledge, for centring it was the letter A, done in currants, and for six-and-twenty days afterwards I found one of these cakes, stippled with a letter from the alphabet, duly awaiting my return. Was ever knowledge made so sweet before? Was ever alphabet so pleasantly digested?

Cheery enough, after that first dreadful morning, were the days at school. I still had a great dread of the governess, and a greater dread (on Tuesdays) of her husband; but then, what a delightful thing it was to listen to the dame, as she chatted confidentially with us, and told of the many remarkable boys and girls she had had in other days under her wing. One boy, it appeared, had actually grown up so clever that his friends had made a clerk of him and sent him to India, where he was crushed to death under a sugar barrel. His story, as you can imagine, was al-

ways interesting—none the less so because the governess made a point of illustrating his death by rolling a wooden sugar-basin over one of the little girls' sawdust dolls, to the danger of the wire optical nerve running up its back. Then there was another lad who was so intensely gifted that he had gone upon the stage—a fact which the old dame affected to deplore, but of which I always believed she was secretly proud. But the joy of her heart among all her scholars was an elder brother of mine, who, a dozen years before, had learned his letters at her knee. Her admiration for him was not, so far as I could gather, founded on any brilliant intellectual achievement, but simply because he was a strong boy, and used, with beeswax and turpentine, to keep an old chest of drawers, which stood in one corner of the room, in a perfect state of polish.

This about the drawers would attest itself in manner following: that is to say, on Tuesday nights the Sewing Society used to hold its regular meeting, at which the old dame was a constant attendant. Now, she always went to these meetings in a long black cloth cloak, and this cloak two of us boys had to brush on the following morning. It was a large cloak, multitudinously caped, as if it had originally belonged to a horse-soldier who had afterwards gone into the cab business. It took a long time to brush it, mistress giving a personal superintendence to the operation, in order that we might not affect the nap by rubbing it the wrong way. Our little arms would often ache over the business, and then it was that the praises of that elder brother were sung, and his triumph over the chest of drawers was fondly and fervently recited.

"Royster," she would say, as I paused, out of breath in my labors, "you'll never be a patch upon your

brother. Why, he'd rub those drawers until you might see your face in them; but bless me, boys are not what they used to be!"

You cannot tell how this contemptuous estimate of my physical powers weighed upon my mind. It interfered with my studies, and kept me awake at night. I hadn't read Terence at that time, or I might have asked what there was that a brother could do that I was not able to accomplish. As it was—the shining of that old chest of drawers being constantly impressed upon me as the main point of a polished education—I grew somewhat moody in my manner, and one Tuesday morning when mistress's back was turned for a moment, I allowed my bad feelings to get so far the master of me as to induce me to rub the cloak the wrong way. Had I been in the dark, and had the garment been a cat's back, I could scarcely have been more terrified at the result. The threadbare nap, which had lasted so long, gave way beneath the first adverse friction, and—I can scarcely think of it now without a shudder—opened into a long and unmistakable fissure! I burst into tears. "Mistress," I explained, "I've torn the cloak." The school rose *en masse*. It seemed so incredible, that the little blue-eyed girl, with the natural curiosity of her sex, came to see and assess the damage for herself. I shall never forget the old dame. At first she seemed inclined to punish me; but grief overcame her temper, and she fairly lifted up her voice and wept. That day we were all kept in an hour beyond the usual time, while governess preached a moving discourse at me on the vice of carelessness, and its terrific consequences.

It was some short time after this that we had our yearly holidays, and I was pleased beyond measure to escape for a time from the dame's accusing eye. But with us holiday-

time was, in a sense, scarcely holiday-time at all. Mistress was an obdurate old "cram," and seemed to imagine that, if the intellectual functions were once allowed to rest, they could never be made to move on smoothly again. Therefore, when we "broke up," a twenty-four versed chapter from Genesis, touching the temptation of Adam and Eve, was given us to learn by the time we resumed school. For our respective mnemonical achievements in this direction, prizes, chiefly consisting of violently colored picture-books, were to be distributed. I—having a disgrace to wipe out—stuck manfully to the chapter all that holiday-time. I confess I did not understand a syllable of its meaning (as it contains the history of man's downfall, and as I was, at most, *ælat* eight and six months, this is hardly matter of marvel); still, so far as the mere words went, I mastered them. Mistress was delighted. She prophesied all sorts of splendid things for me in the future; recited again the history of the youth who was mangled by the molasses; and spreading out her little collection of gift-books, asked me which I would select for my prize. The books were tempting—as tempting to me as the "Democritus Homer" or a set of Elzevirs would be to a bibliopole. There was one with a colored picture of Daniel in the lion's den—Daniel a short, spare little man, and the lions (for contrast) fat and furious, and much swollen in the hind-quarters—which captivated me amazingly. It was a pre-Raphaelite study, for I remember that three hairs, or smellers, on each side of the lion's nose, were done with much fidelity. Still I aspired to something more than the picture-books, and stood silently gazing at them, blushing and confused.

"Come, you can't have *more* than one, you know," said the old

lady, conceiving I was embarrassed by the rich display; "so make haste and say which one you'll have."

"Mistress," I falteringly answered, "I don't want a book. Will you—"

I paused.

"Will I what? Come, speak out."

"Will you let me polish up the drawers?"

This was more than the poor old soul could bear. It touched her to the quick. My perfect mastery of the chapter had moved her, but this last proof of merit was fairly overpowering. She caught me up in her arms, kissed me on the forehead, and, as the tears of joy rained upon my face, said I was an angel, compelled me to take Daniel and the Lions, and then produced the turpentine and beeswax. In about an hour I saw my proud little face in the mahogany, with a chiaroscuro of envious countenances massed up behind it. I was the hero of the school. Its old glories were revived in me—at length the accident with the cloak was atoned for. I went home that day as proud as a prince.

"Mother," I said, as I displayed the lions and gentleman, "mother, I've won the prize."

"O! Dan'l is it?" said Deborah, our maid-of-all-work, gazing enraptured at the picture. "I once seed something very like it at Ashley's."

"Ah! but this isn't the prize," I resumed with mantling cheeks; "the prize was better than this."

"What was it, then?" asked my mother.

"Mother," I exclaimed, "I polished up the drawers!"

"I thought I smelt yer of turps," said Deborah; "and all I've got to say is, if learning twenty-four verses gets you a chest of drawers to polish, I'm very glad I'm no scholar."

Not long after this I left my dame's school for a higher class of academy, where I could meet wis-

dom in breeches. The parting was a sad one. That chest of drawers had become a pet of mine. My very soul was locked up in it. I gave it a fond and final furbishing on the last morning of my stay, and then left it, as I thought, forever. A hundred youthful memories glimmered, like the fancies in the poet's magic mirror, from their shining front, when, a day or two ago, I again stood before it.

"Royster," said the old dame, "I've had no one who could polish it since your time." With which

she opened the top drawer, and took something from the corner.

Ah me! it was a little pair of blue mittens my mother had knitted me, and which I must have left behind on my departure. I took them with a sigh (the hands of her who wove them will never more lay blessing on my head!) and measured them instinctively across my palm. What a tiny hand was mine, when those lambs' wool mufflers fitted it, and how often it has been weary with labor and with pain since the last time I put them on!

FLATTERY.

NOTHING is so delightful as flattery. To hear and believe pleasant fictions about one's self is a temptation too seductive for weak mortals to resist, as the typical legends of all mythologies and the private histories of most individuals show; in consequence of which, home truths to one used to ideal portraiture, come like draughts of "bitter cup" to the dram-drinker. And flattery is dram-drinking: and yet not quite without good uses to balance its undeniable evil, if only it be exaggeration, and not wholly falsehood; that is, if it assumes as a matter of course the presence of virtues potential to the character, but not always active, and praises for what might be if the person chose to live up to his best. Many a weak brother and sister, and all children, can be heartened into goodness by a little bit of judicious praise or flattery, where ponderous exhortation and grave reproof would fail; just as a heavily-laden horse can be coaxed uphill when the whip and spur would lead to untimely jibbing. If, on the contrary, the

flattery is of a kind that makes you believe yourself an exceptionally fine fellow when you are only "mean trash,"—a king of men when you are nothing better or nobler than other common men—making you satisfied with yourself when at your worst, then it is an unmitigated evil; it then becomes dram-drinking of a very poisonous kind, which sooner or later does for your soul what unlimited blue ruin does for your body. But this is what we generally mean when we speak of flattery, and this is the kind which has got such a deservedly bad name with moralists of all ages.

The flatteries of men to women, and those of women to men, are very different in kind and direction. Men flatter women for what they are—for their beauty, their grace, their sweetness, their charm—ingness in general; while a woman will flatter a man for what he does—for his speech last night, of which she understands little; for his book, of which she understands less; or for his pleading, of which she un-

derstands nothing at all. Not that this signifies much on either side.

The most unintellectual little woman in the world has brains enough to look up in your face sweetly, and breathe out something that sounds like "beautiful, charming, so clever," vaguely sketching the outline of a hymn of praise to which your own vanity supplies the verses. For you must have an exceptionally strong head if you can rate the sketch at its real value, and see for yourself how utterly meaningless it is. You may be the most mystical poet of the day, suggesting to your acutest readers grave doubts as to your own power of comprehending yourself; or you may be the most subtle metaphysician, to follow whom in your labyrinth of reasoning requires perhaps the rarest order of brains to be met with; but you will nevertheless believe any narrow-browed, small-headed woman who tells you in a low, sweet voice, with a gentle uplifting of her eyes, and a suggestive curve of the lip, that she has found you both intelligible and charming, and that she quite agrees with you, and shares your every sentiment. If she further tells you that all her life long she has thought in exactly the same way, but was wholly unable to express herself, and that you have now supplied her want and translated into words her vague ideas, and if she says this with a reverential kind of effusiveness, you are done for, so far as your critical power goes; and should some candid friend, whom she has not flattered, tell you with brutal frankness that your bewitching little flatterer has neither the brains nor the education to understand you, you will set him down as a slanderer, spiteful and malignant, and call his candor envy, because he has not been so lucky as yourself. The most subtle form of flattery is that which asks your advice, with the pretence of needing it

—your advice, particularly—yours above that of all other persons, as the wisest, best, and most useful to be obtained. This, too, is a form that belongs rather to women in their relations with men, than the converse; though sometimes men will pretend to want a woman's advice about their affairs, and will perhaps make believe to be guided by it. Not unfrequently, however, asking one woman's opinion and advice about another is a masked manner of love-making on its own account; though sometimes it may be done for flattery only, when there are reasons. Of course not all advice-asking is flattery; but when intended only to please, and not meant to be genuine, it is perhaps one of the most potent instruments of the art to be met with.

There is one kind of flattery which is common to both men and women, and that is the expressed preference of sex. Thus, when men want to flatter women, they say how infinitely they prefer their society to that of their own sex; and women will say the same to men. Or, if they do not say it, they will act it. See a set of women congregated together without the light of a manly countenance among them. They may talk to each other certainly; and one or two will sit away together and discuss their private affairs with animation; but the great mass of them are only half vitalized while waiting the advent of the men to rouse them into life and the desire to please. No man who goes up first, and earlier than he was expected, from the dinner-table, can fail to see the change which comes over those wearied, limp, indifferent-looking faces and figures as soon as he enters the room. He is the prince whose kiss woke up the sleeping beauty, and all her court; and can any one say that this is not flattery of the most delightful kind? To be the Pygmalion even

for a moment, and for the weakest order of soul-giving, is about the greatest pleasure that a man can know, if he is susceptible to the finer kinds of flattery.

Some women, indeed, not only show their preference for men, but openly confess it, and confess at the same time to a lofty contempt or abhorrence for the society of women. These are generally women who are, or who have been, beauties, or who have literary and intellectual pretensions, or who despise babies and condemn housekeeping, and profess themselves unable to talk to other women because of their narrowness and stupidity. But for the most part they are women who, by their beauty or their position, have been used to receive extra attention from men, and thus their preference is not flattery so much as *exigence*. Women who have been in countries where women are in the minority in society, are of this kind; and nothing is more amazing to them when they first come home than the attentions which a certain style of woman pays to men, instead of demanding and receiving attentions from them. These are those sweet, humble, caressing women who flatter you with every word and look, but whose flattery is nothing but a pretty dress put on for show, and taken off when the show is done with. Anything will do for an occasion with some people. Why, the way in which certain women will caress a child before you is an implied flattery, and they know it. If only they would be careful to carry these pretty antenuptial ways into the home, where nothing is to be gained by them but a humdrum husband's happiness! But too often the woman whose whole attitude was one of flattering devotion before her end was gained gives up every shred of that which she had in such profusion when she has attained her object, and lets the home go absolutely bare of that which

was so beautiful and seductive in the ball-room and the flirting corner.

Some men, however, want more home flattery to keep them tolerably happy and up to the mark than any woman with a conscientious regard for truth can give. Poets and artists are of this kind—men who literally live on praise, without which they droop and can do nothing. With them it is absolutely necessary that the people with whom they are associated should be of appreciative and sympathetic natures; but the burden comes heavy when they want, as they generally do, so much more than this. For, in truth, they want flattery in excess of sympathy; and if they do not get it they hold themselves as the victims of an unkind fate, and fill the world with the echo of their woes. This is nine-tenths of the cause why great geniuses are so often unhappy in married life. They demand more, and more incessant, flattery than can be kept up by one woman, unless she has not only an exceptional power of love, but also an exceptional power of self-suppression; they think that by virtue of their genius they are entitled to a Benjamin's mess of devotion, double that given to other men; and when they get only Judah's share, they cry out that they are ill-used, and make the world think them ill-used as well. But though a little home-flattery helps the home life immeasurably, and greases the creaking domestic wheels more than anything else can, a great deal is just the most pernicious thing that can be offered.

The belief prevalent in some families that all the very small and commonplace members thereof are wonders and greater than any one else—that no one is so clever as Harry, no one so pretty as Julia, that Amy's red hair is of a more brilliant gold than can be found elsewhere, and Edward's mathematical

abilities about equal to Newton's—this belief, nourished and acted on, is sure to turn out an insufferable collection of prigs and self-conceited damsels, who have to be brought down innumerable pegs before they find their own level. But we often see this especially in country places where there is not much society to give a standard for comparative measurement; and we know that those fond parents and doting relatives are blindly and diligently sowing seeds of bitterness for a future harvest of sorrow for their darlings. These young people must be made to suffer if they are to be of any good whatever in the world; and finding their level, after the exalted position which they have been supposed to fill so long, and being pelted with the unsavory missiles of truth in exchange for all the incense they have received, will be suffering enough. But it has to be gone through; this being one of the penalties to which the un-wisdom of love so often subjects

us. The flattery met with in society is not often very harmful save to coarse or specially simple natures. You must be either one or the other to be able to believe it. We must not confound with this kind of flattery the impulsive expression of praise or love which certain outspoken people indulge in to the last. You may as well try to dam up Niagara as to make some folks reticent in any direction. And when one of this kind sees anything that he or she likes, the praise has to come out with superlatives if the creature is prone to exaggeration. But this is not flattery; it is merely want of reticence, and a certain childlikeness which lasts with some to the end, but which very few understand when they see it, and which subjects its possessor to misrepresentation and unfriendly jibes, as soon as his or her back is turned, and the explosion of exaggerated praise is discussed critically by the uninterested part of the audience.


THE MONTH OF MAY.

DOUBTLESS there was something poetic and even chivalric in the homage paid by the ancients to Juno, Minerva, Venus, and Diana, but love and childlike confidence formed no part of that homage. Even Flora, the brightest and most charming of the heathen deities, failed to inspire her votaries with affection. The first women before whom the children of men bowed with loving heads, was she who beneath the shadow of the redeeming Cross had assumed in their regard the sacred name of Mother. And since that hallowed hour when Mary the Mother of Jesus stood

beside her expiring son upon Golgotha's height, until the present day, every Catholic has from the cradle to the grave rendered to her a loving and a trusting honor.

To each one of us she is beautiful as the Rose of Sharon, stately as the cedar of Lebanon, and fair as the olive tree in the plain, yet most sweet and gracious to us her children. Hence we joyfully pay her tribute and homage, and no modern devotion is so sweet in its associations, or so dear to the heart of the child of Mary, as the beautiful month of May.

When the orb of day rises over



the face of nature, and reveals trees and flowers and shrubs putting forth their early blossoms and creating a new verdure, then ascend from millions of pure souls a sweet odor of prayer and of praise to the throne of the Virgin of Israel, the Queen of May; and when the glorious planet sinks in "coral and pearly hues" casting its golden sheen over the fair earth, again does incense and a sweet oblation rise from countless hearts devoted to Mary. Virgins come with fresh flowers to adorn her altars; the voices of children unite in canticles of praise in her honor; widows deposit at her feet the cross they have been called upon to bear. From all, the homage is deep, sincere and hearty, and tendered with glad or consoled hearts. Who shall number the miracles in nature and of grace, wrought in answer to these devotions?

It was our privilege to assist some years ago at the devotions for the month of May in the private chapel of a convent in a small town of Northern France. A few weeks before the first of the month an old volume had been discovered which when freed from the accumulated dust of more than a century, proved to be a record of miracles, properly attested, wrought through the mediation of our Lady of Loretto in connection with a small black statue, which in its quaint old niche stood unnoticed in a corner of the nun's choir.

Physicians and mayors had appended their signatures to thirty-two miraculous cures.

It was also found that the convent held the precious statue only on condition of its being exposed to public veneration.

In the 13th century, when the good religious, under the name of "Servants of All," devoted themselves to the care of sick and convalescent pilgrims from the Holy Land, a pious knight, the brother of

one of the nuns, having been to Jerusalem on a pilgrimage, brought with him on his return a small black statue of the Blessed Virgin which had touched the famed image of our Lady of Loretto. Placing it in a little oratory he made a practice of never leaving or entering his house without first paying his respects to "*Sa chère Dame*." At his death he bequeathed his dear statue to his sister at the convent, with the proviso that the public should be allowed entrance to that part of the church in which it was placed. The statue was placed over the High Altar, and a door was opened from the church to the street, so as to admit the townspeople, who flocked to the shrine of the "Knight's Lady." Thirty-two miracles rewarded their faith. When the book was found the Superiors of the convent at once resolved to discharge their obligations in relation to the statue, which was taken from the choir and again placed over the High Altar. It was arranged that during the ensuing month of May one miracle should be read in the church at the devotions of each day. Again did the pious inhabitants of the town hasten, like their ancestors of five centuries before, to pay their homage to the Lady of Loretto, and again did she manifest her power. A child, five years of age, fell one evening from a window of the third story of a house on to the large clumsy stones, the common pavement of towns in the north of France. The little girl, a bruised and panting mass, was carried in and laid upon a couch. A servant was dispatched for a physician. Having examined the child, he turned to the half-distracted mother and said: "Madame, your child is dying; she is even now almost in her agony; human skill can do nothing now, but God may. The whole town is talking of the miraculous statue sent—"

The young doctor had not completed his sentence, when the mother rushed into the street, and stopping two poor girls, exclaimed: "My child is dying! Go to the convent—to the shrine of our Lady of Loretto—begin a novena." The messengers of faith sped to the church. Arrived there they lit two candles, and commenced the novena. At the moment when they knelt before the statue, the young physician noticed a change in his patient, and a few hours later she slept calmly. On the following day at eleven o'clock A.M. she was brought, clothed in blue, and laid before the little black statue, where her parents consecrated her for seven years to the Mother of God. She was perfectly cured, one deep healed scar alone remaining to bear witness to the miracle. The physician declared the child had been restored

by an agency superior to human skill.

The Devotions of the month of May were completed with renewed fervor. At its close a small chapel was erected at the end of the church, the expenses of which were generously defrayed by the inhabitants of the town. A costly altar was erected upon which the "*chère Dame*" of the pilgrim knight was placed. A confraternity was established under the name of our Lady of Loretto. We had seen the little girl kneel perfectly well before the Altar of the Madonna, and were personally acquainted with the physician. Will our readers wonder that we were among the first who enrolled themselves as members of the confraternity of Our Lady of Loretto, or that we welcome the month of May as the anniversary of the happiest periods of our life?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PRIDE OF LEXINGTON. A Tale of the American Revolution. By Monseigneur William Seton, author of *Romance of the Charter Oak*, *The Pioneers*. New York: P. O'Shea. 1874.

We can cheerfully recommend any good thing that fans the flame of the Centennial excitement, and we know of nothing better calculated to do so than just such books as this. The plot embodies the sad and well-known story that has made the blood of many an American school-girl curdle, and fired the indignation of many a history-poring urchin, viz., the murder of Miss Jane McCrea.

Well do we remember the melancholy interest we ourselves were wont to take in our juvenile days in the picture of that tragic event as printed in Goldsmith's history, and which represented the luckless lady being dispatched by two savages, who were dragging her through the woods and brandishing two tomahawks over her in a style that would put

to shame any of the startling pictures which decorate the playbills on the boards of our most sensational variety theatres. The climax of the tragedy is, however, skilfully kept in the background of this tale, while the romantic story of her affection and its ardent reciprocation is made the basis of a first-class love tale. The sentimental side of the amorous passion being thoroughly depicted by the heroine and her ambitious lovers, while the comical phase is developed in the courtship of the Colonial Hudibras, "Billy Smith" with widow McNeal. There are also some spirited descriptions of the early battles of the Revolution and other historic events of the times. The reverend and distinguished author is well known as a relative of Archbishop Bayley, and the author of the serial novels mentioned in our heading. They are all purely historical, and we think it a pity that a writer who possesses Monseigneur Seton's taste for the patriotic, together with his

the limited and vague knowledge of God, which unaided reason can acquire. The mass of mankind have no taste for religious speculation, and in order to shirk the trouble of investigation they will accept any theory which does not exact deep thought; any sentimentalism which will satisfy the heart without tasking the head; or any preacher who can manage to soothe and put to sleep the spirit that clamors for argument and proof.

If we had not the Church no doubt we should be just as reluctant to undertake the task of Moore's Irishman, who set out in search of a religion. Speculation in matters of religion is to the average mind repulsive, and to all minds barren unless it leads into the Church. The way of authority is the only way in which man, in religious matters, can be led safely, satisfactorily, and (what is of great moment to such a naturally lazy creature), with great comfort and convenience to himself. So far from the authoritative way being a slavery or despotism, it is our redemption from complete thrall to the few who would relieve us of the trouble of thinking for ourselves.

Suppose God had established no teaching authority to which in doubt or ignorance we could go, but had imposed on us the terrible task of finding out his truth, say even by our private judgment and interpretation of the Scriptures. Who of us would or could devote his life to hunting up Hebrew verbs and Greek particles, the knowledge of which would prove necessary to the complete understanding of the Scriptural text? What absorbing amusement would we find in poring over Biblical lore of every description; in burrowing among the ruins of Jerusalem in search of Scriptural antiquities; in interviewing Jewish Rabbis on Hebrew customs; in reading the ponderous tomes of all the commentators; and even after

this course, holding ourselves in readiness to abandon an interpretation if some German Bible-student, after twenty years' search, should find a punctuation point in some of the manuscripts which completely changed the received reading! We would not have even the satisfaction of following in the wake of learned doctors, for they disagree more than any other class. Our study would begin at nowhere, and, after an exhausting pursuit, would end where it began.

Wherefore we do not wonder at, and scarcely find it in our heart to blame, our sectarian friends for meekly and wearily folding their hands, and allowing their favorite minister to do all the work of the Pope and Ecumenical Councils, in expounding faith and inculcating morals. It is refreshing to hear Brother Jones, who has had the witness of the Spirit, discourse in the most assured manner on themes of tremendous import and consequences. It is pleasant to believe that the brother, to borrow a usual phrase of his, knows all about the "great Gospel plan of salvation." Perhaps some of his hearers would like to share in the enthusiastic glow of his devotional fervor, and the plenitude of his religious knowledge, and wonder how he got both, but the congregation accepts the brother without question. It is so much easier to feel than to reason; to believe than to examine the grounds of belief! And so we have millions of men throughout Christendom that believe in, with and because of Jones and his brethren in the ministry.

Whatever justification listlessness in religious study may claim, there is, however, no reason for carelessness in the examination of the social, political, and merely human tendencies of the age in which we live. To study mankind is a duty which we owe both to them and to ourselves. This study

should not be prosecuted in the spirit of obtrusive curiosity, much less with selfish or malicious intent, but for our own guidance in dealing with men, and the good which our knowledge of their bent and disposition will enable us to do for them. Our essay is designed to point out, particularly to that class of our readers whose youth and inexperience expose them to the danger of fanciful notions about life and men, certain helps and hints in the study of the average human character encountered in our day and land.

Viewed simply in a selfish light, this study is pre-eminently advantageous. The man that can read his fellow-men is always their master. It was the boast of the first Napoleon that he was never deceived in his estimate of a man's character, and hence the incomparable and invincible array of military and diplomatic talent that supported and guarded his throne. We find that the successful politician, lawyer, editor, and business man is always one who controls his fellow-men by his superior knowledge of character in its general and individual manifestations.

It is a flattering delusion which all of us cherish, that we possess the key which unlocks the secrets of hearts. We plume ourselves upon our penetration; and it frequently takes several severe shocks to rouse us from our complacent infallibility. The truth is, the study of human character is a science, with fixed laws requiring close studies, and with experimental processes which each student must carefully watch. How frequently we are surprised at the discovery of baseness and treachery in a trusted friend; how frequently amazed at the discovery of depths of affection and regard, in a seemingly indifferent acquaintance. Our first lesson should be, that human nature is full of surprises; surprises, however, which follow certain laws.

Yet one would think that nothing is easier than the portrayal of human character. Mankind spreads before us as a vast book, which we never tire of reading. Every revelation of a phase of character interests us. This revelation is the attraction of history, biography, and romance. It lends a peculiar charm to the tea-parties of Mrs. Grundy. It forms the soul of conversation. If we talk to a friend on the sublimest themes and most momentous events, in the discussion of which the element of human character only incidentally enters, he hears us listlessly, compared with the eager attention with which he will learn that Brown, the cashier of such a bank, has absconded with a half million.

Personal observation holds the chief place in our study. An illiterate man, who uses his eyes and ears, can pass a shrewder judgment than the learned philosopher, whose spectacled eyes see only books. Each in his own sphere is forced to develop powers of special observation. A police detective instinctively notes. One clergyman can almost invariably recognize another, even independently of his peculiar dress. It is remarkable that a Catholic can generally distinguish one of his church from a sectarian. We fail to benefit by this intuitive perception, because we never reflect upon its law or cause, or seek any explanation of the immediate judgment we form. There is likewise a subtle instinct which moves us to trust in some and distrust others. Whilst the law of sympathy and antipathy should always be subjected to and ruled by reason, it is remarkable how wonderfully and even providentially correct are judgments so formed. A man that fights down the instinctive antipathy which he forms to another, does so at his own peril, unless the reason of the dislike be trivial, sinful, or unfounded.

Few young men, however, pause to observe. They rush into friendships which prove their temporal and spiritual ruin, on the strength of an introduction, a show of good-fellowship, a bit of flattery, or even a convivial glass. This remark applies with peculiar force to Young America, who does not understand, or, if so, despises, the conventional code in European society, which makes an applicant always show his credentials. The satiric maxim, "Believe every man a rogue till you find him honest," is at once contrary to Christian charity and absurd; for did we but cultivate, even in a small degree, the observant faculties that God has given us, we could in by far the majority of cases discover a man's calibre with as much rapidity as certainty.

After personal observation, books serve materially in introducing us to character. Not all books, but those written by acknowledged readers of the human heart. The world instinctively recognizes the power of such authors, and confers immortality upon their works. Why is it that Homer sings his deathless song to the listening ages? Not because of his matchless rhythm or language, but because, under the magic of his genius, there rise before us men and women whom we recognize and claim as kindred; because he sketches ourselves, and we seem to have pre-existed in the beings whose mind and hearts, hopes and fears he describes. Tears start from us as he pictures the agony of Priam, father of kings, prostrate in the dust, at the feet of the murderer of his child, his royal brows uncrowned, his gray hairs veiling his anguish-riven face, his aged hands outstretched in supplication for the dead body of his boy. The mysterious tie of nature binds us to the bereaved man. The light of his fatherly love illumines, and his broken sob re-echoes through two thousand years. We feel that

the author who could so sympathize with and depict an overmastering grief, understood our nature.

So in modern literature, Shakespeare, master of the human heart, is to us a wellspring of unfailing delight. The humor and braggadocio of Falstaff, the guilt-wasted soul of Macbeth, the truculency of Richard, the tenderness of Juliet—all his imaginings crystallized in his perfect language, touch and move us, because he so well knew how to realize his own rule of "holding the mirror up to nature."

Thus, too, in regard to the things around us, their mastery over us depends upon their power of revealing glimpses of nature. All the exquisite gems, the fluted pilasters, perfect statuary, and the manifold appliances of a great and beautiful civilization, that have been unearthed from the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, have not moved the great heart of humanity so profoundly as did two simple discoveries. The first was the lava-moulded form of the Roman sentinel who stood at his post, leaning on his spear, and met the avalanche of ashes, as it fell like a pall upon the doomed city. His silent form is a token of the courage and fidelity of which our nature is capable. The second discovery was the sweet home-picture of a mother fondling her little one, and holding up to its baby grasp an apple, as, all intent upon her child, she did not hear the rush of the lava and fire, that were to mould her and her babe in an immortal group, the thought and the sight of which would move men more deeply than any statue chiselled by Praxiteles, or any painting limned by Apelles.

Books and works of art that deal with any subject for which universal sympathy and interest cannot be excited, are of their nature limited in power, save to the few to whom they are addressed.

There is, 'tis true, something exceedingly beautiful and romantic in the idea of Linnæus, the eminent botanist, traversing the globe in the pursuit of his favorite study, bending over flowers, shielding their tender petals from the storms that visited the rough climes through which his flower pilgrimage led him, and rising from the contemplation of his floral favorites, to embody their fragrant loveliness in his botanical writings. Yet, after all, his work does not appeal to our sympathies as powerfully as the simplest story of life. Audubon with his birds, Cuvier and Buffon with their animals, Tyndall, with his searchings into the mysteries of light, Agassiz and his minerals, fail to disprove the saying of the poet, "The proper study of mankind is man."

Now the natural variety of human character, the diversified forms into which our plastic nature turns, and the influences to which it is so keenly susceptible, combine in each era to produce different types of character. Yet as the basis of nature remains always the same, receiving as a substratum the different forms and impressions made upon it, there results a unity in variety; so that despite the varying dispositions and different objects of men, there is in each period a prevailing type of character, a sameness of traits, a particular cast of thought and sort of identity of habits, customs, and spirit. These embodied constitute the man of that day. He sums up the peculiar genius, temperament, and civilization of his age.

It would immensely aid our readers in the course of thought which this essay is intended to awaken, if they would familiarize themselves, through history, with the man of the most remarkable epochs. For instance, the man of the Greek heroic period was he

who could hurl the dart and discuss farthest; who could wrestle the most powerfully; who could guide the glowing wheels of the chariot most skilfully around the Olympic circle. In contrast with him stands the man of the Greek literary era. So the republican Roman was the ideal of a warrior; and the degenerate children of the Empire, the realization of the sensualist's dream. Nothing furnishes the mind so much healthy amusement and instruction as the tracing of apparently trivial causes to the mightiest effects, upon the whole character of an age. The brusqueness of the Englishman, the politeness of the French, the stolidity of the German, in fact, the distinctive characteristics of all the modern nations, open a field for investigation in which the mind may long dwell with pleasure and instruction. This department of ethnology is almost wholly abandoned to materialists, whose only object is to prove that material causes alone, such as climatic influences and diet, differentiate men, whilst the fact is, religious, educational, and social ideas exert by far the most powerful influences.

In illustrating these theories, we take up the average American. He presents an admirable subject for dissection and analysis. Our American life is in its very essence changeful, kaleidoscopic, abounding in rapid transitions, spirited and sensational. If you go to China, you will find the same traits, the same customs, the same institutions that Confucius founded. The son follows the trade or the profession of his father. In keeping with the system of caste, both in China and India, a tailor will show you with admiring awe the needle and scissors used by his great grandfather, and the shoemaker will exhibit the original kit of tools of the founder of his house.

Nothing is more different from

pleasures of music, the leisurely stroll, are not to our man's taste. He likes to stand up at a bar with a cigar and talk business or politics. Here is stimulus, the best thing after speed and its general accompaniment.

His political like all his views are the result not of deep thought but natural quickness. Our republican institutions afford him a wider scope for activity. Of the science of government he has only one idea, that his government is the best on the face of the earth. His patriotism is laudable, and the general fact is true. But unless our man learns to think and act as deliberately as the founders of our government, he will not be able to make the boast much longer. The war with the South resulted from our unfortunate habit of doing everything with a rush. The government is at the mercy of the class that think the least. Were it not for the President's good sense, we should have gone to war with Spain about a crew of freebooters. The "sober second thought" seems rarely to come to us.

Combined with our mechanical energy there is this thoughtlessness about matters of the highest moment. A constituency will return a candidate to office who is notoriously incompetent or even dishonest. Corruption and bribery may have some part in the election; but the chief reason for such election is the indifference of our people. They will not take time to think. They vote as a matter of routine. They laugh over the rascality that robs them, and the stupidity that legislates for them, but make no effort to remedy matters. Not one in ten cares about reading the details of Congressional investigations into official misdemeanors. It takes too long!

The same carelessness shows itself lamentably in our man's religious opinions. The secret of the

success of Methodism here is the stimulus, the sensation it causes, and the rapidity with which it makes its conversions. But taking the general people, indifferentism is the prevailing characteristic. Its reason is found in the same reluctance to think or investigate. As we remarked in the introductory paragraphs, a man who is obliged to think out a religion for himself will tire of the work. The native American class care nothing for religious disputes. Any animosity against the Church can be traced to the presence of Irish Orangeism or other old world rancor. This latter element working upon American indifferentism has had some power in prejudicing the American mind against Catholicity; but practically it matters not to our man whether you are a Protestant or a Hindoo.

This indifferentism is to be deplored. Any creed, not positively immoral, is better than none. Indifferentism is the avenue to all vagaries in belief, and from wrong belief generally come bad morals. The liberalism that makes no distinction between Jew and Christian is pernicious, however good-natured it seems. Yet if this doctrine is taught, forthwith the cry of "religious intolerance" is raised. So far from attempting to check this unfortunate tendency in the public mind, Protestantism seems to encourage it. Unable to unite doctrinally, the sects practice indifferentism and call it unity. The dogmatic lines of difference among them have become dimmer year by year, until the Catholic Church is, as she necessarily must be, the only thoroughly distinctive and unique religious body in Christendom.

Nobody values the blessings of religious liberty more highly than Catholics, to whom they are generally denied. At the same time we do not believe in that liberalism and indifferentism which rank all religious alike. To such an idea may

be ascribed the lack of such a power as public conscience. There seems to be no thorough expression of the national judgment upon, and condemnation of, public crimes and abuses. The press is the only organ through which such judgments can be fulminated; but American journalism is either afraid or unwilling to ascend the tribunal. Now and then some manly journal will denounce crime without fear or favor; but our press, though without a censorship, is more timid and reticent than the press of any European country. The people naturally grow careless in noting political misdemeanors which are never thoroughly exposed, much less punished. The public conscience, which, if properly trained, could become as sensitive as individual conscience, is blunted. Most of our newspapers seem to regard crime as good material for jokes. The column of police reports is frequently far more humorous and "spicy" than the column of wit and humor. An embezzling clerk furnishes fun for the whole side of a comic paper. These may seem little things, but they indicate pretty fairly the turn of the popular mind.

Haste and hurry, the national failing, spoil also nearly all our literary work. What crude, unfinished articles are to be found in our professedly literary periodicals! Their aim seems to be to exact as little thought as possible from their readers. We find dainty little meaningless poems, pretty stories, light superficial essays that can be thoroughly mastered whilst lounging on a hotel piazza, or travelling in a railway car. Some of our journals depend for original matter on one writer, who is obliged to write the editorials, review the books, criticize the drama, report the local news, and discuss the money market. Even where a paper has a large corps of writers there ever seems a hurried tone in the

editorials, which gives evidence of disjointed thinking, and a desire to "fill up," as journalists put it. The higher English journalism is far superior to ours in point of thought and deliberate writing. No editorial article is inserted in the *Times* until it has been thoroughly examined, weighed, and approved by the entire editorial corps.

Until this homely virtue of slowness with sureness is practiced by our writers, we shall look in vain for an American literature. One of our "novelists" boasts of having written ninety large romances, and her publishers, with the newspapers, pronounce her an "American classic." When quantity, not quality, makes an artist's productions classic, our novelist's claim may be allowed. Even geniuses like Walter Scott and Dickens wrote themselves out long before they reached their last novel. The lesson which our writers must learn is the lesson which the whole country must learn — *festina lente*.

The American character must train and correct itself. We have no neighboring nations to keep us balanced. We are by ourselves, and if we are not exposed to the meanness of copying from other nations, we have not the advantage of their greater experience and culture. The people are rich in manifold excellent traits, in high-toned patriotism, in unbounded energy, in liberal patronage of the arts and sciences, and a noble ambition to develop the land with which God has blessed them. If the peace of quiet energy would come upon their restlessness, if thoughtful examination would enter into their religious and political speculations, if care and patience would take the place of the spirit of brilliancy and sensation which pervades most of their literary and artistic work, the nation would rise into higher and nobler civilization. We trust that our essay, which we fear illustrates

the literary faults we have condemned, may direct the attention of our readers to the study of character in general, and in particular to their own character, as it is modified by the spirit of our age and land. The highest and mightiest type of character, is that formed by the teachings of the Catholic Church. There is our morality guarded and watched by the confessional, our intellect disciplined by faith, our whole life and its destiny revealed to us in the clearest light. It should be our joy, as it is our duty, to develop fully this glorious character within ourselves. If every Catholic in the land were a good Catholic, the presence of such a spiritual power and blessing would elevate and purify even public opinion, and command an influence which all good men would reverence and applaud.

THE SUMMER OF THE SACRED HEART.

SOFTLY as their dying flowerets,
Gently as their angel lays,
Burdened with our prayerful sighings
Pass sweet Mary's silver days.
Grace-clad souls that round her altar
Felt the kiss of heaven's ray,
Waking from their trance angelic
Sad retrace life's dreary way.

Like a tempest-blighted garden
Seems now Mary's lovely shrine;
Like the beach-cast shells of ocean,
Hearts but echo joys divine.
The spell's but hushed, it is not broken;
Forth in doubled might 'twill roll,
Like the gushing kiss of summer
On the springtime's fainting soul.

Now June's mighty sun o'erwhelms us,
'Neath his gaze the flow'rets quail,
Like choice souls by God elected
Who 'neath love's sweet burden fail;
Till as falling dews of even
Soothes he them with sweets of grace,
That refreshed they glad may journey,
On to heaven, their resting-place.

As the sickle-bearer, stealing
'Mid the harvest's golden folds,
Glideth on the gleaner Jesus
To his harvest of men's souls.
As Ruth of old, goes with him Mary,
Gathering up the scattered wheat,
That God's garner be o'erflowing,
That love's harvest be complete.

Lo! the birds with drooping pinions,
 Warmth hath hushed their fairy song;
 See the heated streams scarce murmur,
 As they listless glide along.
 Fervid nature basketh drowsy,
 Sighing gives a fevered throb,
 Like the soul that silent revels
 In the burning love of God.

He enthroned on yonder altar
 That with perfumed beauty glows,
 Wastes his heart with self-consumings
 While it shares our human woes.
 With the lights, the flowers, and incense,
 We before Him spend our sighs,
 This love-sip is like the summer,—
 A foretaste of Paradise.

Fall not like the sun-pressed flowerets,
 Droop not as the swooning scene,
 Cease to sing not like the birdlings,
 Grow not tepid as the stream.
 Souls that Mary spring-like softened,
 Summered then by Jesus' love,
 As its joys, earth's griefs are fleeting,
 Crowned by endless joys above.

MARRYING AN HEIRESS.

I.

"TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR."

PIERRE FRÈCHON invariably called the nondescript vehicle of which he was the owner "a cabriolet of the first class," but by any other name it could not have been less uncomfortable. In dinginess, discomfort, and in the astounding variety of groans and strange noises that it contrived to emit, it certainly was "of the first class," but Pierre generally managed *before starting* to conceal the equivocal meaning of his pet epithets.

On a certain evening in February Pierre's cabriolet jolted lazily on the road between Paimbœuf and Nantes. It contained but two passengers, both men, who grumbled

unceasingly at the slowness of the "cabriolet," and kept up a constant war of words with the conducteur. One of the passengers was Monsieur Jérémie Hercule Blanque, a middle-aged clothdealer of Bordeaux, going to Nantes on business; the other was Gaston de Francheville, who, having been visiting a friend at Paimbœuf, was now on his way to his mother's château near Nantes.

"Figure to yourself, Monsieur," Blanque was saying, having ceased for an instant to exchange compliments with the driver, "Figure to yourself the immense advantage of Christianizing China and the Feejee Islands! When they had civilization they would require fashion and dress coats. Figure to yourself the yards and yards of broad-

cloth *ces autres* would consume! Parbleu! c'est magnifique! the progress of civilization. I assure you, Monsieur, that I consider it a blessed privilege to assist our missionaries with my mite."

"You cast bread upon the waters that it may return," Gaston de Francheville began. "Pierre!" he called out to the driver, "Stop! There's somebody lying in the road."

"Ma foi!" responded Pierre's drawling voice, "I see nothing."

"Are you blind? The light from the lantern falls on it—a dark object at the edge of the road."

"You are right, Monsieur le Comte," said Pierre, alighting, lantern in hand. "Ma foi c'est une femme!"

"A woman!" echoed Gaston, jumping to the ground.

"One never knows what may happen," muttered prudent Monsieur Blanque, taking advantage of the absence of his fellow-traveller and Pierre, to transfer his watch and purse from his pocket to the leg of his left boot.

"A woman out on such a night!" And Gaston joined Pierre at the side of the road, where, with the leafless branches of an old thorn tree waving above her like skeleton fingers, a woman lay prone on the rain-soaked ground. She was wrapped in a cloak of the stuff called waterproof, which was anything but proof against the swift-descending torrent of mingled sleet and rain. She was insensible. Between them, Gaston and Pierre carried her to the cabriolet. Her hood fell away from a fair, girlish face, framed by clustering brown hair, that under the gleams of the lantern seemed threaded with gold. Her eyelids, pale and pure as the petals of a camellia, did not tremble in the light, and there was no trace of color in the exquisite lips.

"She is dead!" cried Pierre.

Gaston kept his eyes on the fair

young face, and prayed that it might not be so. They laid her carefully on a seat, obliging the merchant to vacate his place, which he did the more readily as he noticed the sparkle of a diamond on the nerveless hand that had escaped from the wet folds of her mantle. Monsieur Blanque felt much relieved in spite of himself. He had a genuine respect for wealth; he was sure that no woman who wore a diamond ring could have designs on his property.

"What will you do with her?" demanded he.

"Leave her at one of the Nantes hospitals if she does not make her wishes known before we reach the city," answered Pierre, taking out a flask of wine, and forcing a portion of its contents into the girl's mouth.

The cabriolet pursued its slow course. After a while the girl shivered, and moved her head with a faint moan.

Gaston rather clumsily divested her of the wet cloak, and supplied its place with his overcoat.

"Very imprudent, young gentleman, very imprudent," put in the cloth merchant, who, since he had heard Gaston called Monsieur le Comte, looked on him with increased interest. "Though young myself, I would not have done so, but youth, unaccustomed to the cloth business, is ever imprudent. I assure you, Monsieur le Comte, that if your coat has not been sponged the dampness will greatly inj—sacr-r-r-re!"

A crash and a sudden shock cut short his speech. The cabriolet with its usual deliberation sunk on one side.

"A wheel off, Messieurs!" Pierre laconically announced.

"Where are we?"

"Four miles from Nantes—a quarter of a mile from the château de Francheville."

"That's fortunate," said Gaston.

"Drive on to the château. They'll give you a bed there, for you'll not be able to find a wheelwright to-night."

Pierre grunted an assent to this proposition, and groped about in the dark to ascertain the extent of the injury.

"I deceived myself, gentlemen," he said, when he had completed the examination. "It is not the wheel. It is a broken axle. You'll have to alight, and walk to the château."

Expostulation was useless. "What would you?" demanded Pierre, calmly eyeing his passengers. "Can one drive on with a broken axle? I ask you that, Messieurs!"

Gaston supplied himself with all the rugs and blankets he could lay hands on for sheltering the lady, and the two passengers got out on the road, while Pierre drove towards the château with his disabled vehicle, leaving them to follow as best they could.

Monsieur Blanque was only upheld from sinking under this misfortune by the consciousness that his valuables were in a comparatively safe place, and that his coat, having been sponged, would not be likely to suffer from the rain. When Gaston tendered him the hospitality of the château, he had grown nervous. "People don't give anything for nothing," reflected this profound student of bourgeois human nature. "One never knows what may happen. The château de Francheville may be a high-sounding name for a den of thieves. What if the Comte and the conducteur are in league to rob the junior member of the firm of Drap et Blanque?"

Disturbed in mind by these frightful conjectures and groaning in spirit, Monsieur Blanque toiled over the yielding soil of the road, feeling like a lambled to slaughter.

Gaston was compelled to carry his charge. The only sign of con-

sciousness she gave, was a moan uttered at intervals.

Monsieur Blanque, who had fallen in the rear, suddenly uttered a stifled exclamation. Gaston stopped. Monsieur Blanque had stumbled upon one of the softest places in the very soft road. The sticky yielding mud clung to his boots. He stood on his right foot, and pulled up his left; then he stood on his left and pulled up his right, and then *da capo*. Poor Monsieur Blanque!

"Sac-r-r-re! help! dame!" he cried in answer to Gaston's inquiry. His struggles were as vain as they were violent. His boots had been made to accommodate his corns, and when at last he extricated himself, one of his boots remained a prey to the tenacity of the soil. His anguish was excessive when he discovered that this was his left boot—the boot that contained his money and watch.

To plunge in after it would be to renew his troubles. To ask his companion's assistance, incumbered as he was by the unconscious girl, merely to recover a boot, would seem ridiculous, and Monsieur Blanque could not bring himself to confess that the lost boot contained his valuables. In an agony of perplexity, he entered the warm hall of the château.

The appearance of guests rather surprised Madame de Francheville; but she regarded hospitality as a duty to be exercised with discretion and a frugal mind. She welcomed her son and Monsieur Blanque with stately cordiality, while wondering whether the remains of the game *pâtés* left from dinner could be warmed up for these hungry newcomers.

Madame de Francheville's rich pearl-colored silk and delicate point lace thoroughly impressed the cloth merchant with a sense of the perfect respectability of his fellow-traveller.

When Madame de Francheville heard the young girl had been found on the road, she elevated her eyebrows, and dropped the cold hand she had taken, but something in the girl's face seemed to change her scorn to pity, for instead of leaving her in the care of a maid, she went herself to see that a room was made comfortable.

After she had left the room, Monsieur Blanque explained his mishap, and begged that a servant might be permitted to accompany him in his search for the missing boot. Gaston proposed that a servant should go alone. The idea made the cloth dealer tremble. Wearing a pair of Gaston's slippers, he set out, attended by old Berthe, who was "general utility" at the château.

Old Berthe took off his shoes, and wading into the slough, succeeded in finding the boot with its precious contents. Monsieur Blanque was not usually generous, but in his joy, he actually gave Berthe a five-franc piece—it is only fair, however, to state that he first searched in vain for a smaller sum.

While old Berthe was rooting in the mud for the boot, Monsieur Blanque had found something else. This treasure trove was a package wrapped in a handkerchief. With his usual caution, the cloth dealer, unobserved by his attendant, slipped the package under his cloak. The packet had not lain long on the road, he surmised, for the handkerchief was but slightly damp. Perhaps it belonged to Comte de Francheville or the unknown young girl. Monsieur Blanque determined to examine it.

When he and Gaston had partaken of the *petit souper*—served with a display of plate and old china that infinitely increased the guest's respect for the house of Francheville—he asked to be shown to his room. Alone, in the large square chamber, with a canopied

bedstead and a tall wax candle, the flame of which was reflected in the highly polished floor, he took out the packet, noticing that in one corner the handkerchief bore the initials "A. M." The packet itself was covered with thick white paper, on which was inscribed in delicate feminine handwriting:

"In case of accident to me open this, but not until you reach Nantes.

"Your mother,
"Y. M."

Monsieur Blanque did not hesitate to tear this cover. Beneath it he found an envelope addressed to "Madame la Comtesse de Francheville."

The cloth merchant was mean by nature, and therefore unscrupulously curious. He was sure now that the young girl had dropped the packet. It belonged neither to Gaston nor to the driver. What could this unknown girl have to do with the mistress of the château? His curiosity was intensely excited. He held the envelope between his eyes and the candle, vainly endeavoring to get an inkling of its contents. He gave the attempt up, and laying the envelope on the table, tried to compose himself to sleep. Who was this young woman? Madame de Francheville did not seem to know her. Who was the mysterious Y. M.? He puzzled himself with numerous conjectures. He could not sleep. He rose, and again took the envelope in his hand. It bore no seal. Stifling the voice of conscience, he moistened the gummed flap of the envelope, and gradually, carefully opened it. He read the following words, in French:

"LA COMTESSE DE FRANCHEVILLE.

"MADAME: To you, the oldest friend and neighbor of my father, I address myself. A glance at the

signature appended to this letter, will at once remind you of my story, for you know it well. When I became the wife of Bernard Moore, and my father, in consequence, disowned me, we—Bernard and I—sailed for America, the native land of my husband. There we lived for twenty years—years which would have been of unmixed happiness, had my father sent one forgiving word across the sea. I used to think him cruel. I know now that he was just. Four years ago Bernard died, and I was left with one daughter, Adèle. Of four children, she alone lived. The death of my husband reduced us from comparative affluence to poverty. Twice I wrote to my father. No answer came. I should have sunk into despair, Madame, for the consequence of my sin was very bitter, had not the holy consolations of the Church crowned my repentance, and given me resignation.

"In the latter part of last year, I received, through the French Consul at New York, a letter from you. You told me that my father had forgiven me. I blessed you for those words, Madame! But my joy was bitter, *his* cold, dead lips could never speak that forgiveness.

"I answered your letter, and with Adèle, started at once for Europe. The fear that you may not have received my answer causes me to write this.

"My daughter has not been informed of the motive of our voyage. I have been fearful lest there might be some mistake—fearful that my father might have willed his estate to another. The realization of this fear would be terrible to me, and a crushing disappointment, I have no doubt, to Adèle. I am not avaricious, Madame, but poverty has taught me the value of wealth. I have determined that Adèle shall know nothing until it is certain beyond doubt that I am the heiress of the Marquis de Saluces.

"Adèle will come to you with this letter. Read it privately, and if my hope be unfounded, burn this paper. Do not let Adèle know of the disappointment. Judging her nature by mine, I am sure that the knowledge would embitter her life. If it be as I fear, I implore you, by the memory of my father's friendship for you and your late husband, to provide for her in France, or send her back to New York.

"On Adèle's finger you will see the only souvenir of my father's kindness, a ring bearing his crest.

"May Mary, Immaculate Mother of the unprotected, guard her well, and reward you for aught of kindness you may do in her behalf.

"YOLANTHE MOORE,
"née DE SALUCES."

This strange young woman was then the granddaughter of the Marquis de Saluces!

Monsieur Blanque's curiosity was satisfied. How was he to restore the packet to its original appearance? how make the envelope look as if it had never been opened? These *were* questions. A new idea entered his mind. The letter he had just read plainly stated that Adèle Moore was unaware of the object that had brought her mother to France. And without this letter how was Madame de Francheville to know that the heiress of the Marquis de Saluces had arrived at the château?

During the day Monsieur Blanque had been on a collecting tour through the neighboring country, and he had met many garrulous people and asked many questions. He had obtained some scrap of information about every family of note in the vicinity. Among other things, he had learned that the Marquis de Saluces had lately died, bequeathing his entire wealth to a daughter in America, and so Monsieur Blanque knew that Yolante Moore's hope was not groundless.

"Madame de Francheville will not be blind to her own interest," Monsieur Blanque reasoned; "if I give her the letter, she will marry the rich Mademoiselle to Monsieur Gaston; and why should I be blind to my own interest? Why should I not gain the prize? I am not old; I am, they tell me, not positively hideous; I am, I flatter myself, of good address."

And Monsieur Blanque tried to imagine the envy of his fellow-bourgeois of Bordeaux, when it should be known that he—Jérémie Hercule Blanque, of the firm of Drap et Blanque—was the husband of the heiress de Saluces. His face flushed at the thought of the brilliant prospect before him. But it paled in an instant, and his cloud castle faded away. The girl's name and the ring! Madame de Francheville would surely recognize them.

In feverish haste he returned to the letter, in search of something to dispel his fear. In the envelope he found a certificate of the marriage of Bernard Moore and Adèle de Saluces. There were several other papers of importance, but nothing that he wanted just now. Again he re-read every word of the letter. He found a postscript crowded on three lines at the end of the last page. He had overlooked it.

"You will deem me over cautious, Madame, when you read that I changed my name while *en route*, for a weak woman has everything to fear when travelling; besides my means were small, and I did not wish it to be known that ladies of our name and condition were reduced to take passage in the steerage. I have assumed the middle name of my husband—Martin—that none might suspect our coming and going."

"Women are fools," remarked Monsieur Blanque, somewhat relieved, "and it is well for men."

The ring would have to take its chance of recognition. Monsieur Blanque climbed into the canopied bed, to dream that under the title of Marquis de Saluces he had been appointed Prime Minister to his Satanic Majesty, and to awake frightened by the thought that even sponging would not secure cloth against fire!

Next morning at breakfast, Monsieur Blanque met Gaston and his mother.

Madame de Francheville was at least sixty years of age, but she seemed ten years younger. Her features were small and regular, her skin pure white and scarcely wrinkled, and the dainty puffs of snowy hair arranged above her forehead added to the beauty of her complexion. She was proud of her pride and her exquisite taste in dress. Of these two qualities, she had sufficient to have stocked all the De Franchevilles since the days of Bertrand du Gueselin. She was a devoted adherent of the fallen empire, and since the Emperor's death, she had never failed on every opportunity to indulge in a little sentimental grief. This morning her *negligé* of white and purple was perfect, and Monsieur Blanque was fascinated by the lace at her throat and wrists. He knew the value of it. After the weather and the state of Madame's health had been disposed of, he asked about the "heroine of last night's adventure," as he phrased it.

"She is not well, poor thing! She has a slight fever, and I have sent for a physician. I hope her malady is not contagious." And Madame shivered.

"Pauvre demoiselle!" said Gaston. "It is strange that she ventured out alone last night. She seemed from her appearance to be a lady. Is it not so, Madame?"

"It is impossible to tell, Gaston. There is no dividing line between the classes under this *vilain gou-*

vernement provisoire, and everybody is a lady. But the poor child has not the air of a common person. It was certainly improper that she should be out last night without an attendant, but then, I have reason to believe she's an American, and one never knows what to expect from *them*—the Americans. Why, when I was in Paris"—

This one visit to Paris was the crown and glory of Madame's life. Having heard every detail of it at least a score of times, Gaston was anxious to avoid the interesting subject; he was also curious about the young girl.

"Why do you think she is an American, Madame?"

"Politeness, Gaston, should teach you never to interrupt a lady," returned Madame, freezing. "I was about to observe, Monsieur Blanque, that when I was in Paris some years ago, there were at Meurice's two demoiselles Americaines who rode in the Bois every afternoon. Their dress was *outré* in the extreme; their appearance very singular. It was said that their modiste had made a fortune in arranging *bizarre* toilets for them. One day, when the Emperor and Empress were riding in the Bois, one of these demoiselles stopped her horse immediately in front of the imperial carriage. The coachman, of course, reined in his horses, to avoid a collision. The other demoiselle at once rode up to the side of the imperial vehicle, and holding out her hand, said, 'I've made a wager to shake hands with your majesty in the Bois, and I'll do it! Donnez-moi la main, vieux drôle.' What was it, Gaston?" Madame sunk back in her chair, and fanned herself with her handkerchief, as if the audacious words were too much for her.

Gaston knew the anecdote by heart, and he was well prepared to take up the thread.

"Give me your hand, old fellow,

here's my paw!" he laughed, giving the words in English. "And now, Madame, how do you know that our young lady is of the nation of those bold demoiselles?"

"And she actually shook hands with the Emperor—truly, Monsieur Blanque!" pursued Madame, not to be diverted from her story. "The poor Emperor—*requiescat in pace!*" she continued, brushing away an imaginary tear with a handkerchief bordered with imperial violets. Having divided an instant of silence between her grief and the measuring of the exact quantity of cream she could endure in her coffee, Madame at last condescended to answer her son's question. "I discovered some cards in the young woman's pocket-book as I was searching for her address—for one doesn't care to have a sick person on one's hands, you know. On the cards was written, 'Adèle Martin, New York.' I found no address."

Monsieur Blanque silently congratulated himself on the sharpness of his intellect. What should be his next move? He resolved to keep Madame in a good humor at all events. He respectfully expressed ardent admiration for Madame's lace, and offered to procure her some marvellous ochre-tinted Valenciennes at a remarkably low price. He called her "Countess" as often as he could. Madame allowed herself to be pleased, and concluded that the cloth merchant knew his place.

"One forgets time in the society of Madame la Comtesse," said he, rising from the table, "doubtless the cabriolet is waiting."

"The cabriolet started two hours ago," said Gaston. "Pierre's lazy conscience began this morning to reproach him for his delay, and when old Berthe had called you once he started for Nantes."

Monsieur Blanque waxed indignant. "Three thousand devils!—pardon, Madame la Comtesse! 'Tis

an unheard-of thing,—a conveyance to start without its passenger! It's incredible! I will complain to the propriétaire! I will complain to the maire! Parbleu! a thousand devils, Madame—pardons, I would say, Madame la Comtesse! I will—”

“You had better take it quietly,” said Gaston. “Pierre is sole owner of the cabriolet, and if you complain to anybody he will surely manage to put you in the wrong. There is nobody equal to Pierre for making excuses. Besides, he is not bound to wait until his passenger chooses to rise. It is raining now. I will order the carriage if Monsieur is impatient.”

Madame de Francheville entertained no thought of ordering her stately equipage merely for the convenience of a bourgeois.

“Nantes is only four miles away,” she insinuated, “but I am sure Berthe will never allow the horses to be taken out on such a day. Old servants are such tyrants, Monsieur! When the rain ceases the walk from here to Nantes will be quite pleasant. If Monsieur wishes it, however—”

“Oh, no, Madame! By no means! I like to walk. I am a lover of nature and exercise.”

“You delight me, Monsieur; we have kindred tastes.” Gaston had already left the room. Madame rose to follow his example.

“Will Madame la Comtesse favor me with a moment's conversation?”

Monsieur Blanque had decided on his move. Madame, stiffly bending her neck in assent, returned to her seat.

“I am an eccentric man, Madame la Comtesse. I am charitable—too charitable for my own temporal good, for this world has many bad hearts. I am also impulsive, Madame, foolishly impulsive.”

Madame smiled sweetly, and looked at her watch.

“When I saw that poor young

girl in the rain last night, I said to myself, ‘Perhaps she has no home—no friends.’ I gazed into her innocent face, and my heart added, ‘She has need of a protector,’ and I said, ‘I, Jérémie Hercule Blanque, will be that protector!’”

Monsieur Blanque placed one hand on his heart, and assumed an attitude. For the moment he really believed that he was doing something very generous and heroic.

“Eh bien!” said Madame, placidly taking out her gold and ivory *bonbonnière*. “But suppose the girl requires no protector.”

“In that case, Madame la Comtesse, my good intention will be its own reward. I am unmarried. I desire a wife. My soul is an abyss of pity for this young girl. If you find that she is friendless, inform me. I will leave my address. During the two coming months I will remain at the inn of the Golden Horse, Nantes. If this girl is penniless, if she is wholly without *dot*, I care not. My fortune is sufficient for both.”

Overcome by the thought of his own disinterestedness he actually wept. Madame thought it only proper to draw out her own violet-embroidered handkerchief and apply it to her eyeglass. Although the man was a bourgeois and a fool, one must be polite, you comprehend?

“I will think of your proposition, Monsieur. It is a decided novelty to have an utter stranger throw it on one's hands, and to receive an offer of marriage for her from another stranger.”

“You will do a good action by mentioning my offer to her, and if she is homeless—”

“She will, if she is prudent, accept it.”

“It is customary to present a slight gift to the promoter of the marriage, and if the Valenciennes of which—”

“Very well, Monsieur,” said

Madame haughtily. "If I have anything further to say, I will address you at the Golden Horse."

"What fools women are!" thought Monsieur, as he held the door open for Madame.

"Truly vulgar stupidity!" mentally commented Madame, as she went to receive the physician, whose gruff voice was heard in the hall. The doctor was a short, bustling man, attired in a suit of black and white plaid, which gave him the appearance of an animated check-board. He refused all offers of refreshment; he was in a hurry, and he knew Madame's *vin ordinaire* of old. He demanded to see his patient at once.

This patient was a tall, slight girl, apparently about nineteen, with soft, dark-blue eyes, which, from the pallor of her forehead and temples, seemed unnaturally large. A faint blush rose tinted her cheeks, a thick mass of smooth, golden-brown hair was loosely drawn back from her broad, low brow, and knotted at the back of her head. She wore a plain dark dress lent to her by Madame's maid.

She rose from her seat at the window and made a step forward as Madame and the doctor entered. Even in that slight movement there was a nameless grace that bespeaks the gentlewoman.

"I am much better," she said, in a clear, low voice, answering the query of her hostess, "indeed quite well. The *tisane* which you so kindly sent has completely restored me. With your permission, Madame, I will at once start for Nantes."

"But the cabriolet—"

The flush in the girl's cheeks deepened.

"I will walk."

"No, Ma'amselle, you will not!" thundered the doctor, who had taken possession of her slender wrist. "You'll not leave this room for two days! Do you hear? You want rest and quiet. You've been

exciting yourself—you've been out in all sorts of weather. If you want to kill yourself, take poison; it's a quicker way than walking in the rain, but no surer."

"You speak truth, doctor," said Madame, "my grandfather walked out, rain or shine, for seventy years, and then died, but if he had taken poison—"

"Your grandfather was—a gentleman," said the irritated doctor. "I say that Ma'amselle *must* have rest and quiet. That's all! I'm off!"

The doctor wrote a prescription and made his exit.

"You must remain here, Made-moiselle Martin. I will not allow you to go," said Madame, moved in spite of herself by the fragile beauty of the girl. "And now tell me how you came to be out last night. Speak freely. Regard me as your own mother."

After a slight hesitation, Adèle complied.

"The story is short, Madame, but very sad. My mother and I started from New York on our way to Brittany. The voyage was pleasant. When we reached L'Orient, my mother caught a fever, and in a week's time died. She was buried four days ago." The girl's voice broke, but she bravely strove to speak. "She instructed me to continue on the road to Nantes. She gave me a packet, telling me not to open it until I should reach that city. I had but little money, Madame, and I walked whenever I could. A market-woman gave me a seat in her cart part of the way, but by mistake I reached Paimbœuf instead of Nantes. I was retracing my steps last night. I had been walking all day, and I was weak. I fainted, I suppose."

"That was sad. You speak French well."

"My mother was born in France."

"And her name?"

"I do not know. She never

spoke of her family. She had some great object in view when she came hither, but I cannot even guess what it was. She was an invalid—very nervous and reserved, but oh! the best—the kindest—” Tears drowned the words.

“Exceedingly mysterious,” commented Madame to herself. “But you alluded to a packet?”

“Have you seen it, Madame?” asked Adèle, eagerly. “It was wrapped in a white handkerchief. I cannot find it. It must have fallen on the road, or in the cabriolet last night.”

“I will send a servant to search for it.”

Having recommended her guest to rest tranquil, Madame left her.

Madame de Francheville did not doubt the truth of Adèle's story. A girl with such a face as hers could not tell a lie without betraying it, Madame thought, as she constructed a little plan. This Mademoiselle Martin was apparently well educated and refined. Now, Madame had been for some time on the look out for a companion who could play, sing, and read to her. If Mademoiselle Martin could do all three, she could also teach English, and Madame, old as she was, had a mania for languages. Having no alternative, Mademoiselle Martin would doubtless be glad to accept the position at a very low salary. This was, in Madame's eyes, the crowning recommendation. She was well satisfied with her little plan.

She sent her servants in various directions to search for the missing packet. Monsieur Blanque was standing on the covered terrace waiting for the rain to abate. He chuckled as he saw the servants turning up the mud in the road. He was complacently reflecting on his own astuteness, when he felt a light touch on his shoulder. He turned round and saw Adele—*“belle comme un ange”*—he thought.

“The *femme de chambre* has

told me that you are a merchant, Monsieur,” she said, standing just within the long window of the salon.

“Of the firm of Drap et Blanche, Bordeaux, at your service.” He bowed profoundly.

With a quick motion she drew the one ring from her finger. “I thought that you might perhaps dispose of this for me.”

For an instant Monsieur Blanque's small black eyes rivalled in brightness the brilliant diamond that bore the faintly traced crest of the de Saluces. Then, with affected indifference, he said:

“Is it valuable?”

“Oh, yes, very valuable. My mother, who gave it to me, said it was worth five thousand dollars.”

“Dollars?”

“Or, in French currency, about twenty-five thousand francs. Am I not right?”

Monsieur Blanque raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders.

“I'll give you a thousand francs for it.”

There's no harm in that, argued Monsieur Blanque. Will not my property soon be hers and hers mine, that is, if Madame de Francheville does not play me false?

“I will pledge it to you for that sum—”

“I am not attaché of the Mont de Pieté,” he interrupted blandly.

Adèle hesitated. She was penniless in a strange land. It was hard to sacrifice the ring, but it would be still harder to be utterly dependent on the charity of strangers.

“Take it,” she said, averting her face as she gave him the ring.

He drew his purse from some hidden portion of his attire, and counted the thousand francs. She followed him into the empty salon at his request. He found pen and paper, and she signed a receipt.

He chuckled jubilantly. Assuredly success seemed all on his side.

The packet first, and now the ring had fallen in his way without any effort of his own. With the ring in his pocket, he started for Nantes in high good humor.

The future seemed very dark to Adèle. She trembled at the thought of the journey homewards. She imagined herself landing alone at New York. There she had neither relatives nor friends, for her mother had kept her rigidly secluded from the world around her. Inexperienced and unskilled as she was, how could she earn a living?

When Madame discovered that Adèle could play and sing, she made her proposal, which was gratefully accepted by the girl. There was one concession that Madame required which gave her great pain. She was not allowed to wear black in her bereavement, for Madame detested black. It reminded her of death, and Madame did not like to be reminded of death. She did not object to a little pleasing sadness now and then—a tear over the departed—a wreath of immortelles; but she had a horror of deep grief and deep mourning. When Adèle's trunk came from L'Orient, she endeavored to improvise toilets of white and purple from her slender stock of wearing apparel.

Often in the early morning, when the dim landscape lay in the uncertain but glowing light of dawn, Adèle stole softly down to the village church to pray for her mother's soul.

"That is better than wearing black, my child," the old curé, to whom she had told her trouble, would say, when they met at the church door after mass.

Adèle's days passed pleasantly. While Madame sewed or embroidered in the latter part of the morning, Adèle played lively galops or stirring marches. In the afternoon she read to Madame in French and gave her lessons in English. In

the long, quiet evenings, she sang opera airs or played Beethoven and Mozart, while Gaston, the doctor, his wife, or perhaps the curé, indulged in a game of chess with Madame.

There was one subject on which Madame was never weary of expatiating, and of which Adèle was heartily tired of hearing. This was the value of the adjoining estate that had belonged to the late Marquis de Saluces.

The heiress to this great estate was in America. Madame, however, daily expected her to arrive with her daughter. This heiress had secretly married a strolling geologist—that might not be the right term, Madame said—however, he was a Bohemian of some kind. This tourist having broken his leg—it served him right!—in trying to climb a rock, in search of worthless pieces of stone, had been taken to the château of the Marquis and thus became acquainted with Mademoiselle de Saluces. On discovering the marriage, the Marquis had disinherited his daughter. But when he came to die, he had forgiven her, and bequeathed all he possessed to her, by way of reparation for his long years of displeasure.

It never occurred to Madame to mention the name of the "foreign adventurer," or Adèle would have discovered that he was her father. The name "Yolanthe" might have given her a clue, but Madame always spoke of the heiress as Mademoiselle de Saluces.

Although Yolanthe Moore had never been wholly free from sickness, she had none the less exacted unquestioning obedience of her gentle daughter. Adèle knew that the name of Martin belonged to her father, and when her mother had desired her to assume it, she had complied, showing some surprise but asking no questions, for experience had taught her that they

would be unanswered. And now that the people at the château had got into the way of calling her Mademoiselle Martin, she did not think it necessary to tell her real name.

Madame de Francheville looked forward to Gaston's marriage with the granddaughter of the Marquis as a certain thing. She had hinted at such a consummation in her letter to Yolande Moore, and she

awaited only the arrival of that lady in France, to plunge at once into preliminaries.

"And the name of Gaston's wife will be Adèle, the same as yours, my child," Madame had said.

Adèle caught herself wondering whether this young countrywoman of hers were pretty or not, and whether Gaston liked the name "Adèle."

(To be concluded in our next.)

CATHOLICITY CHARACTERISTIC OF THE DIVINE INSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH.

WE believe Catholicity to be a distinctive mark of the Church of Christ. It is universal as to time, beginning with its founder and enduring till the dissolution of the world; universal as to space, carrying the light of gospel tidings to every nation; universal as to doctrine, teaching all things which heaven has revealed for the instruction of man. It was thus the Church appeared to the vision of Isaiah, 60th chapter, when he exclaimed, "*The gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the brightness of thy rising. Thy gates shall be continually open, they shall not be shut day or night, that the strength of the gentiles may be brought to thee and their kings may be brought. For the nation and the kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; and the gentiles shall be wasted with desolation.*"

The Saviour predicted this universality when he said (Mark 24): "*This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached to the whole world, for a testimony to all nations.*" A threefold universality was stamped upon the Church in the commission given to her ministry—the Apostles being ordered to teach *all nations*,

to observe *all things*, during *all days*.

The mark of Catholicity is so evidently the peculiar and exclusive property of the Church, bearing the name Catholic in every age and nation, that no other society can reasonably pretend to dispute with her that divine and triumphant title. She holds it by a possession of 1874 years, during which space of time it has been recognized by the voice of every friend and foe. If ever we had one occasion more eligible than another to exult in the honor and security of our Church it is when we call her and her alone Catholic, and find her so as to time and place. You see all other denominations confined to the limits of a kingdom, a province, or a village, and gradually sinking from your sight, until you perceive but one pure family saved from the flood of the world's changeableness, preserved in the ark of the Church, and floating triumphantly on the waves of time which cast the death of oblivion over millions. The Church holding communion with Rome as its centre, and taking the poles and ecliptic circle as the measurement of its extent, has reg-

istered its title Catholic in every clime and language of the earth, and has verified the predictions of the Old Testament by thus stretching her wide and ample dominion throughout every land. Animated by the spirit of holy enterprise, she is still engaged in enlarging her spiritual conquests; and to admit those who are pouring into her bosom, *"she is enlarging the place of her tent, lengthening the cords and strengthening the stakes of her tabernacle."* If she has to deplore the loss of nations which were among the earliest of her progeny, she rejoices in the attachment of others whom she clasps in her embrace. If in punishment of their perfidy the kingdom of God has been taken from some people, the prediction of the Redeemer has been fulfilled by its extension to others. *"I say to you that the kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and shall be given to a nation yielding the fruits thereof."* (Matt. 21.) While the sun of Catholicity was setting upon the vices of the degenerate kingdoms on whom its light first rose, it appeared amongst the young nations of the west, diffusing joy as it ascended in its career, dispelling the ignorance in which they were involved, and giving to their virtues vigor and animation. And as her altars rise and her incense smokes in the distant forests, or wreathes with holy fragrance the summit of the Alps and Andes, she hears an intimation of enduring success from the Psalmist declaring the will of God: *"I will give the nations for thy inheritance."*

There cannot be a danger of this appearing as a mere effort of declamation, or the presumption of overweening confidence, if we contemplate the great scenery of the Christian world. Unroll the historic page, read the names of nations, trace the occurrences of each revolving century—glance at the

throne, or stoop to the grave of every empire:—stand amid the ashes of Pagan oracles or follow the brilliant illumination of the cross, and then we may discover that there is not one circumstance of time or spot of earth without a striking testimony in favor of the Catholic Church. Let us ascend to heaven, and as St. Augustine expresses it, *"Let us contemplate in that delightful garden its roses and its lilies, that is, its martyrs purpled with the blood of persecution, and its hosts of other saints who are clothed with the robes of innocence and purity."* We see in one single band thirty-three Roman pontiffs successively put to death for their faith; an immense multitude of priests and prelates, who, in every nation of the universe, have shed their blood for the name of Christ; countless legions of the faithful of every age and sex and state of life, who proclaimed the virtues and followed the examples of the purest patterns. All these, it will be found, had the happiness to live and the consolation to die in the communion of the Church which has always been Catholic. Yes, ours was the glorious martyr Ignatius, the earliest amongst the martyrs of the Coliseum, who has carefully handed down a variety of apostolical traditions. Ours the holy Bishop Irenæus, who, even in his time, established the divine institution of the Catholic Church from the circumstance of the succession of pontiffs in the chair of Peter. Ours, the holy martyrs Cornelius and Cyprian, distinguished for their virtues and their learning. Ours an Augustine, Ambrose, Jerome, and Gregory, who stand above the horizon of ages pillars of light to support the chair of Peter. But Catholicity is clear enough, from the fact that I must cease from even glancing over those saintly annals; for the track of universality would

lead me far beyond any limits now at my service. It is well known, that for three hundred years Pagan persecution, especially under the Roman emperors, raged against all that was Christian. And, let me ask, upon whom did this vengeance fall? They were the ancestors of our faith, men who adored the same mysteries and observed the same practices which Catholics now revere. When Constantine gave peace to the Church, upon what body of men was that benefit conferred? Undoubtedly on that which was governed by St. Sylvester, from whom the first Christian emperor received baptism, and who is one of the two hundred and sixty-five links in the chain of apostolical succession which we trace up to St. Peter. Under what auspices did Constantine prevail on the field of battle? The holy emblem of the cross, which we, and we alone, have borne aloft in every age and nation? To whom did he apply for a decision in the Arian controversy? To the Fathers of the Nicene Council, whom we alone can number in our household, as the evidences of the value of tradition and the authority of the Church. How were the remains of Constantine interred? According to his own desire they were deposited in the Church of the Apostles, which he had erected at Constantinople, *"in the hope of participating in the prayers which were there offered, and sharing in the fruits of the mystic sacrifice after death."* Thus, a glance at any period or any event of time, blends past ages with the present hour, owing to the universal character of the Church. In her bosom alone are to be found those princes and monarchs whose spirit of piety, conspicuous amidst the storms of war and the calm of peace, was founded solely on the doctrines and principles of the everlasting Church. Her faith holds associ-

ation with all the illustrious characters, who, by the splendor of their virtues, the heroism of their courage, the equity of their laws, and the magnificence of their liberalities, were the protectors and ornaments of religion and society. It was the missionary of the Church that abolished every where the false worship of Paganism, and established in its room the pure faith of Christ. It is true, that many outside cry, *"We also preach Christ."* Is Christ divided? Certainly not. How are we then to distinguish? Who are the rightful preachers? They alone whom the divine wisdom employed in a Catholic ministry from the beginning, to destroy the absurdities of Paganism. Here shines forth the glorious mark of Catholicity; for, by no other means than the ministry of the Church did it please God to destroy the altars of Jupiter and the oracles of Delphos, and to shed the irradiation of the "Orient from on high" over a benighted world. Without going far for proofs, we have evidence of the fact here before us in the recollection of our ancestry. A Patrick converted Ireland; Palladius carried the faith to Scotland; and Austin brought it to England: they were all missionaries from Rome. Yes, from the moment the fire of apostolic zeal came from heaven on the day of Pentecost, the Church has been the sole instrument to convey the Gospel to the fairest, the most civilized nations, as well as to people the most barbarous and unpolished. The impression of her genius and the imperishable monuments of her faith are found in the deserts of the East, and on the wildest Alpine rock—amidst the lions and burning sands of the tropics, as well as amidst the bears and icebergs of the poles. Every monument of learning and all the vestiges of antiquity serve to point out this Catholicity of time and

place. We trace it in the foundation of every eminent university and school, in the character of every fundamental law, in the gifts of every liberty. Also in the customs and peculiar practices of nations; in the election and inauguration of emperors; in the coronation and anointing of kings. We trace it on the portals and windows of every ancient church and ivy-mantled castle, on the figures and inscriptions of coins, on the gates of cities, in the immemorial practices of our ancestors. In short, there is nothing connected with the history of mankind, which has not a record of Catholicity, thereby showing the extension of our faith to all times and places throughout 1874 years.

And now after all the persecutions, after all the efforts of enmity, this Catholicity is unimpaired. In Europe, whilst the Church extends through a majority of kingdoms and people, it shows its capacity for every exigency and contingency that may befall religion; accordingly, whilst her martyrs are pouring out their blood in China, Russia, &c., her bosom is receiving the returning converted wanderers in England and Germany, and as she stood by to erect the cross upon the ruins of Paganism, she still awaits in England, Holland, Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark, where her faith burns distinct and clear, to illumine the human mind emerging from the grave and darkness of Protestantism. In Asia she is still the fold receiving such as the Lord is pleased "to add to the number that will be saved." In Japan, in Syria, Persia, from the banks of the Indus to the borders of the Euphrates, from the frozen gulfs of Siberia to the sultry extremity of Cape Comorin, her gentle voice is heard, her temples rise, and her lessons of piety are respected. In Africa she remains with all that has been left of learning and civilization, and her Mass

is being sung again on the heights of Hippo near the tomb of the great Augustine. In America, from the snow-clad hills of Canada through the warm regions of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil, to the extremity of Chili, few there are but Catholics. In the United States, there is alarm enough to inform us not only of the existence of the Church, but of its progress, and we may rejoice, for she is destined to be here the sole guardian of the name of Christ. May we live long to enjoy the fact now daily evinced, that, whilst apostates "are shaking off sound doctrine, and heaping to themselves masters of itching ears," Catholicity attends the inquiring spirit of Americans, and according as they become more enlightened in religious matters, and disgusted with the so-called "Reformation," they will gladly turn to the path of their fathers, the holy Catholic Church.

It is thus the mark of Catholicity, affixed by the hand of God to the eternal Church, is elevated like some orb of heaven pouring its flood of light on every epoch and gilding with its ray every extremity of earth. She stands thus a solitary exception to the waste and novelty belonging to what are facetiously called "*different denominations*," which bear upon their front every mark of violent evolution from the parent stock. A few centuries ago their existence was unknown, and in the fantastic combinations of their names you discover their recent and humiliating origin. The denominations of Hussites, Lutherans, Calvinists, Socinians, Wesleyans, Mormons, High Church Episcopalians, Low Church Episcopalians, Ritualistic Episcopalians, Cumminite Reformed Episcopalians, Jumpers, Seekers, Holy Rollers, &c., prove their coveted privilege of universal discord, and render more notable the Catholicity of the ONE HOLY CHURCH, the pillar and ground of truth.

A CHURCH OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: THE TALE OF A TORN PRAYER-BOOK.

WHEN we detailed for our readers, in the January number of the RECORD, the history of the birth and early years of Bishop Cummins's baby, "a church of the period," we seriously thought we were done entirely with the *enfant terrible*, but alas for the shortsightedness of human prognostications, for hopes of earthly peace and unalloyed tranquillity, this first-born darling of Cummins's house and heart seems doomed to rival the famous offspring of the famous Ginx, by being determined to do some damage to somebody, for it is beginning to create such a turmoil, in fact is giving evidence of being such a precocious child, that no girl or boy of the period can at all be compared with it.

It was made for the "cummin" century, and about the year 1900 it may be expected to be in its prime. In the first place the early education of the child has been all wrong. It has been reared in a dangerous atmosphere, that of New York, the wickedest of towns, and fed on pap from the questionable milk dairies of Chicago, a city whose cows are noted for their wicked and *fiery* proclivities, if we may take the celebrated heifer of Mrs. O'Rielly of Dekoven Street as a specimen. The connection between bad theology and dangerous cattle has always been very marked. We need only refer in the Old Testament to the story of "the golden calf," while we know that under the new dispensation "the Pope's Bulls" have curdled all the milk in many a heretic's blood, and we are very fearful that the historian of "the house that Jack built" had Bishop Cummins in prophetic vision, when he wrote of

"The priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the maiden all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with the crumpled horn,"

for a sleeker specimen of shaven and shorn divinity than the late pontifex of Kentucky, or a more forlorn old body than Mother Cheney, deserted by all her theological kith and kin, when she joyfully accepted the Right Rev. George David's invitation to act as nursing mother to his newborn and motherless infant, begotten from the defunct Evangelical Alliance, and permit it to be saturated from the breasts of that Chicago which is commonly supposed to flow with milk and honey, can scarcely be imagined. But to return to the child. In the first place, as we have just insinuated, it has not been fed on the *lac rationabile*, or milk without guile, which St. Peter deemed so desirable a condiment for newborn infants, and now "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" isn't worth a picayune as an antidote to the teething performance under the reign of the ascending dog-star. How our minds are tortured with mental visions of papa Cummins and stepmamma Cheney, clad in the cast-off surplices and berrettas of the Anglican establishment, serving them as nocturnal raiment, walking up and down the room at the solemn hour of their theological midnight, its argumentative thermometer at 90°, "singing hush a bye baby," to the tune of the sixty-third psalm, Protestant version, and all in vain, for the child continues as vigorous and squally as a young Hercules.

Then in the second place it seems to give indications of mischievous literary propensities, and has laid violent hands on the family prayer-book, having torn it to pieces at a terrible rate, while the silly, doating parents, instead of putting a stop to the proceedings, look on and exclaim, "That's right, darling," and

then turn with a significant wink to their friends, and exclaim, "Did you ever see such a bright baby?" All the more shame for them, for this prayer-book was a valuable heirloom, embalmed with the memories and venerable with the dust of centuries. But they do not stop with a mere tacit approval of their offspring's irreverent conduct, but have actually called a convention of their friends to witness the performance. What will be the future of a child brought up under such circumstances, heaven only knows; a child whose first act in life was the nearly if not quite successful attempt to choke its own grandmother, the Protestant Episcopal Church, and whose unrestrained career is sufficiently indicated by the fact that wherever it comes across the word "*shall*" in that prayer-book, it is allowed to run its finger through the spot, and then paste it over with the word "*may*." Anything for a change seems to be its predominant passion, for the book has now been literally torn to pieces, not because sweeping changes were necessary, but because baby willed them, and the whole proceeding has been conducted on the same childlike style with which most children are permitted to slap at certain characters in picture-books which do not happen to strike their fancy. We remember very distinctly having in our infantile zeal administered castigations of this kind sufficiently numerous and vehement against the figures of the Jews who were torturing our Saviour, in the woodcuts illustrative of the mass prayers of juvenile devotional works, to wipe out of existence all the descendants of Israel, if they had not possessed as mournfully charmed a tenure of life as the fabled race of pussy-cats.

Well, the too indulgent friends of the new REFORMED PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH of America

have actually, as we intimated, met together in solemn convocation, not only to watch their darling's antics, but to seriously discuss not where the entertainment should stop, but rather whether any limits whatever should be placed upon the child's reforming instincts.

Prince Florestan, deposed lord of Monaco, enumerating in his quaint biography the many curious things which he had witnessed in his short lifetime, mentions before all else that he had seen an Anglican clergyman dance the *cancan*. Perhaps he used the name of the (in)famous dance as a sarcastic term for the theological "Jim Crowism" of the worthy fathers of the "Anglican Church," but even if he was serious, he certainly never viewed a sight more vulgarly silly or grotesquely funny than the exhibition of the reverend divines of the Cummins church, as they picked up the shreds of leaves torn from that prayer-book, and rolled them up into little doctrinal pillules to fire at each other, while the baby crowed with delight at their efforts to please him.

Perhaps we can best exemplify the statement by a few brief extracts from the reports of the proceedings.

In the first place Bishop Cheney delivered a sermon, in which he drew a very striking and truthful picture of the harmony which existed in the early church in comparison with the disorder which prevails among the various "branches" of the modern tree spiritual of Protestantism. Failing, however, to draw any moral from this fact, for the cure of the maladies of his own establishment, and totally ignoring the good old maxim, "Physician, heal thyself," he rather sought to excuse from traditional authority these disorders, and by a curious expression of contradictory statements, to argue from the historical fact of the existence of heresies,

even among the first Christians, that they were no better off in this respect than their Protestant descendants. Then jumping over to the old and much-mooted question of the important position which the Bible held in the Protestant estimation, and of the great faith which all anti-Catholic congregations placed in their preachers, he gave as a rather singular proof of the latter statement, the story that when George Whitfield first came to preach in Edinburgh, he was astonished, on mounting the pulpit and giving out the text, chapter, and verse, to hear in response a sound like the whistling of leaves among the trees. It was the rustling of the pages of two thousand Bibles by his hearers, who were anxious to see if the text had been properly paged, numbered, and correctly quoted. Whitfield was astonished *at their zeal*, at least so says Bishop Cheney. Did it never enter his head that perhaps the Scottish preacher's astonishment arose from the fact that his auditors "didn't take his word for it."

There were of course the usual number of "prayers" and addresses, and struggles for place, among the candidates for church officers, which latter proceeding had the sanction of apostolic authority, as we know from that Scripture which sayeth, "Then there arose a contest among them which should be the greater in the kingdom of heaven." The merits and demerits of the various aspirants were, however, discussed in a novel manner.

"Rev. Mr. McGuire opposed the choosing of officers in the Church from among those without the pale of the Church. He instanced cases in the English Church where the most notorious reprobates were thus enabled to hold forth as shining lights of the flocks, drunken, swearing gentry swaggered about the holy sanctuary and lorded it over the clergy."

"In the Episcopal Church here the same thing, to a less degree, held true,

and he hoped that now, on the threshold of a new body of Christ's children, a new stand might be taken. Rev. Mr. B. Smith thought that there were as good men outside as within the Church. The office of vestryman was a mere temporal one, and related solely to the business matters of the Church. It was common in other denominations to thus select officers without the pale of the Church proper. Mr. Turner, the secretary, thought the financial aspect of the Church would be very materially affected by this motion, as many of the most wealthy supporters of the Church were not communicants, either through conscientious or other reasons. In the midst of the discussion a motion to adjourn was made and carried."

From all of which we may infer that our Saviour's remarks to the contentious apostles mentioned above, will still hold good to their self-dubbed successors of the Reformed Episcopal Church: "The prince of this world lordeth it over them."

We think, moreover, that the convention should have employed a good rhetorician to explain what the reverend party by the name of Smith meant when he used the metaphor "the threshold of a new body of Christ's children."

Next in order was a spirited debate as to whether "bishops" should lay on hands in the "consecration" services, in the course of which some very heavy hands were laid on the traditional rubrics; but then, as Bishop Cheney stated in his opening sermon, that tradition was of no account whatever, and that "Saint John's Evangel" had been written expressly to confute the heresies to which the unwritten word had given rise as early as his day, we can hardly blame this peremptory arresting of dangerous popish practices. The knottiest question with regard to the bishops, after the usual gerrymandering with the question of the apostolical succession and the status of the episcopacy, was whether they should be saluted as "Right reverend father in God," or as "Dearly

beloved brother in Christ." The reverend delegates seemed completely to ignore the fact that things were in a bad state, socially and spiritually, when one man doesn't know whether another man is his father or his brother. The two solitary lights of the Reformed Episcopacy, Cummins and Cheney, acted with that suavity of non-committalism concerning their titles which seemed clearly to say, "How happy could we be with either!" After a long discussion the matter was solved for a time in the usual easy-going style, so appropriate to a "free" church, viz., a "laying on" the table during the vote, upon which motion a contented delegate of Shaksperian tastes was heard to exclaim, *solto voce*, "Lay on, Macduff!" *et sequitur*.

"Article 9 was the occasion of a grand fight, and the text upon which most, if not all, of the delegates proceeded to explain the reasons which induced them to sever connection with the mother church. The original article read:

"No church decorations, ornaments, vestments, postures, or ceremonies calculated to teach, either directly or symbolically, that the Christian ministry possesses a sacerdotal character, or that the Lord's Supper is a sacrifice, shall ever be allowed in the worship of this Church, nor shall any communion table be constructed in the form of an altar."

"The enumeration of all the particulars of what seemed abominations in the church services was first objected to, and a general negation moved in substitution. Bishop Cummins said:

"It is this very altar which has been a principal, if not the main cause, of driving me out of the Church, and it is ruining thousands and leading them to idolatry, the teachings thereof being a most fruitful source of error. Bishop McIlvaine never would consecrate a church in which the altar graced or disgraced the chancel, and yet now, immediately on his death, the very churches in which he worked have adopted the altar; I would rather be right on that point than on any other."

"Bishop Cheney contributed much to the merriment, by stating that Christ Church in Chicago, over which he presided, had always had an altar, though

he never knew it was given to sacerdotal practices.

"Rev. Mr. E. D. Neil said he had never worn a gown until one had been offered to him by Bishop Cummins that morning, and yet he did not know that he was encouraging idolatry. He desired a plain table, supported on an open framework.

"Bishop Cummins said that the architect had done as much as anybody to corrupt the church of God, innocently perhaps, but none the less effectively.

"The article, after an hour's discussion, was finally adopted to read as follows:

"Nothing calculated to teach, either directly or symbolically, that the Christian ministry possesses a sacerdotal character, or that the Lord's Supper is a sacrifice, shall ever be allowed in this Church. Nor shall any communion table be constructed in the form of an altar, but shall be plain, and supported on an open framework."

We seriously think that in view of the great pressure of time and business which Bishop Cummins stated was afflicting the council, that the "Fathers" thereof might have saved themselves a great deal of time and thought in drawing up and discussing this last article. Not even "a plain table, supported on an open framework," would ever convey to any right-witted person the most delicate suspicion of their sacerdotalism, or of the presence of any altar of sacrifice, except that of good sense and honest doctrine in the "worship" of their church.

It must be clearly understood that all this discussion on the canons was but preliminary to the real business of the convention,—the revision of the prayer-book. Upon the basis of that prayer-book had Dr. Cummins repeatedly declared was the spiritual edifice of his church established. Its corner-stone was neither Jesus Christ nor the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible, as is the most general pretence of the other Protestant churches, but the prayer-book of 1789, a very uncertain basis we think it may prove. No wonder

then that all other subjects were hurried over as of minor consideration to the revision of the prayer-book.

Before, however, proceeding to this great work, a reverend delegate rose to narrate what liberties the paternal ancestry of Cummins's child had taken in the same direction, among which he announced the gratifying fact that Queen Elizabeth, of virginal memory, had permitted the Anglican Church, the original founder of the family line, to strike out from the litany the petition, "From the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome and his detestable enormities, good Lord deliver us!" which to say the least was charitable.

"The proposed new prayer-book was distributed in revise proof-slips, and discussed *seriatim*. The discussion was very animated.

"Colonel Ayerigg, as a layman, said time should not be wasted. He was opposed to unnecessary change. Doctrinal wrong and ritualism alone should be their targets.

"Rev. Mr. Wilson made a motion—which, after a brisk debate, he withdrew—to adopt special services for special days. As on the day before, he took a very prominent part in the proceedings, and might, in parliamentary phrase, be styled the leader of the opposition; while Rev. Marshall B. Smith was leader on the government benches. The one fought, tooth and nail, for the work as he had left it; the other discovered each joint in the armor, and launched the insinuating shaft in the crevices.

"There was a fight over substituting the word 'may' for 'shall' in the rubrics, and Rev. Mr. McCormick said 'let,' as in 'Let there be light,' was mandatory.

"Mr. Wilson moved the adoption of the Latimer service for holidays, to enrich the service.

"Bishop Cheney warmly supported this; and, speaking of a meeting at Chicago just before he left, said the feeling then was that the Sunday services should be similar to those of their old church—that the occasional services for special days might be revised. They wished to extract no root of bitterness, not to estrange the brethren of old days by a ritual wholly foreign to them and them-

selves; but there was no objection to adding to their heritage these beautiful sentences on essential holidays. They did not want to spoil the old book, so that no Episcopalian could feel at home in their Church.

"The theological tinkering, however, proceeded vehemently.

"The Secretary, Herbert B. Turner, made a brief but powerful speech, opposing the mere handful present going in with paste and scissors to patch up a new and nondescript liturgy.

MEN ARE PRAYING FOR THIS MISTAKE.

"The danger imminent now is of repelling friends, giving aid and comfort to enemies, and rejecting recruits. Where no change is necessary, let none be made. Stumbling-blocks should not be placed by them. *Festina lente* should be their motto.

"Mr. Leacock was for radical changes, and declaration of liberty, which they could not get in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He wanted a new service, so beautiful as to attract people from all other churches. He would rather have a heart service with one hundred in communion, than a bald compromise to suit millions.

"The Latimer sentences were read for Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension, Whitsunday, and Innocents' Day, and passed.

"A fight on 'the absolution' followed; another on the word 'amen,' and whether it should be *roman* or *italic*.

"The council adjourned after prayer."

In view of the great horror of ritualism which pervaded the council, it seems to us that the delegates were rather blind not to see that they were jumping "out of the frying-pan into the fire," since, by their intense desire to eliminate any doctrines or phrases which smacked of high churchism, they were paying more attention to the *formal* than the spiritual simplicity of their prayers, and the discordant struggle over the "amen" strongly impresses us with the idea that the delegates had been listening to some "Romish" masses by the old musical composers.

And now comes, next in order, an evening session of the council, remarkable not so much for the extreme "nasty niceness" of the

elegant divines, as the almost blasphemous extremes to which their assumed fastidiousness—which was but a cover for their impudence—was permitted to run; for, not content with the wholesale transformation of the ordinary pages of their prayer-book—written by men of their own kind—they discovered that the Apostles, who were nothing but rude fishermen, unaccustomed to the refinements of elegant society, had, in compiling the creed, made use of a word most insufferable to ears polite, and to minds too elevated to ever lend credit of so shocking a doctrine as that of future punishment. So the passage containing the words, "He descended into hell," was recommended as fitly to be changed into "He descended into the place of departed spirits;" but, terrible to relate, while the wordy battle of expediency was waging hottest, a new alarm was sounded from an unforeseen quarter,—a lynx-eyed delegate having discovered that the innovation contained a latent leaven of popery. Might not that *region of departed spirits* be construed to mean PURGATORY? Perish the thought! A compromise was, we learn from the minutes, at length effected, though as to how that compromise affected the venerable creed of the Apostles we must plead *nul tiel record*; but query: if any change was adopted, was the altered prayer any longer the Apostles' Creed?

The historian of the convention gives us, at this stage of the proceedings, a little respite, much needed, indeed, after the desperate work of this famous "evening session," and he improves the opportunity by detailing for us the terrible difficulties and complications engendered by the secession from the Low Church proper to Dr. Cummins's communion of the venerable and Rev. Mr. Sabine, under the roof of whose new church

the council was receiving hospitality. The *Herald* reporter recounts most feelingly the interview with which he was favored with the seceding apostle, as well as the efforts of his former congregation of the Church of the Atonement to prevent any large accessions from their ranks to the seceder's banner. As we read the touching and terrible story, we could not help heaving a sigh, and exclaiming, "How history repeats itself in this new Raid on the Sabines!"

The third day's session of the council was started into activity by the Rev. J. D. Wilson, who offered a motion that the rubric preceding the prayer for those in civil authority should be altered by expunging therefrom the words, "Grant them in health and prosperity long to live." He thought this was appropriate, perhaps, under a monarchical government, but not in a government like ours, where our rulers do not continue in office during life, and where he probably intended to insinuate that it was not always desirable that they should, in view of which fact we think that the suggestion was one of the very few evidences of wisdom displayed in the convention, that is, supposing there was any efficacy in the prayers of reformed Episcopalians. Unfortunately, however, either that body at large did not think that such merits really accompanied their petitions, or else it maliciously determined to inflict, as far as laid in its power, a life-long prolongation of "ring rule" upon its fellow-citizens. Hon. Stuart L. Woodford thought Congress needed praying for at all times. Another saw no harm in praying for ex-members of Congress and retired officials; he probably had an eye on the grace of repentance; but a third delegate, whose name we unluckily have not before us, had serious doubts about the propriety of praying at all for

salary-grabbers, back-pay stealers, and governmental subsidizers. His voice was drowned down, however, by other members of the convention, who evidently was looking to a state church arrangement, in the shape of a so-called charitable appropriation, although they did suggestively resolve to put the prayer for Congress "within brackets." Next followed a revision of the rubric for the administration of the "Holy Communion." The question of what that communion really and intrinsically was, seems to have been gotten over with the diplomatic *nonchalance* of cunning old Queen Bess, who, when pressed to give a decision on that point, replied in the well-known distich:

"Christ was the word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that word did make it,
That I believe and take it."

An animated discussion as to whether those outside the church pale were to be admitted to the Lord's table is herewith given in detail, as the refusal of the Episcopal Church to permit such a practice was the professed reason for the secession therefrom of Bishop Cummins.

"The rubric 'Here the minister shall invite communicants of other churches to partake with him and his people at the Lord's table,' was the subject of a very protracted discussion on a motion by Rev. Mr. McGuire to insert after the word 'churches,' the words 'in communion with this church.' At least ten amendatory motions were made before the subject was disposed of, some desiring to insert the word 'evangelical,' others the words, 'other Christian churches;' still another the words, 'all persons living in the exercise of faith and repentance are invited to partake,' &c. The Chairman finally invited Ex-Lieut. Gov. Woodford to preside, as the parliamentary business was becoming very complex. In the debate a majority of those who spoke on the subject were in favor of making the invitation as broad and as open as possible to all Christians, whether communicants or excommunicants, the case of Bishop Cheney being cited by one of them as being that of an

excommunicant. After more than an hour and a half of debate the notice and invitation were amended and adopted in the following form: 'Immediately after the sermon the minister shall give the following or a similar invitation: Our fellow-Christians of other branches of Christ's Church, and all who love our Divine Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in sincerity, are affectionately invited to the Lord's Table.' Some modifications were made in the charge of self-examination to communicants, and then came quite a discussion on the form of the paragraph accompanying the giving of the bread and wine. Rev. Mr. Sabine moved to amend by inserting the words, 'Take, eat, this is my body' (Matthew xxvi chapter, 26th verse). It was adopted after considerable debate, and then a motion was carried to reconsider the vote, which was taken rather sharply. The council then adjourned until 8 o'clock P.M.

"On reassembling, the paragraphs were amended by substituting the following:

"The body of our Lord Jesus Christ was given for thee. Take and eat this bread, in remembrance that Christ died for thee; feed on him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving.

"The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ was shed for thee. Drink this wine in remembrance thereof, and be thankful."

"A motion was subsequently carried so to modify the exhortation to the communion as to eliminate therefrom the implication of condemnation against those who partake thereof unworthily."

A very able suggestion. Whoever heard of anybody partaking of baker's bread and a glass of sherry or madeira unworthily?

"Rev. Mr. Smith moved that the following be added to the communion order as a rubric to precede the final note: 'In conducting this service, except when kneeling, the minister shall face the people, and at no time shall his back be turned to the people.'

"Bishop Cheney opposed the proposed rubric, holding that starting out on its new course, he did not think it worth while for this church to pay attention to so slight an outward matter of ceremonial as this. The Reformed Church had begun the battle on stronger issues than those of mere ritualism. It had struck at the errors of sacramentarianism. The rubric was adopted by a vote of 17 to 15. The communion order was then adopted as a whole."

From this we would infer that the bishop thought the minister's posture to be pretty much like the position of the church itself, "backwards or forwards it's ever the same" piece of immaterial humbuggery.

A lively debate on the question, as to whether the communion table of the Lord should be styled "the table of the Father," or that of the Son, resulted in decreeing that it should be known as the table of the Saviour, which was a clear distinction without a clear difference; the disputants had manifestly forgotten the words of Christ, "*I and the Father are one, who seeth the Father seeth me.*" However, as neither the Father nor the Son had anything to do with the table in question, we must simply say, in commenting on this point of discussion, *cui bono*?

"The next business taken under consideration was the revision of the order for the administration of baptism to infants.

"Rev. Mr. Smith gave an explanation of the changes and omissions made in the order as reported from the committee, and the reasons which governed the committee in regard to such alterations.

"Rev. Mr. Powers then moved that the service as reported be adopted. Among the most marked omissions are the introductory questions to the persons presenting the infant for baptism, as to whether 'this child has ever before been baptized,' &c., and the declaration at the close of the baptism, 'Now, therefore, is this child regenerate,' &c. In regard to the first it was deemed superfluous to ask if the child had already been baptized, as the fact of its presentation for baptism was *prima facie* reason to suppose that it had not been previously baptized. In regard to the regeneration of the child, Mr. Smith said the committee thought it would be better to wait until the child was grown up before determining as to the completeness of its regeneration.

"Rev. Mr. McGuire moved the insertion of a rubric requiring that the persons presenting the child for baptism be also communicants. Quite a discussion ensued on the subject, it being maintained by the supporters of the motion that none but one regenerated through the

spirit of Christ could make the vows and assume the obligations required of those who present the child as sponsors. On the other hand, it was claimed that the refusal to baptize children presented by unregenerate parents would be an assumption by the Reformed Church of the doctrine of visiting the sins of the parents upon the children.

"Rev. Mr. Smith offered a compromise amendment, to the effect that if the parents be not communicants, the children shall be presented by at least one person who is a communicant of this or some other evangelical church. This amendment was adopted.

"Mr. Turner, secretary of the council, moved that the rubric relating to the manual act of baptism be so amended as to leave it optional with the sponsors whether the manual sign of the cross should be made on the forehead of the child. For himself, he would almost go to the extent of endeavoring to induce a minister to violate the rubric so that this sign, under which we conquer, should be placed on the head of his child.

"Rev. Mr. Smith opposed it strenuously, denouncing it as a heathen abomination, a form of superstitious exorcism of evil, savoring of popery and the dark ages. He had no objection to a structural cross on a building as an emblem of Christianity, but with this proposed form of its reintroduction he could make no compromise, even as an alternative.

"Rev. Mr. Power and Mr. Turner spoke in support of the motion, the latter stating that he was contending for that which was very dear to him—the sign of the Christian faith, the sign by which he lived, and in which he hoped to die."

Passing by the principal points of this dispute on baptism as sufficiently ludicrous to raise a broad laugh for themselves, we will simply add that we feel confident that if his Satanic Majesty had had a voice in this debate he would have heartily approved of the caution of the delegates in waiting till a child had grown up, and a good deal longer, to see if he himself had been "cast out" of it by baptism unaccompanied with the sign of the cross. "Keep on waiting, gentlemen!" he would have said, "keep on waiting; he of you who dies first will know soonest." The matter was left to the choice of the person baptizing,

which was certainly a point gained by the nameless gentleman to whom we have just referred.

In the order of confirmation adopted, all references to the "bishop confirming" are stricken out, instead of which the applicant is represented as being desirous of "confirming his baptismal covenant."

The climax of the fun, if we may apply such a term to this sacrilegious farce, was reached, however, when the council came to the revision of the marriage service. We will let the reporters tell the tale.

"The marriage service was first taken up for consideration, and Rev. B. B. Leacock, of the Committee on Revision, explained the changes made, in the form as reported, from the old form of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The handing of the ring to the minister is omitted, and instead thereof the bridegroom himself places it on the finger of the bride. The phrase, 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow,' hitherto addressed by the bridegroom to the bride, is omitted, inasmuch as it was in many cases inconsistent and even farcical where the bride only is possessed of the 'worldly goods.' The allusion, also, to the married life of Isaac and Rebekah was omitted, as there did not seem to be any peculiar fitness in presenting the example of a woman who had been guilty of a grave deception of her husband in his declining years. The sentence, 'I pronounce that they be man and wife together,' is changed by the substitution of the word 'husband' for 'man.'"

A most judicious change!

"A motion by Rev. Mr. Tucker to change the phrase, 'I plight thee my troth,' on the ground that the words 'plight' and 'troth' might not be always understood by the parties using them, was lost. Mr. Barton moved that the words 'as Isaac and Rebekah lived faithfully together' be restored to the service. The motion was lost. The marriage service was then adopted as a whole.

"Subsequently, however, Rev. Mr. Sabine moved a reconsideration of the vote by which Isaac and Rebekah were expelled from the order of matrimonial service. It had been stated as a reason

for this omission that Rebekah had been found deceitful toward Isaac. If it were so it certainly did not affect her faithfulness toward him. He thought that the reference to the united lives of this ancient couple was a happy one, which it was well to keep before us in these days of divorce and marital infelicities. Carried.

"Mr. Barton said he certainly thought it somewhat exacting to submit Rebekah to criticism as to her married life at this late day, and especially as it did not touch her bridal years or long life as a faithful wife, but only an error, of which we had few details, of which she had been guilty in her later years.

"Rev. Mr. Wilson and Rev. Mr. Leacock opposed the motion made to restore to the service the words eliminated. Lost by a vote of 16 to 13."

Now we should seriously like to know whether "the Sorosis" intend to tamely submit to the stigma thus sought to be attached at this late day, on the authority too of a few biblical "details," to the memory of Rebekah, simply because she successfully attempted to impose upon her very unreasonable "worsers half," and that too after years of conjugal devotion to him; while we would respectfully remind the members of the council that they should be guarded in their criticism of an act done by a divine inspiration.

"The Committee on Doctrine and Worship was instructed to prepare a catechism and form of service for use in Sunday-schools, and to report the same to the next General Council."

To which we must say, God help the young ideas that are taught to shoot heavenwards from that catechism! We are only surprised that the council did not recommend its adoption as one of the text-books in our public schools.

In revising the order for the burial of the dead,

"Rev. Mr. McGuire moved that the words of the service, 'Looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ,' be changed to 'Awaiting the general resurrection in the last day, and the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ.' In speaking in sup-

port of his motion, Mr. McGuire said that the existing words were inappropriate to be used at the funeral of one who was a notorious sinner. After an extended debate, the amendment was adopted."

We should like to inquire, if suicides, unbaptized, and excommunicated persons are not by the canons of this church to receive public burial, what sort of a notorious sinner is to receive exemption from the rule? Again, if even everybody is to be invited to "the table of the Saviour," no matter how wicked, why should not everybody, regardless of his or her crimes, receive a dignified funeral?

Our kind readers must not suppose that the few brief extracts we have given convey anything like a full report of the proceedings of this council, whose work is replete with the most startling inconsistencies, ridiculous fallacies, and positive blasphemies. We have merely selected some of the most salient portions of the reports as best calculated to convey an idea of the entire work. Neither time nor space would permit us to rehearse all the silly things said and done under the "sheep's clothing" of a fraudulent theology and counterfeit religion. Thus "sacraments" were declared to be only "ordinances," yet the "priests" of the church were ordered to administer sacraments.

Then again there was a claim of true and lawful episcopacy, at least of jurisdiction, set up, yet "a committee" informed the council that they had searched in vain through the Scriptures for any evidence of apostolic succession in their church (of the thoroughness of their search we have no doubts, and their labors were rewarded by finding the truth). Again, bishops were ordered to keep "hands off" in administering consecration or "ordination," yet they took good care when called upon to perform these ceremonies during the council to lay them most vigorously on, but perhaps those exalted

functionaries argued in extenuation of their disobedience that as there was some doubts about their being real bishops, they were exempted from a rule set for the episcopacy; certainly if that poor prayer-book could have become incarnate, assumed a personality, and spoken after revision, it would have acted very much like the old lady in the nursery rhyme, who, finding that during her nap on the roadside,

A naughty peddler by the name of Stout,
Had cut all her petticoats round about,

exclaimed in a frenzy of doubt on awakening, "La me! am I myself or somebody else?" especially when it found itself subjected to further tortures, because—

"In consequence of the discovery of numerous typographical errors in the printed proofs of the prayer-book, Rev. Messrs. Leacock, Smith, and Powers were appointed to superintend the publication of the prayer-book, and supervise it in all matters of grammar, punctuation, and orthography. The secretary, Mr. Turner, was added to the committee, and it was further provided that they shall be unanimous in their judgments concerning the matters referred to them."

That is of course to be understood, providing there could be found such a miracle of unity as three men of one mind in the whole council.

After a motion to commit the pages containing the Gregorian Calendar to "that distinguished astronomer, Col. Aycrigg," in order that he might improve upon the work of good old St. Gregory, a very great pontiff in his day, but a little behind time for the present fast age—

"On motion of Rev. Mr. Leacock, the council arose and sung the Gloria in Excelsis as a recognition to God of the harmony and completion of the work of revision. A vote of thanks to Rev. Messrs. Leacock and Smith was then moved, and was strongly opposed by Mr. Leacock, who said that he did not think the committee was specially entitled to any particular commendation. The work accomplished was the work of the

whole council. The thanks were tendered by a unanimous vote, however."

The assurance of the Rev. Mr. Leacock, in offering the first-mentioned resolution, was as refreshing as it was conventional. We never yet knew a crowd of these reforming fellows to get together without giving each other an innumerable quantity of metaphorical black eyes and pulled noses, yet somehow or other they always manage to adjourn singing "Gloria in Excelsis," in thanksgiving for the harmony which prevailed among them. No doubt they will go home and tell their parishioners wonderful tales about the delegates dwelling together in unity, pretty much in the same exaggerated style as the solitary convert to the Cummins church from Pennsylvania proceeded to tell the convention during its closing hours about the "great progress" of the Reformed Episcopal Church in the Keystone State, said progress consisting in the simple fact that the said ministerial convert, Rev. Mr. Windeyer, having been pastor of a little village church at Schuylkill Falls, went over to the new reformation, and as the gentleman whose money had built the church went with him, and claimed the church edifice as his private property, the congregation *volens volens* had to be carried with it over the water of disturbance, as in an ark.

And now to return to the object for whose supposed present and future benefit all this performance was undertaken—the infant church. We fancy, that when it has slipped from its swathing bands and donned its *toga virilis*, which, according to the very flat platitude of its father, "Bishop" Cummins, enunciated at its birth, it will do *if God prospers it*, it will turn upon us and exclaim, after the

fashion of the victims of Peter Pindar's sarcastic quill, "Why, when such proceedings as those you have been reviewing are no novelty outside your own infallible church; why, when there are so many social, moral, and political disorders raging around worthy subjects of your saucy pen;

"Why, critic, leave the hated objects free,
And vent, poor driveller, all your spite on me?"

To which we will have to reply: "Softly, good friend; is your eye evil because we would be funny at your expense? But since you ask us so reasonable a question, we will attempt as satisfactory an answer. It is not because we would draw on this special occasion any moral for the spiritual advantage of true believers from the spectacle you have become, both for angels and men, but rather because you, being the latest and most prominent apparition on the melodramatic stage of Protestantism, of whose interminable list of star performers in ridiculous rôles we have now had a surfeit, we would improve the occasion of your appearance to urge upon our brethren of the so-called Christian churches to unite with us brethren of the true household of the true faith, in a spirit of truly fraternal charity and Christian unity, in petitioning the infallible Pontiff of Christendom, that he would, for the sake of the reputation of the superior wisdom of this nineteenth century, and in behalf of outraged religion and common sense, and for the honor of our common humanity, not yet degraded to complete imbecility, exhibit the most urgent speed in adding to the litany this petition: FROM ANY MORE QUASI RELIGIOUS REFORMERS AND CHURCH CONVENTIONS GOOD LORD DELIVER US."

ABOUT WORDS AND PHRASES.

Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ.

No. II.

PEOPLE generally content themselves with a good dictionary to settle the meaning of words—some people even consult such a book. But the dictionaries have lost a portion of their assumed infallibility by the vanity of their authors or compilers, in accepting as legitimate every word that they find in print, and giving as its true meaning that which its user tries to convey by its use. Some dictionaries are recommended upon the grounds that they contain many hundred and even many thousand words not found in any other lexicon, and this apparently upon the principle that all that is spoken and written is correct. Such practice, while it enlarges the vocabulary, diminishes greatly the precision of the language.

The present generation has been called on to employ as familiar terms, words that in the beginning of this century were reserved for the special requirements of science. They, however, are only *new* in their familiar use; they existed in most of the English dictionaries, or were familiar to the classical scholar.

But new pursuits or new branches of employment have suggested terms that startled the scholar when they were first used in the newspapers. Among these new words is one that has become so frequently used as almost to have removed the disgust which its first appearance caused. The earnestness with which gentlemen connected with the outdoor business of the public press pursue their game has led them to make a verb that has not reached the dictionaries. The word *interview* as a

verb, "We interviewed," has no *acknowledged* existence beyond the reporters' vocabulary, but it is on the highway to recognition. And newspaper editors give it partial recognition by admitting it into their columns in *italics*, or with marks of quotation—"to interview." The haste of composition will soon dispense with the italic and quotation-marks, and the word will be a part of our language, "a child by adoption."

A newspaper editor, speaking of the misfortunes of a young man who broke his promise of marriage, remarks "that the outraged affection of the disappointed lady led her 'to law' her quondam lover." And another editor says that "instead of the slow movement of a one-horse vehicle, he *railed* the whole distance to Chicago." Whether "to interview," "to law," and "to rail," are to become legitimate verbs in our language is not to be foreseen. The dictionaries have not yet legalized them. There is, it may be said, such a verb as "to law;" it means to mutilate the claws of a dog. But this "verbalizing" of nouns is only a part of the process of saving time to which writers and speakers in this country frequently resort. "To interview," to have an interview; "to law," that is, to "seek the law;" "to rail," that is, to take the rail, which is an American abbreviation of "go by railroad."

There is on our table a newspaper containing an account of the arrest of two persons for crime, and it is stated that they had been "*jailed*" in Washington. "Im-

must be guided by correspondent words. The comparative degree of an adjective corresponds with "than;" "either" corresponds with "or."

"She had a glove on each hand" — "She had a glove on *either* the left or the right hand, but not on both hands." "Take *either* path (one or the other), but do not take both paths."

The pronunciation of the word "either" as if written "ither" is simply abominable. There is no analogy for such a sound of *ei* in English words. In German it would be correct, but not in English. We recall at this moment no word of our language in which *ei* is sounded as *i*. The words height and heighten may be adduced, but any scholar will perceive that these words come from "high," and while they retain the proper pronunciation of the vowel, they differ in orthography from the easy pronunciation of the words. We notice that of late "hight" is finding favor.

It was not intended to notice erroneous "orthoepy," else perhaps the vicious pronunciation of "wound" as "woond" would have been particularly noticed. That affectation of French sounds is painful to a cultivated ear, and it is without analogy in English.

It was not the intention of the writer of these articles to present more than a few instances of inaccuracies in the use of words, but

such a presentation may lead to inquiries that must result in more careful regard to the importance of accuracy.

Errors may exist and often are found in the composition of the best of writers. They are slips of the pen, momentary lack of vigilance relative to some early acquired bad habit. They may be errors of the compositors that escape the eye of the proof-reader or the care of the printer. They will scarcely become injurious, because they will not be sustained by the same error in other parts of the book or article. We speak of errors which are acquiring the sanction of use, which poor writers perpetrate by a want of knowledge of the language, and good writers seem to justify by their carelessness.

It is difficult for men of the best education and of much care to avoid some peculiarities of their own locality. Daniel Webster never cleared his vocabulary of the New Englandism "*be* you" instead of "*are* you," and Walter Scott rhymed "canal" with "fall" and "all."

The people of the South, in this country, and in many parts of Ireland, and (such is the influence of error) in many parts of the Middle States, continually use the auxiliary "will" for "shall," *e. g.*, "I *will* be so occupied to-morrow that I *will* not be able to come."

WASTED TREASURES.

It was springtide—happy springtide—
Laughing spring, so glad and gay ;
And a troop of merry children
Were bounding on their way :
From each tiny hand the flowers
Fell in rosy rainbow showers ;
Little recked those joyous children,
Spring had fairer flowers than they.

But at evening, when the night-dew
O'er the earth her mantle spread,
Like a silver-footed fairy,
Leaving tokens of her tread ;
When the eyes, by grief unclouded,
In their dreamless sleep lay shrouded,
Withered, crushed, besoiled, and broken,
On the earth the flowers lay dead !

Once again I saw the children,
But the ground was white with snow ;
Only here and there a snowdrop
Tried its dainty bell to show ;
Ah ! how tenderly they press it,
Ah ! how fondly they caress it ;
'Twill be long, say they, ere summer
Will her rarer gifts bestow.

Happy springtide, laughing springtide,
Life's bright, blushing, golden morn ;
Every swift-returning moment
Some fresh fleeting pleasure born ;
From joy's laden lap the flowers
Drop in rosy rainbow showers,
And they fall uncultured, unheeded—
Fairer hopes will rise with morn.

Then the winter, then the winter,
When Time's snow around us lies ;
And we see our treasures dimly
Through our failing, darkened eyes ;
And the flowers of hope are faded,
And our light of life is shaded,
And perchance joy's latest blossom,
Withered, crushed, and broken, dies !

Oh, the foolish, heedless children,
With their ringing laughter gay,
Let us tremble while we listen,
For we would not be as they ;
Fondly prize each heaven-sent pleasure,
Duly hoard the fleeting treasure,
That life's winter may be fragrant
With the blossoms of its May !

LOST AND FOUND.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

"INDEED, Michael, I cannot take it. Thank you kindly for thinking of me, but the 'kerchief I won't take. Maybe there's many as will be only too glad of it, but I'd rather not, so please don't be angered at my saying so."

The speaker was a remarkably pretty girl, of some nineteen summers, whose deep blue eye, dark wavy hair, and bright complexion, betrayed the Irish blood that had run in her mother's veins, as did the erect carriage of her shapely head, uncovered by hat or bonnet, and the free light step, untrammelled save by the short blue petticoat that descended but little below her knees, displaying the neat ankles in their dark gray stockings, and the well-shaped foot in its heavy shoes. Norah Grey's mother had indeed been a wild Irish girl, and her child had inherited along with these traits of form the deep passionate nature that had laid the young wife in her grave but two short months after the day that had seen her husband's body, stiff and cold, borne home by the sorrowing mates who had seen him struck down by a drunken man whom he had endeavored to prevent drowning himself. The man who stood by, Michael White, was a dark-looking fellow, several years her senior, with heavy overhanging brows, and a thin-lipped mouth, that spoke a cruel and determined nature. He held a bright pink handkerchief in his hand, and his eyes were fixed on Norah with an angry glitter in them.

"You won't take it, won't you, Norah Grey?" he said, fiercely. "But you wore Harry Duncan's ribbon in your hair yesterday. I knew it, for I saw him buy it. But

mark you, I'm not going to let him get the better of me. I'll pay him out for it, and you too, if you throw me over for him. I'm not a man to break my word. Look to yourself, Norah Grey."

The girl's eyes flashed, and she raised her head proudly. "As to throwing you over, I never had nought to say to you, so that's not true. You're a base coward to try and frighten a girl; but that's not the way to gain me. I'll take Harry Duncan's ribbons, and I'll take Harry Duncan too, and it's little I'm feared of your black looks and your threats. I'll never be wife of yours while the sea has waves, or the sun shines above us; so now you know my mind."

She took up a bundle of sticks that lay on the ground beside her, and moved away with a quick step and a flushed cheek. Michael White gazed after her with a lowering brow, as her tall figure, standing out against the red evening sky, gradually lessened and finally disappeared from the broad furze-covered common that stretched along the tops of the lofty cliffs for many miles on that wild coast. He really loved the beautiful Irish girl; but he had found out by chance from the uncle she lived with, that Norah had a little fortune of her own, safely invested in a neighboring town, and he knew that Harry Duncan, the finest and best-looking young sailor in that little fishing village, was no slight favorite of Norah's, and jealousy and avarice lent their aid to the love that her bright eyes and glowing cheeks had kindled.

"She *shall* be mine," he muttered fiercely, as his eyes rested on her retreating figure. "I like her

the better for her spirit, and I'll soon break it if it troubles me. Besides, Duncan shall never crow over me, nor boast that he took the girl I loved from me. I'll kill him or her first."

He struck his hat fiercely on to his head, and thrusting the rejected handkerchief into his pocket, strode away towards the quiet cottage on the downs that owned him for its master. Meanwhile, Norah was descending the steep narrow path that led to the village. The snug little hamlet of Beck's Cliff nestled in a small bay, sheltered on every side by lofty white cliffs, against whose rugged base the angry sea beat and roared in impotent fury through the long winter. That treacherous monster looked mild enough now, as it lay gleaming and glowing beneath the western sun, and breaking in easy wavelets along the sands, where, seated beside their boats, the fishermen were mending their nets, while their bare-legged children danced and shouted in the water, or built mimic cottages and dug mimic canals. The little thatched cabins gleamed white among the trees that grew almost to the water's edge, and wives and mothers were sitting at their doors, work in hand, or tossing their last white-haired chubby urchins in their arms, as they gossiped with their neighbors over the low stone walls that separated their tiny gardens. A group of lads in their blue and white sailor's costume, some with picturesque red caps on their heads, were playing leap-frog under the shade of one of the lofty cliffs; and as Norah, placing her heavy bundle of firewood on the ground, seated herself on a mossy gray stone to rest and enjoy the calm beauty of the scene below, her eyes rested on this group with a long inquiring gaze, and a half smile on her rosy lips. Presently she was seen; a shout ascended, and a tarred straw hat was

waved; five minutes more, and a flushed breathless young man, who had been looking on at the game, threw himself on the ground at her feet.

"Why do you leave them all, Harry?" said Norah, looking, however, with a sunny smile into the eyes that were raised to hers. "Sure, it's better fun for you down there than with me, for I'm tired and a bit out of sorts."

"What's put you out, Norah dear?" asked the young sailor. "You look bright enough, but I can't say I feel quite bright myself. There's a weight over me, and I didn't care to be larking with those fellows. I was more than glad when I sighted your pretty face shining down on me. But tell me, what's put you out?"

Norah's face flushed. "It's just Michael White," she said, hotly; "he makes me that wild I could beat him! He's forever after me, and won't take no, and I'd lie in the grave before I'd be wife of his; I hate him."

"He's a bad man, I'm thinking," said Harry, gravely, "and not one I'd like you to anger, Norah. There's no saying what he won't do when he's up. But, Norah dear, why don't you tell him bold, that you've promised to be my wife? Maybe he'd be quiet then."

"That's just what I daren't do," replied Norah, hastily, "for he'd mark you ill, I'm thinking. He's bitter against you now, and says he'll spite both you and me because I wore your ribbon yestreen. Harry, he's a bad man; don't you go near him, or let him anger you, or maybe he'll kill you."

Harry Duncan laughed scornfully, but his brow was clouded.

"I'm not feared of him, Norah," he said; "but I wish you'd keep away from him. I'm going a fishing to-morrow early, and mayhap I won't be back for a day or two; but you won't let him frighten you

into giving me up, will you, dear? You'll be true to me, Norah?"

He looked at her wistfully and sadly, a strange foreboding of evil coming over him.

"Haven't I sworn it, Harry Duncan," cried Norah, passionately, "haven't I said I'll be your wife, and no other man's, by the kind heavens above us, and is it doubting me you are? I'll be true to you in life and in death, and never a thought will I give to Michael White or the bravest man alive. Why will ye ask me, and what is it that makes ye down and sad? Oh, Harry, Harry, I'd die if aught happened to you, my lad, so don't be frightening me with your looks and your questions."

She rose to her feet, her blue eyes sparkling with tears, and her pretty mouth quivering, and Harry lifted her bundle, and they prepared to descend.

"D'ye see that bold ship, Harry?" she cried, as she looked seaward and pointed to the gray horizon, on which an evening fog was rising; "she's standing for here, with her sails all set. Look, Harry; she's a brave sight."

The young sailor turned, and shading his eyes with his hand, looked long and earnestly.

"'Tis a man-o'-war," he said, at length; "and she's making for here; but she'll tack, you may be sure, for what would she want here?"

"Ah, well, I must be going home," said Norah, turning reluctantly away. "Aunt Jenny will be wondering what's come to me. Come, Harry."

They proceeded towards the village, pausing now and then to gaze on the moon, which was slowly rising in all her splendor behind the cliffs, but at length they stood at the little wicket-gate of Norah's home.

"You'll be away early, Harry, I'm thinking," she said, half sadly, as she took her bundle from him.

"I'll not see you again for a day or two, will I?"

"I guess not," said the young man, gravely; "but that won't break your heart, Norah. Shake hands, my girl, before I go, and don't let that fellow Michael be threatening you again. You tell him bold out you're my promised wife, and he'll let you be, never fear. He's hankering on, thinking he'll get you. Good night, Norah dear, and the good God keep you."

With a heavy heart, Harry Duncan left her; and as Norah watched his retreating figure, a terrible feeling of desolation crept over her, and but for very shame she would have run after him and begged him not to go, to wait but one day before he started. But she controlled herself, and with a heavy sigh she entered the cabin.

* * * * *

There were strange tales whispered of Michael White, and how he lived. He had no apparent trade, but yet never seemed to want money; he spent a greater part of his time in lounging about the cliffs, and would lie, hour after hour sometimes, seemingly half asleep, gazing out to sea, and then would vanish for several days together, none knew where. Those who passed his lonely cottage on the downs late at night averred that there were bright lights in his window, and loud noises, and old men shook their heads, with meaning looks, but none gave utterance to the suspicions that all shared. Norah disliked him excessively, all the more for his avowed preference for her, and hoped that after the decided rebuff she had now given him, he would cease to persecute her. For a few days afterwards he certainly avoided her, but Norah was far too deeply engrossed in another thought to notice it now. Harry Duncan had been gone three days longer than she had ever known him stay away, and she

began to scan the horizon out to sea with very anxious eyes.

"He will not come," she murmured, sinking down on the grass with tearful eyes on the evening of the third day. "I shall never see him again. Oh, Harry, why did I let you go? The heart was heavy within me when ye left me, for I felt as I'd see you no more. Oh, Harry, my darlin', what wouldn't I give to see your bonny face again?"

And a wild wail of passionate grief burst from the poor girl, as she sat wringing her hands on the lonely cliff. At last, with a heart oppressed with heavy forebodings, she slowly descended the narrow broken path, and entered the cottage where she lived. Her aunt sat on a low stool near the fire, where the kettle was boiling for tea; the tears were running down her bronzed cheeks as fast as they could chase each other, but she brushed them away as Norah entered, and rising quickly bent over the kettle, and lifted the lid.

"You're late, Norah girl," she said, in tones that she vainly endeavored to steady; "where have you been? It's time tea was laid."

But her niece did not heed the question. Stepping hastily up to her, she laid her hand on Mrs. Grey's arm, and staring almost fiercely into the face of her aunt, exclaimed, "Don't be hiding it from me, Aunt Jenny. For the love of heaven, tell me quick. Is it Harry?"

"It is," sobbed Mrs. Grey; "he's gone, poor boy. They've just found his boat, bottom uppermost. My poor girl, don't take on. It's the Lord's doing. The good God has taken him."

* * * * *

Those bright eyes grew dull and heavy, the rosy cheeks paled, and the neighbors said that Norah Grey would die as her mother had before

her—of a broken heart. But Norah did not die. The months crept slowly by, the trees grew golden, then brown, and then bare, the days were short and cold, and Winter gave notice that he meant shortly to make his appearance, but still Norah took her work daily to the spot upon the cliffs where she had last sat with Harry, and in spite of the biting winds and frozen grass, wept bitter tears hour after hour over the stone that was to her like the tomb of her lost one. Meanwhile, Michael White began once more to persecute her with his presence, and finding out her daily haunt, sought her there again and again, sitting by her side and striving to cheer her, and lead her into conversation, but carefully avoiding as yet all words of love, that she might have no excuse for repeating her former rebuff. But poor Norah could not endure his presence at a spot that seemed sacred, in her loving fancy, to her lost Harry. She did not wish to be cheered; she liked to hug her grief, and muse and weep over the happy days of old; and with pleading eyes she would sadly say, "Oh, Michael, let me be! Sure, I'm too sad to talk to ye. Won't you please, leave me alone? It's poor company I am, with my heart buried in the sea."

But Michael was not to be daunted. "It's bad for you, my girl," he would answer. "I know you're grieving sore for him that's dead and gone; but you're young yet; maybe you'll smile again when the spring comes, and the winter is over."

"Will I smile when Harry lies dead?" cried the poor girl, with streaming eyes. "Will I be glad that the heavens are blue over his grave? Will I care that the flowers bloom again, when he is not here to pick 'em for me? No, no, Michael White; I'll never smile again. My heart is broke entirely."

When she found that he sought

her still, she avoided the spot, and wandered instead along the shore beneath the tall cliffs, shuddering as the thought occurred to her that Harry's bones might be whitening somewhere among the crags. Michael White sought her in vain at her accustomed seat, and inly cursing her obstinacy, descended into the village, to see if he could find her, or whether she were ill. But Mrs. Grey, who liked him as little as her niece did, shirked his questions, and refused to tell him where Norah was gone.

"She'll not be wanting you, I'm thinking, Michael White," she answered brusquely. "The poor girl's heart is nigh broke, and she's best alone. She ain't company for none now, poor dearie; the good Lord pity her." And Michael strode away with muttered imprecations, and all the more determined to gain his object.

Thus the winter passed slowly away; and one bright afternoon in spring, Norah sat on a large rock at the foot of the cliff, knitting with rapid fingers, and ever and anon raising her sad eyes to watch the white sails that passed along the horizon. She was sadder than usual that afternoon, for as she came over the beach she had seen all the fishermen putting off their boats to try their luck, and the scene brought back with painful vividness old sunny days when she had gone down to wish Harry good luck, and watch his vessel disappear across the tossing waves that now washed over his whitened bones. She no longer gave way to wild bursts of passionate grief, but as her heavy feet wandered towards her hiding-place, large scalding tears rose to her eyes, and rolled slowly down her sad white face, silent witnesses of the bitter grief within. And as the blue wool jerked and flew over her active fingers, deep sighs rose unbidden to her lips, till at length laying down

her work, she rested her head upon her hand, and gave way to her sad thoughts. A man was coming along the shining wet sands towards her, and she dreamily watched him as each firm tread seemed to dry the circle of sand around his foot, and again as it was lifted to leave it wetter than before. He was dressed in the uniform of the Navy, and with his hands clasped behind his back, and his head bent down, strode rapidly on, as if engrossed in thought. What was it that made Norah turn crimson to the roots of her wavy hair, and then again as pale as ashes, as he neared her, and while her heart beat so that she could hear it, lay down her work on the rock beside her, and rise to her feet? The sailor raised his head. Could the grave give up its dead, or the waves their prey? One cry from his lips of "Norah, my darling!" and she was in his arms, crying, laughing by turns, and vainly trying to speak to him. His story was soon told; how his boat had been capsized in a squall, and how he had clung on to its upturned keel until picked up by the very man-of-war that he and Norah had watched on the evening before he started. The captain was short of hands, owing to a fever that had carried off several of his men; and, glad of so stalwart a substitute, had taken poor unwilling Harry to the coast of Africa. That was how poor Norah through eight long months had nearly broken her heart over the dead love that had never been dead. Loud and long were the rejoicings of the village over the return of the lost one, for Harry was a general favorite; and the young man laughingly declared that his arm was totally useless, owing to the severe shakings it had had since he made his appearance. He did not have to beg very hard to induce Norah to promise to be his wife at once; and the banns were put up on the follow-

ing Sunday at the tiny church on the downs. But there was one to whom his return gave no pleasure, but, on the contrary, filled his heart with rage and hate. As Michael White, with livid face and close-set mouth, heard the two names called (for he was at church, having been told Norah was to be asked), he inly vowed that while he lived Norah Grey should never be Harry Duncan's wife.

PART II.

"WHERE'S Norah this afternoon, Mrs. Grey?" asked Harry Duncan, as he stood at the cottage door one day, about a week before his marriage.

Mrs. Grey came to the door with her chubby baby in her arms. "Well, Harry, she's gone along the shore to the rocks to gather rack," she answered. "Mrs. Penn, she've got a bad leg, and the doctor told her to put rack poultices to it. Her girl ain't in to-day, so Norah said as she'd fetch it. You'll find her easy on them rocks off towards Smugglers' Creek."

Harry shook his head smilingly. "I can't go after her, Mrs. Grey," he answered. "I must go to Addleton to make some purchases. Time's getting on. Only eight days more, you know."

He strode away with a happy laugh, calling back to say, "Tell Norah I'll look in as I come home, somewhere about nine o'clock." He was gone, bright and happy, up the cliff path and across the downs, towards the little town of Addleton, all unconscious of the black cloud that was gathering over his head. Meanwhile Norah, with the light free step of former days, and the roses once more blooming in her cheeks, proceeded to the rocks that at low tide were covered with the seaweed she sought. She reached the rocks, a good two miles from the village; but the tide still covered them, and

climbing on to a huge boulder, she sat down to wait till its receding waves should leave the dark bronze-green masses bare, for her to gather the full round pods that contained the pulp ordered for Mrs. Penn's bad leg. At first she sat patiently, her thoughts full of her approaching marriage, and the cosy little cottage that she and Harry were to share, not three hundred yards from the home that had been hers for twelve years; but happiness is restless, and soon, springing to her feet, she proceeded to climb the cliff to peer into a wide and deep crevice that her quick eye had detected some yards above her head. From point to point she climbed, clinging to projecting pieces, for it was a very perilous path, but Norah was as active as a sailor boy, and soon stood panting and breathless in what seemed to be a tiny cavern. When she had a little recovered her breath, she proceeded to explore it, and to her surprise found that it extended deep into the cliffs, and there were signs of its having been at some time or other inhabited, for broken boxes and empty bottles were scattered carelessly, and pieces of cord and a man's hat lay in one dim corner. As Norah's eyes rested on the latter, a sudden suspicion made her stoop to examine it. As she did so, a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder, and starting up with a cry of fear, she found herself face to face with Michael White. For some seconds they stood gazing at each other in silence, both secretly astonished at the sight of the other. Then Michael spoke.

"I've often heard that the devil helps his own," he said, in low harsh tones, with a sneering smile; "so I suppose he brought you here. What are you looking for, and how came you here?"

Norah's heart beat fast and thick, as she realized how com-

you a couple of days more of this, and see what you say then, and if you stick to what you say now, why, you know I'm not a man to break my word. Young Duncan came round to me last night, and I showed him all over my house to prove that you weren't there. I'm thinking I've thrown him off the scent for the present, so he won't be taking the jump from this cliff I promised him. I ain't going to starve you, so here's your dinner."

He put some dried fish and sea-biscuit on the barrel, and left her once more to her own thoughts. Norah's heart did not fail her yet. Much might happen in two days, and she ate her biscuit and fish cheerfully, and then began once more to search for means of escape. The door was hopeless, and she tried the sandy wall. With the aid of the bit of glass it crumbled, though not easily, and she thought that she might yet loosen that obstinate bolt that kept her from life and happiness. It made less noise than the door, but still she feared that Michael might hear, and resolved to wait until he left her in the evening. She knew he was there, for she heard him whistling softly to himself, and she sat down to wait patiently till evening came with a fresh ray of hope to cheer her. The hours dragged wearily on, and the tears would gather in her eyes as she pictured poor Harry's frantic grief at her disappearance. At length Michael opened the door, and throwing in a heap of biscuits, said gruffly, "You must make those last you as you can, for I'm not coming here till the day after to-morrow, so you must make up your mind by that time, for I'm tired of this work."

He slammed the door, and bolted it, and strode away, evidently ruffled by something that had occurred. Norah breathed more freely. She would be alone, then, for two nights and a day, free to work at the bolt, free, perhaps, to descend

as she had come, and once more return to Harry and happiness. Seizing her piece of glass, she set to work, scrape, scrape, scrape; pausing at times to listen, lest his declaration of intended absence might have been a ruse on the part of Michael to entrap her. But no; all was still, and patiently and vigorously she scraped the hard wall, slowly making her way to the socket of the bolt. At length, with arms and fingers aching, she lay down and went to sleep, knowing by the progress she had already made, that she would have time to finish her task before the return of her gaoler.

But it was harder work on the following day, for the grain of the stone grew closer, and the glass broke before it again and again. But patiently, steadily she worked on, pausing now and then to listen or to eat, though her arms and back ached with the unceasing exertions of hours. The streak of sunlight from her little window crept slowly across the wall, and then died out; the rosy glow of sunset faded into the gloom of night, but still she had not yet reached the bolt, and she knew not how early on the morrow Michael would arrive. It would be maddening indeed to be balked on the very eve of escape, and eagerly, frantically Norah worked away, as the darkness became deeper and deeper. Suddenly the glass broke short off in her hand. It was the last piece of the bottle which she had broken, and she groped about to find another. Then her hand came in contact with something on the ground. It was a box of lucifers. She struck one, found a bottle, and breaking the neck off, set to work once more. Now and then she struck one of her lucifers to see how she progressed, for she felt more and more convinced that if she did not escape before Michael's next return, all hope was gone. In the bright light of day she might be seen and brought back, even after

she had left the cave. Hour after hour she worked on, till, with an ecstasy not to be described, she felt the glass scrape the rough iron bolt, and in a few seconds she had pushed it back with quick, eager fingers, and stood free! Her heart beat wildly as she crept through the long dark passage in which she found herself. It wound on and on, now up, now down, till at length she perceived a little glimmer of light before her, and knew she was approaching the outer cave. Hastily, yet cautiously, she hurried forward, till a sight met her eyes that nearly brought a scream of terror and dismay to her lips. In the very mouth of the cave by which she had entered, sat a man, in whose broad shoulders and bullet head she recognized Michael White. He was gazing out to sea, apparently watching for somebody, and evidently had not heard her steps. Poor Norah! her heart sank as she found herself thus thrust back at the very moment of escape. She leaned against the wall for a few moments in an agony of indecision. Should she rush forward and pass him before he had time to see her, or should she wait patiently in the hope of his falling asleep? Even her terror could not bring her to the first alternative, and she stood perfectly still, waiting to see what he might do. Presently he turned his head, and taking up a bottle by his side, drank a deep draught of its contents.

"The coward!" he muttered angrily to himself, "he's afraid of this bit of a moon. He won't come, and I shall have to keep this girl here another night."

He settled himself against the side of the cave, and drank again and again from the bottle by his side. Norah watched him with renewed hope. He would soon feel the effects of the strong spirit, the odor of which filled the cavern, and fall asleep. She was right. His

head began to nod, then fell forward on his chest; his breath became heavier and heavier, until it was a loud snore, and he slept. With cautious, creeping step, and a heart beating so that it seemed to suffocate her, Norah advanced to the mouth of the cavern, past the sleeping man. Once he moved, and muttered some inaudible words, and the cold perspiration started to her forehead as she paused and held her breath. But he did not wake; a few steps more, and she would be free — another and another — the cool night air was on her face, the blue sky above her, and she was outside the cavern.

What sudden consciousness was it that made the sleeping, half-drunken man start up from his sleep just as Norah's head was disappearing beneath him? With a loud oath he sprang to his feet, and Norah, with a terrified wail, sprang wildly from point to point, clinging, scrambling, clutching in her eager haste, less fearful of the death below than of the wretch above, horribly conscious that he was following her with steps as rash and rapid as her own. She reached the bottom by the same huge boulder on which she had been sitting before she began her disastrous climb to the cavern; at that moment her eye fell on the fatal cliff, and as it did so a fearful scream reached her ears, a dark form dashed past her, and Michael White lay a crushed and quivering mass upon the rocks at her feet. With a scream of horror, she fled away from the dreadful spot, over the hard, smooth sands, towards the little village that lay wrapped in slumber. Her cries and knocks soon roused her uncle and aunt, who heard her strange tale with horror and surprise, and Harry was soon on the spot, holding his lost darling in his arms. The sun was just rising over the cliffs as the fishermen brought back the mangled body of their late comrade.

to his home, there to await his burial in the quiet churchyard on the hill; but Harry was not with them, for he felt that he could not look with charity on the corpse of him who had sought to do him such a grievous wrong. There were few followers and no mourners at the funeral of the smuggler; but bright

smiles and hearty good wishes were on every side when, a week after, Harry Duncan led Nora Grey to the altar, and many a grasp of the hand did each receive in token of the sympathy that all had felt for them in the troubles that had ruffled the course of their true love.

A VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

THE two points of attraction of my last Italian journey lay above on Vesuvius and below in subterranean Rome. In the Roman catacombs we had for our distinguished guide a prince of the Church, who devotes himself to their investigation. The great results of such studies are now known, and a more natural and correct picture of the first centuries of Christendom is produced than those obscure representations of deathlike paleness and the darkness of the grave. I wished on Vesuvius, ten times over, for a scientific guide. How many dark secrets lie petrified around it! Longingly I thought, amid the smoke and roaring of the volcano, of my honored teacher who enlivened his sparkling geological lectures with a poetical intuition. Another new source of rich recollections I now found in Italy. But this lay neither above nor beneath the earth; the best part of it floated, as in Kaulbach's *Battle of the Huns*, in the air. It was the spirits of the old Goths, who, over the ruins of their royal city of Ravenna, over the half-buried tomb of Theodoric, over that wide, solitary pine forest by the solitary sea, go hither and thither in the air, mourning and sighing that they were slain so soon. Yet, always unsatisfied, they cannot quit the sight of that beautiful

land in which Gothic virtue was at least able to establish permanent forms of government.

Yet of Ravenna and the catacombs perhaps another time; now I would tell of our visit to Vesuvius.

We had actually given it up. The mountain was too uneasy. As soon as it was dusk in Naples, the red tuft of flame shone upon its heights, threatening and solemn. All night through one saw every couple of minutes the summit veiled in smoke and fire. In Pompeii every one said, it is exceedingly dangerous, impossible even to climb up to the crater. Travellers who had come down from the mountain had scarcely seen anything but the current of lava which had broken out at the cone of ashes. There did not seem to me to be sufficient to compensate us, that I should ask my lady companion to undergo the pain and fatigue which I was able to appreciate from a former ascent. We went therefore from Pompeii as far as Sorrento.

For those who do not wish to go to Sicily, there is no more beautiful resting-place on the Italian journey than Sorrento. Our entrance was favored. Before the gates of the city Signor Gargiulo met us,—the proprietor of the Cocumella in which I had spent so many pleas-

ant days five years before. The host recognized and greeted me immediately. The great flower-terrace with its rooms was vacant, the house not too full. A few minutes later we were surrounded by the refreshing shade, the fresh scent of flowers, and the deep, unchanging quiet which fill this house on the shore, distinguished among all the splendid spots on the earth. Ah, what heavenly days of repose were those again in Sorrento. Our terrace projected like an elevated hall, far out into the orange-garden, over whose green tops one looked into the blue sparkling sea. From the green woods around, from the screen of flowers on the terrace, rise inexhaustible perfumes; from the sea floats up eternal freshness. But the Gulf of Naples is grand enough to be pre-eminently sublime and beautiful. The shore opposite, with the green mountain behind, the strand beneath as if sown with pearls, the blue pointed heads of the islands swimming in the pure ether, all combines to form the most magnificent tableau, and all is as if drowned in splendor, and surrounded by eternal rest. One observes not how time passes, in looking and thinking. And this sea so sparkling and so lovely! When we sat below between the rocks, how beautiful were the green waves in their swelling and murmuring, and so clear and transparent, like mountain water, transparent even beneath their mirror to the mossy rocks, below, down to the gloomy depths out of which the white shells sparkled. The sun goes on its eternal course in the lofty firmament, the shadows grow longer; suddenly all the water swims in a red glow, and then a mist sinks down, and the rippling and whispering and plashing of the waves becomes louder,—yes, it is evening; one has not observed the passing of the day in this cool rest and quiet, where no thoughts throw any shadows of

strife into the heart, and the soul is bright and clear to the bottom, as the wide, warm, blue ether around, and the illuminated depths of the sea.

Only a little disquietude ever again returned; it was Vesuvius even, which looked down so proud in its might, so challenging. As the ruler of the gulf it had already met us when we descended at Capua from the coach. How beautiful and magnificent he stretched upwards, clothed in the purest velvet blue like a prince's mantle, the white cloud of smoke like a crown on his head. When we rode down, two evenings later, from Camaldoli, and the sun was setting, the entire mountain seemed drowned in rosy light, just as if a mild inward glow had broken out on every side. And now he thundered sullenly through the silence of Sorrento, and now he threw up his sheaves of flame into the night. A giant of the gloomy primeval ages he projected into the gentle present, dark, mysterious, and hostile to man. The volcano occupied the mind even when one was not looking at it. On the fourth evening we made a sudden resolution, and a quick three-horse team brought us speedily the four hours' journey to Pompeii,—a lovely drive in the night through blooming fragrant gardens, or down by the sea beneath lofty hills from which the white towns threw down their lights on the quiet mirror of the gulf.

It was late in the night when we arrived at the well-known inn "To Diomed," which lies close to the gates of Pompeii. One finds a lodging at need there. The upper room opens on a broad balcony. We stepped out. The wide starry heaven shone and sparkled with great power and brilliancy. The millions of stars looked down so earnestly and solemnly, and yet the night was so unspeakably mild and beautiful, full of softly breathing

perfumes, of secret charms, as if beneath the veil of the gentle darkness were hid many sweet secrets. The old experience occurred to me, that Italy gives us northerners a piece of the magical charms and perils of the Tropics. Nature here comes so cordially near us, yet in her gentle embrace lies something which softly seizes on the nerves of the soul and dissolves thought and will in delightful sensation.

Next morning we departed at daybreak. It was a wonderful morning, the 27th April, fresh and colored and bright everywhere. April, the Italian month of flowers, had not brought us this year much good; it had been a very damp April in Rome, a bitter northern companion. But these last days at the Bay were like the finest May days with us, only interwoven with Italy's golden sun and her wealth of flowers. The roses blossomed upon hedges and walls. The broad cactuses and aloes shone leaden green in the sun, and the houses seemed buried in vine leaves.

In Bosco tre Case the people put their heads out of the windows, and my companion often received a friendly "Early up, early up! *bella donna!*" But scarcely had we left the town behind us than three men with cords and sticks came trotting by our side. I knew the fellows from old experience, and prepared myself for an endless clatter of words to the top of Vesuvius. It did not last long, however, we saw them moving up to the mountain, gray points on the dark ground. They seemed so lazy, yet proceeded so rapidly.

The vineyards accompanied us far up the heights, when guides and horses had been long since wading in lava gravel. Wherever there was an opening in the black lava rubbish a pair of vines spread their green leaves in the dry desert. At length they ceased, here and there were still to be found coarse

tufts of grass. Even these soon became scarcer, and gradually we were surrounded by the black waste. Nature, when she rages in her primitive fury, terrifies us as with evil, man-hating powers, but nowhere do her traces seem so really ugly, so adverse to all our senses, as on the bare lava fields. In the meantime we still advanced pretty rapidly. The line of Vesuvius when seen from Sorrento is exceedingly beautiful; it goes up and down in one pure delineation. As beautiful as the mountain appears to the eye, as easy is it to ride up, because it rises everywhere gently and uniformly. One is on a considerable height before one suspects it, and the view back on the splendid plains below becomes always wider and more magnificent.

While the lava fields at Bosco tre Case have been formed since fifty years, we came in an hour and a half to a species of small plateau where two streams of lava cross one another, one of which was still smoking a little. This one was a fortnight old, the other had flowed more than twenty years before.

From this out it became steeper, and our horses had to take hold in earnest. "Macaroni! Macaroni!" was the cry with which the guides urged them on. This word, which exercises the greatest charm on the people, must also sound joyfully in the ears of their horses. Nevertheless they were cruelly beaten. Some Italians treat their animals like machines, which feel nothing. I had to think of an esteemed lady friend of mine in Rome, who in the goodness of her heart had founded an asylum for old horses, in order that they might not be whipped to death under the Droskies. A revolting spectacle was by this means removed from the streets; but the Italians laughed at the waste of money, and a priest was not a little indignant,—because horses had no souls of their own! Our poor horses

panted and clambered up slowly, and began to stumble. We were heartily glad when the halting-place was reached and we alighted. If you fall here with your horse, you will not escape contusions, because the pieces of lava are as sharp as glass and iron.

The three men, who were waiting at the halting-place, rushed towards us to hold our horses and offer sticks and cords. As we had two men with us, we did not need so many services, and then began that wild play of grimaces, protestations, and oaths, which are meant to soften or frighten the stranger. They conjured us in a stream of words; if they had shortened their sweet night's rest for nothing and nothing only? Merely on our account had they got up so early. Therefore we should be grateful and considerate to them. As I proceeded on, only laughing and jesting with them, all five followed us, and one cried louder than another. But the higher we mounted the more civil they became, and at last all was pleasant and satisfactory, when my wife seized on the cord of one and allowed herself to be dragged along. Then the others stayed behind, and wished us friendly a good journey.

One could easily make the last piece of the way passable for horses; for the present ascent from Pompeii, which is frequently, as it were, paved with pieces of lava, is not to be compared with the former cone of ashes. For a lady, it is always a laborious task to climb up between ashes and broken stones and blocks. Even a man must often stop to take breath, because the air is so warm. However, the whole is child's play to that which a chamois hunter goes through on the chase with his rifle on his shoulder. Our mountains, indeed, are quite silent. Ascending the heights of Vesuvius, one has, on the contrary, the unpleasant feeling as if the broad

back of a black living monster were rising up under one's feet and one were climbing up to his jaws.

"At length," said the guide, "we are on the top; no farther can we go." Not at all agreeably surprised, I saw a considerable mountain on my left, on whose summit it unceasingly smoked, rattled, thundered, and discharged huge fragments of ashes and stones up to the sky. Before us, round the foot of this head of Vesuvius, towards the side which is turned from the sea, was a long break like a narrow smoking terrace, covered with ashes and pieces of lava, and streaks of yellow sulphurous dust. From here down the streams of lava had poured quite recently into the valley, which formerly opened deep between the Somma and the cone of ashes. The sharp reefs of the Somma still, indeed, projected, but at their feet now lay heaped-up disorder like the remains of a frightful deluge of black rubbish, sand, and stones. Also here above all was changed. Five years ago Vesuvius had a broad flat summit, in the middle of which was sunk the circular crater. Of this summit only the edge seemed to me to be left, on which we struggled forward, and the new cone of eruption near us had lifted itself out of the old crater. What was formerly a mountain of ashes now showed itself covered with hardened streams of lava. One could also see by the flying stones which poured out thickly at the edge of the new summit, that there no flat surface any longer surrounded the crater.

It was a real land of hell into which we three were steering, all full of smoke, which now curled upwards, and now rolled lazily away, all black or gray or sulphurous yellow, rubbish, ashes, and fragments thrown up above one another as high as a house, and from the thunderer and rattler on

the top new stones and blocks were continually falling down. The ground was hot everywhere, and if one only pushed away a piece with the foot, the warm vapor immediately poured out. A glance backwards, when the smoke divided, on the glittering landscape, on the light blue gulf beneath, it was as if from hell into paradise. Only the devil's kitchen was here high above, while one thinks usually of the dear angels being in the blue atmosphere.

We first came to a circular gurgling hole of about ten feet in diameter, from which poured out steam and warm sulphurous air. One looked down into the black gulf as into a round smoking chimney. Pieces of lava, which I threw down, gave no sound of striking against anything. Thus, far greater than the opening above is the interior excavation, as if it were covered with a crust. Were bandits to visit now, as they did five years ago, the heights of Vesuvius, they would find this very convenient, if they wished to destroy the traces of some murderous robbery. For what is thrown into this gulf is doubtless consumed in a moment, skin and bones, by the glowing mass in its depths.

When we had gone a few steps farther, the guide pointed to a living stream before us. It seemed from the distance like black streaks and shadows moving away rapidly in a vapor. To come up to it, we had to pass through a little hollow. The guide lifted and helped my wife quickly over it. I stumbled a moment; it was but a second that I had bent my head, but I thought I should have fallen lifeless, so stifling was the hot fume of the sulphur. At the edge of the lava stream, we had before us, as it were, a breaking up of black flocs, between which the red-hot mass looked out gloomily. The heat was terrible, for the opening, from which the stream pro-

ceeded, was only a hundred steps farther up. As we wished to go to it, and the guide saw that my companion had courage enough, he seized her again under the arm, and the uncouth-looking man led and lifted her skilfully and attentively over the clods and blocks which had very sharp edges. We had to make a little circuit, which again led us through frightful sulphurous vapors, and then clambered up to the warm edge, until we stood close before the oven which vomited forth the red-hot stream. The lava came just like a stream from a steep mountain, which breaks out suddenly without any grotto or cave, and flows down rapidly. On its exit from the mountain the mass was glowing red; but in the air the surface began to harden immediately, and break up into black scales and pieces.

Never shall I forget the quarter of an hour which I spent at this lava fountain. The crater was straight above us, and did its work with hellish magnificence. Every two to three minutes there was a shove through the clouds of steam which veiled the summit. Before this every time a dull roaring went on, as if deep in the earth, the latter began to tremble gently, then followed hissing and gurgling, then rose whistling, rattling, thundering innumerable stones and blocks in a perpendicular line to the sky with incredible rapidity, whirling clouds of ashes and steam between. High in the air all spread out, and fell back into the crater like rain. Often the ashes were blown towards us; thousands of stones also fell over the walls of the crater, and danced and tumbled down the heights, many times huge blocks rolled to our very feet. All went as if by time, just as regularly as the work of a colossal steam-kettle, which, indeed, would have to be four thousand feet high, and of inconceivable breadth at the bottom.

It was as if subterranean water was entering the fire mountain by minutes and seconds, changed into steam, and thrown out with all the rubbish which was in the chimney. Whenever there were two feeblér eruptions, one was certain to follow which was so much the more powerful, and which stood for a moment in the air like a gigantic black tuft. I cannot tell how this slow, solemn measure moved me, in which the most enormous powers of nature were here working. How often have I in the silent night leaned overboard and watched the regular heaving and sinking of the ocean. As formerly on the sea, here on the raging volcano I was filled with a presage of the immutable swinging hither and thither of the ever restless, ever equal pendulum, by which the immeasurable universe does its work.

The wind, which had hitherto driven the clouds of steam away from us, changed somewhat its direction. Suddenly we breathed in sulphurous vapors, scarcely could we see the ground. More quickly than we had ascended, we hastened back to the point of exit. There the air was free, and the wonderful prospect unspeakably refreshing and beneficial.

I had observed that the eruptions fell only over one part of the summit, and that the clouds which veiled the crater had, moreover, longer interstices between them. I therefore proposed to the guide that we should go from the place where we now saw the movement of the lava only from a distance up to the last height. He refused, however, most decidedly. "It is much too dangerous when the mountain is as uneasy as it is now. He would not take the responsibility. A stranger who had gone up three days before had returned with a shattered arm, half dead, struck by a falling block of lava. What did we want on the summit? We

could not reach it under half an hour, and we could not see a particle on the top from the smoke and clouds."

As the guide persisted in his refusal, there remained nothing for us in the meantime but to breakfast. Stretched on the warm ashes, we let our eyes wander over the splendid plains beneath. How the gulf shone! How the mountain peaks projected deep blue into the pure ether! Before and beneath us the true air of heaven, like a sea of deep, pure water, so enticing and so lovely that one might wish for a swing to rock one's self and float in this pure element, —and then a hot fume of sulphur came suddenly out of the black waste behind us, full of smoke and vapor and fury. Before us the air glittered with splendor and clearness, and if we turned round we could see it trembling over the hellish oven, just as the air with us in winter trembles over the hot stoves.

On the whole side of the mountain the different streams of hard lava stretched clear down. The stream which had poured down on this side a fortnight before had remained on half the height of the mountain, and stretched over the gray fields of ashes like a broad river of black clods and pieces. Deeper beneath, the older lava had formed a dark lake in the green pastures. Still farther down lay the ruins of Pompeii, which had imbedded itself right in the midst of a fruitful semicircle, beautifully bounded by hill and sea.

Yet the eye was always drawn away from the land as by a sparkling mass of light to the gulf and its shining surface. Here, deep beneath us, the steep incline of Vesuvius rose straight up from the mirror of the sea. At both sides the rocky coasts and, opposite, the strand of the islands, were surrounded by a mist like a thin silver veil, but high above, throned in

the blue sky, sharply notched, rose on the left the high-peaked Mont Angelo; in the middle, the huge rock of Capri, lying straight before the gulf; on the right, the proud royal head of the Epomeo at Ischia. On a sharper examination, white points sparkled through the whitish mist,—the Castle of St. Elmo, Nisita Vivara, Procida, Ischia.

Yet also in our vicinity there was something to see. Around our breakfast-place there swarmed little narrow chafers of a dark-brown color, like those one finds with us under every loose stone. How came they up? When one scratched the ashes with a stick, a couple of them would fall dead immediately from the hot exhalation. They had not, therefore, crawled up. Neither could their larvæ have lain among the old rubbish; for the ashes, which had covered it, had come too lately from the crater above us. The chafers must, therefore, have been, while flying—for they had wing-sheaths—taken in swarms by a current of air, and carried up the mountain. Still, their great number remains enigmatical. This swarming little life near the hot jaws of desolation.

When our breakfast was eaten, and our guide appeared in better humor, I again urged him to attempt climbing up the mountain. Again, with every appearance of terror, he refused and implored us to come some other day, when the mountain was quieter. I asked him what he would do if we went up without him? Then he would wait two hours, he said, and, if we did not come back, he would go down and give notice. As my wife, also, had long been convinced that there was no danger, we began to climb up. It was not so difficult, because the ground, although very hot in some places, consisted less of loose ashes than of stones and a new kind of sulphur-cakes. On looking back I saw that our good Curzo Dom-

inica—so our guide was called—had seated himself tranquilly. But when we entered the clouds, he sprang up suddenly, was with us in a few bounds, and played again the diligent and obliging servant, picking his way skilfully between the yellow heaps of sulphur. In less than ten minutes we were on the top. As if stunned, we stood in the beginning at the howling and raging and crashing before us and beneath us. We looked as if from the sharp edge of a wild upturned chain of mountains down into a huge black gulf, full of steam, from which boiling currents of air and black masses were thrown up. By degrees, when the clouds divided a little, the outlines became clearer and the view more quiet for observation. It was the most frightful, and at the same time most magnificent, scene, one of those spectacles which fix themselves powerfully in the memory and remain henceforth indestructible, just as when one has seen for the first time the great ocean in a wild storm and tempest.

Five years before, as already remarked, the crater was on the level summit of the mountain, in the middle of which it formed a beautiful wide circle. Its inner walls shone in every color, diversified and hung with the most beautiful crystals of sulphur, green and red and yellow and brown. The bottom was a level ground of ashes and sulphur; here and there a little cleft showed itself, out of which steam drizzled up. The whole was an empty kettle of immense diameter sunk into the flat head of the mountain, quite empty, and with beautiful yellow sides.

It was now altogether different. The crater seemed much smaller and much less deep, but it had black fissured walls with sharp reefs, just like the Somma when seen from below. A deep and black upturned mountain peak would give the best idea of it. The ground, however,

was level as formerly, and covered with ashes and sulphur. In the floor of the crater, straight below us, was a large round hole, exactly in the middle, out of which there was a constant hissing and gurgling. A yellow-brown mass seemed to be cooking and steaming inside. On the other side below, in the crater, stood a new mountain of ashes of regular form, which almost reached to the top of the highest reef. From the mouth on the top of this cone, which seemed to be only composed of ashes, came the thundering and cracking and the eruptions, during which the entire mouth of the crater seemed continually to tremble.

To get so close to the volcano to look, as it were, into its chimney, had quite a peculiar attraction. It looked magnificent, as the thousands of clods and fragments came rushing out, as just so many black rockets, rose in the air, and separated high up, in order to fall back into the abyss, or to be hurled over the walls of the crater. Yet I was seized with a slight shudder when a couple of fragments fell close to the spot where we had hitherto stood, on the declivity near the lava fountain. Here, above, we were out of the reach of the rain of stones. Danger would only be incurred if

one rashly stepped into the crater over the pointed cliffs. Then the crust of lava or ashes would break, and one would go down and never be seen again. One would be killed in a moment by the hot fumes of the sulphur. Every one should, therefore take good care not to forget the direction of the wind, lest, when the vapors surround him, he might jump some feet deeper into the crater.

The fumes were at last too strong for us, and in a few steps we were safe again. Then we went jumping and running and sliding down the mountain, the last reward for the troublesome ascent. The people at the halting-place called out to us their good wishes, and the guide who was with our horses quickly brought out fresh shoes, as those my companion had on her feet were not worth much. The horses, after their rest, brought us quickly to the breakfast and good Capri wine at the "Diomed," and three hours later we were again in Naples. When we came out of the San Carlos, about midnight, and Vesuvius was doing his best to fire and to lighten, he no longer seemed to us nearly so threatening and terrible. We had seen the great lord when close to him.

WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO TURN UP.

ON how many hearts will these words find an echo? "Waiting for something to turn up." We all know what it means in some shape or way. To me it is the saddest, weariest thought imaginable; to some it has brought despair and madness. How many weeks, months, and years have been endured and fretted away "waiting for some-

thing to turn up!" The poet's words about "hope springing eternal in the human breast" give a clue to the enduring power that enables us thus to go on "waiting," although the "something" keeps ever receding, and eluding the grasp of the anxiously stretched-out hand.

Let us look for a few minutes into

the home of a certain family, fitted by intelligence and education and honesty of purpose to do the work of life creditably. Great sacrifices had been made to prepare those fine bright youths for the battle of existence. There they are, with all their early fire and ambition, ready to fly at a moment's notice to any sort of work. They have friends and introductions, surely "something will turn up." And they "wait," and their little five-year old brother "waits," too, for the toys he is to have when the "something" turns up; but it seems very long to "wait," and at last the poor little fellow only looks at the toy-shop and says, nervously, "Mamma, has Robert got a 'swation' yet?" But they live on bravely, leaning upon hopes kindled by the promises of friends who were just the sort of people to hear of "something."

At last health and spirits begin to wane; the clothes, obtained to make an appearance when "something should offer," are getting shabby, and the home income, already far too small for the family wants, seems to have shrunk into something less than it used to be. Do you think these lads have sat idle and listless by the fireside simply "waiting?" Not at all; their "waiting," poor fellows, has consisted in many a long trudge, and many a carefully penned letter, to ask for employment. The work was long in coming, and the "waiting" was disastrous. The boys went wrong, the father died mad, the poor mother (she was a foreigner of noble birth; I remember her as a bride in her orange blossoms and ancestral diamonds) dragged out her days in extreme poverty, and fever at length released her weary soul.

There is a lodger in the top back room of a poor but decent house. He is a tall, pale man, apparently a gentleman, but very poor. He passes much of his time indoors, but

takes no meals at home. Perhaps he too is "waiting." He always seems anxious for the postman's knock, and generally, after the receipt of a letter, goes out, probably to post a reply, or call somewhere, in the hope that for him at last "something has turned up." Who can tell what are his privations, his weariness, lost chances, and uncertain future?

There is the lawyer, the doctor, with their cultivated intellect, high notions of duty and refined manners. How many of these, with and without family cares, are growing prematurely old with the same sad thing, "waiting for something to turn up!" Men and women know it equally.

A ladylike woman of middle age took a house in our neighborhood a year ago. She evidently had friends of position, for during the season I saw several handsome equipages at her door, and from the manner of their occupants towards my neighbor, it was easy to see that she was well known too, and probably loved by them—but, excepting a few arrivals and departures, the house has had no inmates but the lady and her two servants. I lately heard through an agent that the house was to be disposed of by letting or sale, and this induced me to make a few inquiries.

I learned that the lady has been a governess. After long years of toil, she has sunk her all in furnishing a house, hoping, through her many friends and by advertisements to obtain boarders, and so maintain a home. But no one seems to require the accommodation she has to offer, and she has been for a year vainly "waiting for something to turn up."

We can imagine how drearily the weary months have passed for that once active woman—how she has compelled herself to be patient, to sit day after day, nicely dressed, "waiting."

And her nights—how many sleepless ones! And now, poor soul, if she had no capital to depend upon through this long stagnation, she must be sold out, and turn again into the bleak world, and toil as formerly, but at a discount; for she is now neither young nor strong, and will at once be rejected by many as “too old.” We cannot tell what loving hopes and plans were in her mind when taking her house, possibly to make a shelter for poorer sisters now abroad, or the little children of another. Her scheme has failed, and she is probably penniless and broken-hearted.

We know, too, of a house, where the father is out of employment, and the anxious, toiling mother

tries to keep up the hope that “something will turn up.” Her little ones want clothing and education. The scanty means barely provide food and fring, but she goes on in patient trust. Her pale face tells of self-denial, and many a sleepless night.

And so millions on the wide earth are ever sending up to God’s throne the ceaseless chant, *Kyrie eleison, Miserere nobis*, all the while they are “waiting for something to turn up.” How many of our well-to-do people in business trouble their heads to give a lift to the boys of a struggling family? It is as great a charity to help middle-class poverty as the poverty of the poor.

THE PASSION FLOWER.

WHEN the Spaniards discovered South America they saw, amongst other plants new to them, a climbing shrub, having from two to three fruit-bearing flowers, unlike any they had ever seen. One day a priest was preaching to the Peruvians, or aboriginal inhabitants, amidst the wild scenery of their native forests. His subject was the Passion of Our Lord. His eye suddenly glanced at this curious flower, which hung in festoons from the trees overhead, and like St. Patrick with the shamrock, he saw with the eye of a Saint a vivid picture of the sad story of Calvary. The rings of threads which surround the cup of the flower, and which are mottled with blue, crimson, and

white, suggested the crown of thorns, stained with blood, to his mind, tutored by meditation; the five anthers, on the stamens, represented the five wounds; the three styles, the nails which fixed Our Blessed Lord to the Cross; and the singular column which rises in the centre of the flower, were made to bring before the minds of these wild savages the harrowing scene of the Second Sorrowful Mystery of the Most Holy Rosary.

So, without Bibles or books, did this holy man instruct his converts on the Passion; and to this day our beautiful creeping garden flower is called “The Passion Flower.” In all languages it bears the same name.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CHRISTIAN CEMETERY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY; or, The Last War Cry of the Communists. By Monseigneur Gaume, Prothonotary Apostolic. Translated from the French by Rev. Richard Brennan, A. M., with a Preface by Very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V. G. New York and Cincinnati: Benziger & Bros., 1874.

The Angelus in the Nineteenth Century and The Sign of the Cross in the Nineteenth Century, together with the book before us, are sufficient indicators from their very titles that Monseigneur Gaume is the preacher of the poetry of spirituality to a materialistic age, but they do not tell with what incisive penetration, beauty of sentiment, and theological accuracy he fulfils his labor of love. The satanic propagators of free thought, subversive of all religious principles and all Christian practices, have in their efforts to divorce the soul from God pursued it from the cradle to the grave, in their eager endeavor to prevent religious influences from gaining an ascendancy over it. The present volume is a sacred philippic against those infidel teachers who would banish all religious services from the funeral ceremony, as they have from the marriage rite. We regret that space and time will not permit us to give a lengthy detail of the sentiment of this truly beautiful work, revealing, as it does, the holiness of a Christian's body glorified in our risen Lord, and subjected to so many sacred ordinances and sacramental rites, as well as to the sacredness of that hallowed ground of the consecrated Christian cemeteries to which the body is consigned as kindred dust. The place which cemeteries hold in the Christian dispensation is also considered historically. In these days when the paganish system of cremation is assuredly gaining ground in the minds of our infidelity tutored people, such a book comes most opportunely. We are writing this review on the newly law-established festival of Decoration Day, and as we pen these lines, the music of the military bands which accompany our soldiers to the decoration of their comrades' graves with flowers, reminds us that even Protestantism has not been able to root from the heart the natural instincts of the dignity of our corporeal dust; how much higher

then must be the Catholic's regard for those human ashes, regarded in the supernatural glance of faith, and how deeply incumbent upon the children of the Church by a modest and duly restricted respect for the soulless clay, and the cemetery where it is en-brined, to counteract the attempts of wicked men to depreciate the immortal casket of the immortal soul to a mass of material corruption, thus depriving it not only of its tribute of respect after death, but sanctioning even in life the indulgence of those degrading passions to which the natural flesh is heir.

THE BALTIMORE GUN CLUB (from the earth to the moon). Translated from the French of Jules Verne, by Prof. Edward Roth, A. M. Philadelphia: 1874.

Jules Verne is an author ranking high in the estimation of many cultivated lovers of literature. He occupies the same position to French letters that Offenbach does to French music, being light, graceful, and humorous in style, and frothy in burlesque. Prof. Roth, whose name is so familiar to our citizens as to need no introduction, has been, to quote his own words, "fairly fascinated" with Verne's writings, and believing them "just the thing" for American readers, has determined to present the English speaking public with a translation superior to those already given.

"*The Baltimore Gun Club*" is the first of the series. In addition to the above-mentioned characteristics, inherent in all Verne's works, this one possesses the additional merits of familiarity in its author unusual for a European with American localities, and the characteristics and peculiarities of our people through all their sectional diversities. Indeed, the book is so thoroughly American in tone, and has been so admirably and naturally translated, that we are at a loss to imagine how it could have ever been at home in its native land, or felt at ease in speaking with its mother tongue; and yet, withal, it preserves the individuality of its native "Frenchness," combining it so charmingly with the originality of its adopted country as to make it one of the sprightliest and most genial of companions, es-

pecially in the "light reading" hours of the approaching annual heated term.

Prof. Roth's excellent preface so ably portrays the author's style, that we will merely say that the plot, if plot it can be called, relates how a certain club of damaged military and scientific martinets in Baltimore, started during the rebellion for the purpose of inventing all sorts of wonderful killing machines of the genus artillery. Finding that the proceedings of April 9th, 1865, at Appomattox Court-House, Virginia, had put a stop to their occupation, they were in danger of dissolution by natural inactivity, when their president startles them by calling a general meeting, and proposing to them to direct their engineering energies and abilities towards the organization of a projectile railroad to the moon. The rest of the work narrates the history of the attempt, with what a result we will not anticipate for the reader, for all good Americans are supposed to have the pride and welfare of their country sufficiently at heart, to take an interest for themselves in studying the solutions of all problems emanating from the inventive genius of the Yankee cranium.

THE FRENCH PRISONER IN RUSSIA.

Translated from the French by a graduate of St. Joseph's, Emmittsburgh. New York Catholic Publication Society, 1874. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son.

GLODY AND SORROW AND SELIM; or, The Pacha of Salonica. Translated from the French by a graduate of St. Joseph's, Emmittsburgh. New York Catholic Publication Society, 1874. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son.

We hope that we are casting no unmerited disparagement upon our own writers, when we say that we can always more safely recommend translated Catholic books than those from the pens of our native Catholic penmen. Not that the morality or sentiments of the latter are generally dangerous; we would by no means insinuate such an opinion; but that they utterly fail to convey the truths they seek to enforce upon the reader's mind, with that charm of diction or originality of thought which are so naively blended in the works of transatlantic authors. Especially is this true of juvenile books. Young people are both poets and philosophers; their minds must be reached through the medium of the senses captivated by the magic wand of

fancy. A fairy tale will impress upon them many a wholesome truth, where a sermon or prosaic instruction would find its occupation fruitlessly gone. Herein lies the merit of such books as the two enumerated above; a literary grace which seems to be the particular prerogative of French writers, arising from a simplicity of character, of which we practical Americans cannot boast. The illustrations which embellish these stories must add very materially to their effect, both as handsome publications and as a means of quickening the interest of our young readers in the stories themselves, which put in an appearance, as the lawyers say, most opportunely, at the commencement and holiday season when "premiums" are at a premium.

DE ABSOLUTIONE PARENTIBUS, QUI PROLEM SCHOLIS PUBLICIS SEU PROMISCUIS INSTITUENDAM TRADUNT NEGENDA NECNE, SPECIMEN, QUOD JUDICIO VENERABILIS CLERI AMERICANI ET EARUM REGIONUM, IN QUIBUS SCHOLARUM PUBLICARUM SEU PROMISCUARUM VIGET SYSTEMA, AD PROMOVENDAM PRAXIS UNIFORMITATEM, SUBMITIT, A. KONING'S CONGREGATIONIS SS MI REDEMPTORIS. IN COLLEGIO ILCHESTERIENSI EJUSDEM CONGREGATIONIS AD S. CLEMENTIS S. THEOLOGIE AC SS CANONUM PROFESSOR. BOSTONIÆ: TYPIS PATRICII DONAHOE, 1874. Received through Cunningham & Son.

We gladly recommend to the clergy and episcopacy this specimen; it being, as its title and the language in which it is written import, intended especially for them. The open discussion and the importance of the subject on which it treats, only serve to render its publication more important and most timely. It bears the approbation of several bishops and the Very Rev. Superior of the Redemptorists.

THE LIFE OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS OF THE ORDER OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL, by David Lewis. New York Catholic Publication Society, 1874. Received through Cunningham & Son.

Love of the cross is the surest mark of the Christian's love for God; the imposing of the cross is the most certain sign of God's love for the Christian. This we know is an incomprehensible doctrine to our ease-loving and corrupt pleasure-seeking age, and we therefore hope that this beautiful life of the great spiritual

son of St. Teresa, called as he was by a special vocation to be a most ardent lover of Jesus crucified, will not fail as a missionary to the votaries of a world enslaved by basest pleasures and degrading passions, even if the fruits of that mission be miracles of conversion. The fact that the book is the work of a devout layman should be only an additional recommendation to "liberal" Catholics, who live in a chronic fear of being overcome by "priest-ridden" sentiments.

THE CHILDREN OF MARY. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1874. Received through Cunningham & Son.

This book is a reprint of a well-known compilation, containing short sketches of certain very devout young ladies, who some years since edified the "*maison des oiseaux*" at Paris, by their exemplary piety. The handsome style in which this new edition is issued would make it a very neat present for the young lady members of the world-wide association of the "*Enfants de Marie*," and while serving to encourage their devotion and zeal, its perusal would at the same time not do one bit of harm to some of the "fast" daughters of the palatial house of Liberalism.

TIGRANES. A Tale of the times of Julian the Apostate. By Father George Joseph Franco, S.J. 1 vol. 12mo.

LIFE OF ST. THOMAS OF VILLANOVA, with an Introductory Sketch of the Men, the Manners, and the Morals of the Sixteenth Century. 1 vol. 12mo.

ADELINE DE CHAZAL; or, First Experience of the World after Leaving School. Translated from the French. 1 vol. 12mo.

AMELIA; or, The Triumph of Piety. Approved by the Archbishop of Tours. 1 vol. 12mo.

We have received from P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, the above new Catholic books, which we most cordially recommend, not only to general readers but also to our schools, academies, and colleges, as very suitable for premiums. We have postponed until our July number a review especially of the two first-named works, because the lateness of the date of their reception prevents us from criticizing them as fully and as favorably as we know their merits deserve. **TIGRANES**, the first on the list, is familiar to most of the readers of the "*Messenger of the Sacred Heart*," it being reprinted in book form from that popular serial.

MADAME AGNES AND THE FARM OF NUCERON. New York Catholic Publication Society, 1874. Received through Cunningham & Son.

It is scarcely necessary for us to review or recommend the two capital novelettes so well known to the readers of the *Catholic World*, in which their publication serially has just been completed, and which now come to us beautifully bound in the uniform style with which all the novels from that excellent magazine have, from time to time, been presented in a permanent form to the public.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From P. O'Shea, N. Y.: "*The Neptune*;" "*Rosemary*;" "*Truth and Trust*;" "*The Vestal*, an historical tale of the century."

From D & J. Sadlier & Co., N. Y.: "*For Husks Food*;" "*Gerald Marsdale*."

THE
CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. VII, No. 39.—JULY, 1874.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

THE LIBERATOR'S CLAIM TO PUBLIC RESPECT.

Hic niger est; hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

THE man who writes the history of Italy for this century will find a frequent necessity for inserting the name of Giuseppe Garibaldi. That man has had a considerable share in the political movements that mark the last forty years; not, however, as much by his suggestion of a motive nor his direction of movements. Garibaldi has been eminently instrumental in the great movements that distinguish the latter half of the present century, and his name has been heard in most of the calls for assistance in the cause of violent national change, or if not in the calls, at least in the response. The biography of Garibaldi will be an important ingredient in the element of history. Not as a statesman, for he has no single quality of statesmanship; not for military science or successful strategy: he has none of the former with which to accomplish the latter. One or two instances

are cited by his admirers of what is called his brilliant success in a military movement. Those who know anything of the history of the events with which his movements were connected understand well that he acted for the sake of action and not for results; and if, in the war between Sardinia and Austria, it is said by his friends that he was kept from position when action would have been conspicuous and probably would have produced important success, it is with greater certainty, with greater appearance of probability declared that a want of confidence in his ability to manage any considerable number of men induced the superior officer to place him in a position, which if it allowed of no favorable action, secured the whole army from the disadvantage of his mistakes; mistakes most liable to occur with one who trusted more to his influence in minor politics than to his

statesmanship; more to knowing of the passions of the men placed under his command than to his knowledge of the art of war. Events showed that the leaders were correct. Garibaldi was wisely kept out of the way of the main army; he and his sub-command were only slight impediments to the general force.

We have said that Garibaldi is not a statesman: he is a great destroyer; his whole idea seeming to be to disturb, not to settle; to upturn, not to establish. Nor has he anywhere manifested a disposition favorable to the people, excepting to nurture discontent and promote convulsions. Fortunately for him the circumstances of many of the people with whom he acts are such as to make it much easier to promote disquietude and induce rebellion than it is to soothe and make peaceful. Garibaldi has undoubtedly a strong sense of what the people have suffered by bad government, and this strong sense is much more likely to be correct than are his views of measures and means for alleviating those sufferings. He labors under an error common to reformers, viz., that the opposite of wrong is right.

We are not about to prepare a biography of Garibaldi, or to write an essay on systems of government. We intend only to present some characteristics of the man and of events in his career by which opinion as to his claim to universal admiration may be appreciated.

Three points in Garibaldi's character have commended him to the earnest approval of the mass of people with whom he has been connected, or who have heard of him as active in the revolution which is now going on throughout the civilized world.

One is his undoubted personal individual courage: perhaps no man doubted that.

Another, his unchangeable zeal

in the cause which he undertakes to aid. We need not cite instances to prove that be his opinion right or wrong, he is constant to the cause.

Another, and a very important element in the character of Garibaldi, is his entire disregard of pecuniary results, not merely his neglect of the ordinary means by which such men fill their purses, but his absolute refusal to profit pecuniarily by any position to which he is called.

When Garibaldi was the *dictator* in Naples, and commanded the millions of dollars which were a part of the spoils of the city, he, in his anxiety to get away from association with Victor Emmanuel and Cavour, and unwilling to touch a carlino that belonged to the king, borrowed ten pounds sterling of an English gentleman, and hastened to his island of Capræa.

That probably was only a striking instance of what had marked his whole dealings with the public. Certainly the people understood the act and allowed it to increase their confidence in him.

Having done credit, perhaps more than justice, to certain qualities and conduct of Garibaldi, and being willing to admit that motives honestly held by him influenced in all these, we now wish to refer to him as deficient in statesmanship, as dangerous by his susceptibility to flattery and his tenacity of hate and desire of revenge. Nor must we omit two other elements of character. Garibaldi, under pretence of dislike to a particular church, is an enemy and contemner of Christianity, and while he denounces, with more than gentlemanly emphasis, the public respect which is paid to religious institutions, religious places, and religious observance, he improves the opportunities by acquiring personal consideration, by accommodating himself to the habit of

the people, and making demonstrations of respect to what he coarsely denounces as superstition and folly.

It is probable that none who think at all, have ever thought that Garibaldi possessed any of the qualities which go to make up even a second or third rate executive or legislative officer. His career as a member of the Italian Parliament was distinguished more by his sullen retirement to, and his masterly inactivity at his island of Capræa than by any suggestion or defence of measures for public good in Turin. His consideration among men of political distinction was less for any qualities which he possessed for political action than for the good opinion entertained of him by the lower stratum of the people. Nor was it believed by the ruling classes that Garibaldi had *influence* among the people equal to what a certain indefinable affection for him seemed to intimate to the less observing. It was better to keep up that feeling of the lower masses for Garibaldi than to allow a more subtle politician and skilful warrior to supersede him, and to acquire an influence which might be dangerous to the views of the existing powers; and so, in numerous instances, Garibaldi was tickled with some evidence of public confidence, and intimation of considerable employment, which, however, was never to be realized, lest his unskilfulness should jeopard the plans of the government, or his accidental success should jeopard the government itself.

The rulers of Turin were corrupt and false in almost every respect; it is, then, natural that they should suspect others of the same bad qualities. But that government, bad as it was, faithless to its promises to others, was true to itself. It never rewarded Garibaldi for his exertion to extend Sardinian rule from Piedmont over all

Italy, and transfer the seat of power from Turin to Rome, because that government knew that its destruction of certain small governments in Italy was only a part of the plan of Garibaldi, and that some step in advance would invite the destruction of the kingdom of United Italy. There was a religious sentiment remaining among the Italians which had been more than sufficiently outraged by the language and acts of Garibaldi, and so the masters of the government aimed to pause while they yet had political power, and showed a little hesitancy in robbing all the churches, and paused to manufacture some reason or excuse for what had been done, and to prepare the way for what was to be accomplished.

The delay was not a part of Garibaldi's system. He wished to crush the Church forever by destroying the means of its perpetuation, and ruining as far as possible all evidence of its existence. That he was a contemner of Christianity is evident, not only from his habitual neglect, but from his gross vituperation; and one opportunity presented itself for showing his hatred of religion and of offering an insult to God in pouring ridicule upon the first sacrament of Christ's Church. In his dodging about Italy he met with a family that had recently been enlarged by the addition of an infant. Forthwith the mission of the Liberator must be glorified, and Garibaldi was allowed to outrage the religious sense of Christianity by conferring on the child the sacrament of baptism. We do not know that we are exactly correct in stating that the religious sense of Christianity was outraged by the act of blasphemy, for we recollect that it was presented to the public by correspondents of newspapers, and generally as an ordinary exercise of the liberator's power superseding the functions of the

ministers of the Church. In the baptism the name of Italy was used instead of the Holy Trinity.

"But Garibaldi was successful in his efforts to conquer the south of Italy and revolutionize the Two Sicilies, and, therefore, he must be a great general." The history of this event would be quite too extended for an essay. The strong government of Ferdinand II had irritated one portion of his subjects, and had failed to insure the sympathies of another part, failed from neglect to secure them by employment, and the island of Sicily had never forgiven the affront of withdrawing the royal family from Palermo, and ruling that faithful island from the faithless peninsula. "Come," said they often enough, "take away from the capital city of this island the paraphernalia of royalty, or come and wear them here. We support the weight of a kingly government; let us have the benefit of royal presence."

The motley troops of Victor Emmanuel were landed at Marsalla, under the guns of an English fleet of three-deckers, that prevented the action of the Neapolitan smaller vessels, that should have, and without English guns could have, prevented the aggression. The troops thus landed proceeded to Palermo. Not a gun was fired, because probably none was owned in the whole distance from Marsalla to Palermo; and the conquest of the last-named city was, it is generally understood, the result of bribery to insure an easy conquest. It was stated that forty-four thousand ducats was the sum accepted for that purpose; and the marching and countermarching, and other mimic manœuvres at the gate of the city, were as much a matter of plan as it regarded the two forces, in that work, as are the movement of the two armies, that of the white and that of the red rose, in Shakspeare's historical play. And

the witnesses of the compact awaited with no impatience the result of the game on the deck or in the cabin of the British ship of war in the bay. It was not the military ability of Garibaldi, but the venal cupidity of one sent against him by the King of Italy.

Garibaldi proceeded to the conquest of Messina; that was not difficult. The city has no defence excepting the old citadel above it. To the astonishment of the rebel leaders, or rather the invader, the citadel of Messina was commanded by an old soldier; he refused submission to Garibaldi, who tried his military abilities, and failed. He proceeded to the Continent, and the citadel of Messina never yielded till the kingdom fell with the fall of Gaeta, many months afterwards. Naples was also sold out, and Garibaldi got possession without the exhibition of military skill.

The Neapolitan forces took position some eight or ten miles beyond Naples, towards Capua, and the entire want of practical military knowledge in Garibaldi was daily manifested. Neither he nor his officers could use a cannon, and in the daily skirmishes between the two parties some English and some American navy officers used to amuse themselves by discharging the field-pieces which Garibaldi possessed, but did not know how to use. The arrival of Victor Emmanuel with his army relieved Garibaldi from his condition, which was daily becoming worse; deprived the English and American lieutenants of the pleasant opportunity of exercising their skill in gunnery, and compelled Francis the Second to leave the beautiful capital of a nation which his father knew how to rule, but which the son did not know how to retain. In none of the movements of the invasion which ended in the destruction of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies did Garibaldi show any military

qualifications but that of personal courage.

We have already referred to Garibaldi's hostility to religion, and mentioned the instance of his ridiculing the sacrament of the Church, to show his feelings towards Christianity. We might cite other instances of conduct proceeding from the same motive, but we prefer to show that with all his contempt of religion and its ordinances, with all his affected hatred for what he termed priestcraft, he had the hypocrisy to desire to exhibit himself as a devotee of the Church, and as holding in a reverential regard what the Church declares to be a miracle.

On the 7th of September, Garibaldi came into Naples, accompanied by Don Laborio Romano, one of the ministers of King Francesco, and such was his desire to be considered a devout Catholic, that he persuaded Don Laborio to conduct him to the Cathedral, that he might see and adore the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, in the presence of the clergy of the Cathedral.

Don Laborio, though a non-believer in almost everything that constituted a part of a Christian creed, could not refrain from directing the coachman to drive to the Cathedral, and the "Dictator" caused his presence to be announced, with an intimation that he had come to adore the miracle. The priests in charge of the sacred edifice and of the relics of the sanctuary, were not without some knowledge of the extent of Garibaldi's piety, and especially of his profound respect for the miracle; and they sent word to the great man, who appeared to desire to show his condescension to the Church of God, that they should not violate conscience by displaying the relics to one who came only to insult by mockery, or to achieve a little popularity by hypocritical professions of

respect. Failing in this first attempt to impose upon the religious susceptibilities of the humbler classes of the Neapolitans, Garibaldi learned that on the very next day an opportunity would be afforded for another attempt to deceive.

On the 8th of September, the King of the Two Sicilies and royal family were wont to proceed, with remarkable pomp, from the Royal Palace to the Church of the *Pie-de-Grotto*, and, after formal reception by the clergy in a chapel specially reserved for His Majesty's use, offer prayer and thanksgiving. As there was no longer any king in Naples (Francesco having left two days previously), it was resolved that Garibaldi should take the king's place; so at the hour appointed, instead of a double file of soldiers extending nearly two miles, from the palace to the Church of the *Pie-de-Grotto*, a few pedestrians were seen passing along the *Strada de Chaia*, and a little later, a single carriage, containing Don Laborio Romano and Garibaldi, was driven rapidly along the street. When the carriage reached the church the two gentlemen alighted and entered the building, but no clergyman was seen, and the door of the king's chapel was found locked. Don Laborio and Garibaldi returned in an open carriage, and in a rain, which for efficiency could not be equalled out of Naples.

These two attempts to acquire a character for religious feeling signally failed, and never since has Garibaldi offended public sentiment by a public profession of regard for anything that belongs to religion. The baptism above noticed, in which Garibaldi officiated as a priest, was professedly performed to show contempt for the sacrament.

What would have been the effect on Garibaldi's future conduct toward religion had he succeeded in imposing upon the Neapolitans a

belief of his sympathy with them in their modes of worship, their objects and ways of religious regard, it is not possible to say; but certainly the rebuke which he received at the Cathedral and at the Church of the Pie-de-Grotto, soured him so much, and influenced his language and action so entirely, that it soon became a principle of those who followed him in efforts at political revolution, to follow him also in hostility to religion, so that now the revolution in Italy is absolutely *stayed*, by the difficulty which a portion of the people have to denounce Christianity and ridiculing its forms of expression. This difficulty is being gradually removed, and religion is being made the handmaid of politics.

The success of Garibaldi in achieving personal popularity was a great misfortune for him. He could not but see that the situation of public affairs, the disturbance in the north of Italy, and the success of a certain sentiment of disloyalty, were results of action and the consequence of movement in which he had no share; but as the public seems always to desire some individual to represent or be accountable for important results, he was not unwilling to be the object of public applause, and to consent to the decision which declared him the arbiter of nations and the liberator of mankind.

Those who were using the influence of Garibaldi among the people, and allowing him the reward of temporal glorification for events which they had planned, lost no opportunity to make him ridiculous, and to show his inability to sustain a position that required thorough plans and knowledge of execution. Among the triumphs of the professed friends but real enemies of Garibaldi, was a successful effort of a few Piedmontese to entice the liberator into a marriage, which they knew would, while it demon-

strated his susceptibility to flattery, diminish his chance for acquiring permanent power.

The *London Times* contained glorious accounts of the immense popularity of the great general, the modern Cincinnatus, the Washington of Italy; and it was by some said that nothing short of the first place in the nation could be offered to him. It was hinted by many that the ministers of Victor Emmanuel had become alarmed, lest Garibaldi should, by way of a stepping-stone to supremacy, find a princess willing to take him as a husband, and thus smooth down prejudice as it regards birth and wealth.

And such a fear was better grounded than many seemed to think. The people had been made acquainted with the gross immoralities of the King, immoralities which seemed to mock what little of public virtue was left, and to be without the small explanation of gratification of ordinary appetite: the habits of royalty there were not merely immoral, they were indecent.

Undoubtedly Garibaldi at that time was an object less of hope of what he would do as an instrument of Cavour and others than of fear of what he would attempt when he had orders to accomplish what Cavour and others were planning.

We have said that Garibaldi's movements in the north of Italy were specially reported in the *London Times* by an English lady, busy and noisy about Turin, and aiding in keeping up the vanity of Garibaldi. This lady seemed to have especial care of the liberator's public affairs and to have borrowed somebody's dictionary of glowing epithets. It was announced that an alliance between the great man and a certain noble lady was about to take place, and preparations for the event were detailed with wonderful precision. At length it was

announced that the greatest of great men had that very morning led to the hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished Countess —. Such a union, of course, allayed the apprehensions of the government, and Garibaldi, who had once enjoyed the domestic blessing of an accomplished sympathizing woman, whose highest title was to be the wife of Garibaldi, was left without any such comfort. It was a terrible misfortune, but it was the natural result of his new association with the artful and interested Piedmontese government, and the coaxing blandishments of an English woman, that could in no other way so effectually gratify a bad feeling. The countess, it is said, *returned*—but not to Garibaldi.

Garibaldi is now, or was a few months since, meditating upon his future,—learning, perhaps, that Cavour and others took advantage of a zeal not according to knowledge, and an influence that might be badly employed. He offers his services now to assist in almost any revolutionary movement, but the offer is respectfully declined. The political world seems to be sufficiently unsettled for the highest wishes of Garibaldi, but unfortunately for him his irreligious feelings are not satisfied with the ostracism of priests and the persecution of the Catholic Church. His anti-religious sentiments include opposition to religion of any kind, as his plans of political disorganization included every kind of government that implies restraint.

He has satisfied himself with aiding or commending any effort that tended to pull down; he seems to have no scheme for building up.

Another most mortifying discovery the liberator has been compelled to make, a discovery that the profession of confidence and approval which certain governments have made toward him were only intend-

ed to incite him to action that must enure to their benefit, while they treat him with contempt whenever he has accomplished that *part* of his work which completed all their schemes.

Garibaldi was, it appears, the idol of the Piedmontese government when he was at work to procure the Two Sicilies for the king; but before he had accomplished what he appeared to think was his great work, Cavour steps in with his other tool, Victor Emmanuel, and shows that Garibaldi was merely employed to draw the chestnuts from the fire. Those who saw the convulsion of Naples at and after the departure of Francesco, cannot fail to recall the bitter disappointment of Garibaldi at discovering that his task was performed before his work was finished; nor can they doubt that he left Naples to escape association with Victor Emmanuel, whose orgies were offensive to a man like the liberator, who, whatever were his political errors, seems to have maintained domestic and social proprieties. The pertinacity with which Garibaldi has adhered to what he regards as popular rights, and his efforts to revenge popular wrongs, insured for him an enviable consideration among the reasonable. That he has not been able to do much for himself, or by himself, for the greatly wronged, is not due to any want of cause for his hostility to tyrannical government, but rather to his want of ability to sustain a position which circumstances provided for him, and to his lack of self-knowledge.

We concede to Garibaldi an ardent love of liberty and a strong desire to assist—to lead (especially to lead) in any enterprise which shall enlarge the political liberties of others.

We concede to Garibaldi entire sincerity in his professions of interest in the great work of human free-

dom. And that honesty, perhaps, descends even to his hostility to Christianity!! else would he not be so persistent.

We concede to Garibaldi a remarkable absence of all desire to profit pecuniarily by any position which he may occupy, a degree of disinterestedness which has had a very important agency in securing to him the confidence of the people.

We concede to Garibaldi an unusual success in winning the favor and confidence of the lower class of society. It may be said that he had also the confidence of the upper classes—and so he had; but the confidence of the lower classes was perfect and unlimited. They depended on his plan and his thorough execution thereof. The confidence of the higher class was founded only on his sympathy with the lower class, and to his ability to call them into action. The Piedmontese government never trusted Garibaldi beyond the first steps of aggression. The ministry watched his movements and checked or superseded him in military positions whenever it became possible for him to appropriate his success to the cause of popular government.

The British government willingly aided to discomfit the Neapolitan king and assist Garibaldi in invading Sicily and pursuing victory on the peninsula, but it had no confidence in his ability to secure the benefits of any success, and only countenanced the movement of 1860 to weaken France and to cater to a religious prejudice at home. Of the consequence of weakening France Great Britain can now judge better than she could when she assisted the invading Sardinian troops to land at Marsalla, and assisted with counsel on board of her own ships the invasion of Palermo.

We have conceded to Garibaldi personal courage, honesty of purpose, and indifference to pecuniary results, and a power of securing the

confidence of the lower class. But we have shown that he lacked military knowledge to handle an army of more than a thousand men, and that he was remarkably deficient in all the primary knowledge of a military officer, which would enable him to seize upon a favorable position on which to place his cannon for offence or defence, and, still worse, had accident or necessity suggested a right position, he was wholly unable to charge or discharge his guns.

His want of any qualities for civil leader was shown when he acted as "dictator" to Naples. The wildness of his schemes for benefiting the people was really ridiculous. The project to erect whole streets of palaces for the poor, at a cost of at least fifty millions of dollars, served to open the eyes of some who had believed that a love of the people would be better manifested by some scheme that would not ruin the city.

Those who are acquainted with the streets of Naples will confess the folly of a scheme announced by Garibaldi as dictator, viz., that he would cut a broad avenue (*Strada*) from the *Albergo dei poveri* (the almshouse) diagonally through the city to the lower part of the Marina, and erect on each side splendid palaces for the lazaroni and the working-people. There were other schemes equally as impracticable, or if practicable, ridiculous and injurious.

The sudden appearance of Cavour put an end to the schemes of Garibaldi, and added to his wishes to leave his residence at the head of the Toledo.

His deficiency in qualities that distinguish our great statesmen and warriors will, in time, place Garibaldi in the list of those who, seizing upon public agitation, did some good even among the great evils they promoted, and whose lives and conduct show that they seek an end

by unjustifiable means, and fail to sustain themselves or their cause for want of power to influence a people when the excitements of rebellion, invasion, or convulsion have passed.

Garibaldi is now a disappointed man, and he now sees that while he thought he was accomplishing a work of his own design he had been only the tool of others; and his personal insignificance was felt more by the consciousness that his work was checked when half performed because it was *his* work.

It was evident to lookers-on in Italy in 1860-1 that Garibaldi was watched with a vigilance that manifested on the part of the rulers a determination to encourage the man only so far as his influence was to aid the Piedmontese government, and when by any means the work of rupture had reached a point at which convulsion and invasion were to produce revolution, Garibaldi was disposed of in some way to mortify his personal vanity and separate him from his friends in the army. He was treated with an appearance of consideration while he was apparently leading a force against the Neapolitan government, but when a certain point was gained he was made to understand that it was necessary to *settle* some matters of government, and that his services having been accepted only for disturbance, he should return and make room for a class of military men who had been purchased with ducats, and who were willing to witness without protest or efforts at remedy, the ends which were consequences or a part of their own disloyalty.

Garibaldi never had the affection of the Piedmontese government nor of the new Italian government; he was watched and guarded during the trouble that preceded the conquest of Naples and the Two

Sicilies. He was like the lion harnessed to draw the car of an old Roman, more from fear what he might do than love for what he was doing. In his progress from Messina to Naples, and his residence in or near Naples, he was the continual object of espionage; and the follies which he committed near Capua were blazoned in a way to affect injuriously his relations with the people, and excuse the government for withholding its confidence.

Garibaldi felt all that, and taught his sons to seek for an opportunity of revenge. The wound which Garibaldi received in his foot from an Italian gun at a later day, while leading a small detachment, was the blunder or the unskilfulness of the Italian officers. It was not the foot, but the heart of the great agitator that was to feel the ball.

Garibaldi's love of popular rights grew and overspread most other qualities. He is now perhaps a *Communist*, and may persist, like the more illustrious Anello, who, in his frenzy to show his contempt for religion, betook himself to the pulpit and came down a raving maniac. What will become of the liberator we cannot tell. We do not foresee what is to be the extent of the revolutions in most parts of Europe; but certainly nothing more than temporary destruction can cheer his age. The first object at which he aimed, the destruction of the Catholic religion and of conservative political principles, will not be attained in his day; and while he mourns the general failure of his plan, he has to feel the deep sting of the bitter ingratitude of those who have profited by his labors, and have left him in his old age to sigh over blighted hopes and be anathematized by those whom he has clothed with power to oppress him.

IMMUTABLE.

SHRIEK out, ye fuming, foolish horde!
 Shriek out and lift your puny hands
 In rage against her; still she stands,
 Unawed, unbent by wrath or sword!

Look back, vain vanquishers of nought,
 Poor moths, that flutter round a blaze,
 Look back to her primeval days,
 And see what Heaven and time have wrought.

Behold the paths of centuries
 All strewn with wrecks of Throne and State,
 And where earth's proudest monarchs sate,
 The dust of long-dead dynasties;

While she, upon whose shield of truth
 Have rained the shafts of spite and spleen,
 With blows of empires dealt between,
 Still wears the mien and glow of youth,

Still reaches forth her saving arms
 To raise mankind from blight and sin,
 Nor quails in all the shock and din
 That thrill the world with wild alarms.

Great Queen of souls, not all the force
 Of ingrate, impious man can take
 One jewel from her crown, or shake
 The firmness of her sacred course.

Her feet are set in changeless ways,
 She rules by faith and love alone,
 Her realm extends from zone to zone,
 And choirs of ages hymn her praise!

Play out your plays of tragic hate
 Or clownish spite, ye little things;
 She never feared the mightiest kings,
 She fears you not, she well can wait.

Your days are brief, but hers are long;
 You flourish through a fretful hour,
 She moves with grand, majestic power
 Where time's great shades around her throng.

CHRISTIAN BURIAL; HEATHEN CREMATION.

OUTSIDE the domain of faith, in the old dispensation, and the sacred gospel, the prospect beyond this mortal life was a speculation perplexing and alarming for the ignorant and the wise in all ages of the world. It was a melancholy reflection for the Gentile that human existence might terminate in the grave, and the evening of life be succeeded by an eternal night. Beyond the visible boundary of death what would be the condition of man; through what scenes he would pass, whether he had cause for hope or fear, no human sagacity could discover. Around the grave it was entirely a region of uncertainty, a land of darkness whence no information was received. The vulgar amused themselves with fictions, the wise with uncertain conjectures; but that the body should obtain an incorruptible union with the immortal soul was not expected. Thank heaven! the light of revelation has dissipated all uncertainty about our future state, and has given us an inestimable assurance that the grave does not destroy our being, that the close of our mortal career is the commencement of immortal life. "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren," says St. Paul, "concerning them that are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." There can be nothing more cheering than this information, even amidst the other numerous and ineffable consolations of our noble religion. What, we may ask, is the greatest sadness of human life encountered in the mere consideration of man's mortal condition, the tenant of a valley of tears?

Will we cite poverty, sickness, "perils on the road, perils of the sea, perils with false brethren?" Certainly not. According to general public opinion man is not to be pitied, but rather congratulated, for bravely battling with such things; for, in the combat, he reaps the laurels of a hero, he earns the praise awarded to exalted mind, and to greatness of soul. The dark calamity extinguishing every light, the cold blight withering every flower, the sad cloud shrouding the life of man in grief and mourning, is to be found in death, and in death alone. Blessed, then, is the hope founded on faith, enlivened by charity, which reconciles to death, and disarms that last adversary of its terrors. We may justly speak of that hope as the first ray which flashed from the glory of Christ arisen to make the grave smile with the joys of life. In that fair light we perceive that, although it is appointed for man to die once, although the vital union between soul and body must one day be dissolved, yet the separation is temporary, and conducive to a perfect union that never will be destroyed. We are taught to look upon death as a retreat from fear and pain, the gate to immortality, the passage to glory, the avenue of heaven. For, we are assured, that "we shall go whither our Saviour is gone, and that where he is we shall be also." By the instruction of the divine WORD we know and believe that the hour is coming, when "all that are in the grave shall hear the voice of the Son of man, and shall come forth." He who was "made flesh," who was man to feel our woes and God to help us, declared that he would raise the dead, and for a testimony he arose triumphantly from the

sepulchre, thus guaranteeing that he would fulfil in us what had been accomplished in his own person. With majestic simplicity he utters the assurance, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." How this shall be is not a question of moral import. It suffices for all the purposes of religion to be informed that, though "we lie down in dishonor we shall be raised in glory."

Under the inspiration of those sacred truths the burial of the people of God has always been in harmony with the ordinances of religion, the instincts of reason, and the interests of society. Christian interment is an exact fulfilment of the penitential obligation imposed upon erring man by the Creator: "Dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return" (Gen. 3). It is proper that the dead be not suddenly forgotten, in order that wholesome instruction may occasionally be imparted at the grave. Therefore Ecclesiastes says: "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, for in that we are put in mind of the end of all, and the living thinketh what is to come" (Eccl. 7). None of the absurd, ridiculous, and impious usages prevalent amongst the Gentiles have ever been allowed by the true worshippers of the Judge of the living and the dead. The Patriarchs of the ancient covenant interred the dead in a most solemn and decorous manner. "And so Abraham buried Sara his wife in a double cave of the field, that looked towards Mambre, this is Hebron in the land of Chanaan. And the field was made sure to Abraham, and the cave that was in it, for a possession to bury in, by the children of Heth" (Gen. 23). When Abraham died "Isaac and Ismael his sons buried him in the double

cave which was situated in the field of Ephron." Isaac and his wife Rebecca were interred in the same place; and Jacob "charged his sons," saying, "I am now going to be gathered to my people; bury me with my fathers in the double cave which is in the field of Ephron" (Gen. 49). When the sacred history mentions funerals we never find the slightest trace of the barbarous notions of ancient or modern heathens. The action of pious Tobias shows that the people of God regarded interment of the dead as a duty of charity. The deprivation of sepulture was esteemed a disgrace and a severe chastisement. Hence the Prophet Jeremiah published this terrible threat: "At that time, saith the Lord, they shall cast out the bones of the kings of Juda, and the bones of the princes thereof, and the bones of the priests, and the bones of the prophets, and the bones of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, out of their graves. And they shall spread them abroad to the sun, and the moon, and all the host of heaven whom they have loved. . . . They shall not be gathered, and they shall not be buried" (Jer. 8).

Since the foundation of the Church, the faithful have been careful to testify to the doctrine of the resurrection, by religious attention for the remains of departed brethren. They did not burn them like the inhuman Greeks and Romans, nor did they approve of the absurd mummeries of the Egyptians; but like the faithful of every generation since the creation, they acted in conformity with the injunction of holy writ, which says, "Cover the body of the just, and neglect not his burial." Tertullian, writing in the second century, says, "They washed and embalmed the venerated remains, and expended more in perfumes for the dead than the pagans at their sacrifices." The history of the early ages of

Christianity gives full information about the imposing and respectful funerals of those who in life had been "marked with the sign of the most Holy Trinity." The corpse was enwrapped in fine linen, or silk stuff, and sometimes clothed in rich apparel. After an exposition and vigils of prayer during three days, it was conveyed to the grave, accompanied by torch-bearers and chanters singing praises of God, and psalms expressing faith and hope in the resurrection. Solemn prayers, with the most adorable sacrifice, were offered, and an entertainment called *agape*, with other alms, were given to the poor. Memorial suffrages were repeated annually, and a daily remembrance was made in the celebration of the holy mass. Some articles were occasionally interred with the deceased, to signalize their dignity and virtue; such were the instruments of their martyrdom, vials or sponges containing their blood; epitaphs, at least their names, medals, laurel leaves, crosses, and gospels.

In the faith and practice of every age regarding the care of the dead, we see the motive of the Church in all that concerns the demise of those who rest in the peace of the Lord. The holy spouse of Christ, who blesses the cradle and surrounds with protection the infant entering upon the journey of life, omits nothing of her respect for man, when he closes his mortal pilgrimage and descends into the grave, in submission to the penalty of returning to dust. The holy Catholic Church knows and feels that the Christian's corpse has been the dwelling of a soul made to the image of God, renewed by Jesus Christ, consecrated by the Holy Ghost, and nourished by the adorable sacrament, which is "a partaking of the body of the Lord, and a pledge of resurrection unto life everlasting." Hence the funeral

obsequies at the sanctuary; the lights sparkling around the bier, the aspersions of holy water, the wreathing of blessed incense, and the ceremonies whereby the Church endeavors to shroud the remains of those committed to her care. In like manner we can account for the prayer and benediction with which the cemetery is honored, to signify that we must regard as sacred the earth containing the bodies of those called to be saints, and who certainly become saints if they will live according to their vocation. Those venerable rites are not only honorable to the departed; they are instructive and consoling for the survivors, transporting our thoughts and feelings over the grave to the region of immortality, and verifying the communion of saints, by actually forming an interchange of holy offices between the living and the deceased.

We are not surprised, although very much disgusted, when at the present time the dupes of *modern thought* propose to perfect the Gentilism of our age by substituting cremation for Christian burial. Our Divine Master tells us that those who will not hear the Church are to be estimated as heathens and publicans; therefore it is quite consistent that the disciples of the father of lies should yearn for customs degrading to humanity, and revolting to common sense and to the holiest affections of religion. The proposal to burn the bodies of the deceased shows that its abettors are herest of every principle and feeling of Christianity. It is evidently, from the above statements, a daring contradiction to all that religion has taught and practiced from the beginning; a felonious attempt to reproduce the fetid usages of satanical heathenism. We are shocked at the exhibition of brutality, which would dare to treat as a nuisance that human nature which was

united with the divine nature in the person of the WORD made flesh to redeem and save us. The utilitarian profession of those incendiaries indicates a fraternization with Judas, who grudged the waste of the spikenard with which dear

Magdalene anointed the feet of our adorable Saviour. They would abate considerable nuisance by following still farther the example of Judas, in dignified suspension from the bough of the greenwood tree.

PHILIP LANGTON'S PROMISE.

I.

"Now hush, my dearie, hush, there's a man! Your mother is a poor creature, but she can take care of her little lad yet, and she *will*. It will never be *she* that will sit by and see him thrashed—not for all the Langtons and all the book-learning in the land!"

The speaker sat in her cottage kitchen, in an arm-chair by the fire-side, plaiting straw; a feeble, sickly-looking woman, with a querulous face. She had fretted herself into ill health two years ago when her husband died, John Morton, the Brent fisherman, who had lost his life one wild night coming home round the headland with his laden boat; and she was never likely, with her indolent and repining nature, to be anything but an invalid now for the rest of her days.

On a stool at her feet sat the boy whose unmerited whipping she bewailed—a small child, disfigured by abundant weeping. The room had also one other occupant, a dark-eyed girl of nineteen or twenty, who sat in the window sewing.

She sat sewing, but she let her work drop down upon her knees as Mrs. Morton spoke, and raised a face that was full of a strange kind of pain.

"Mother," she said, in a low intense tone, "I could not help it."

"You didn't try to help it," Mrs. Morton retorted quickly. "You

wouldn't care if Langton broke every bone in his body—as he nearly *has* done—bad luck to his ugly face," she cried, bitterly.

"Mother, hush!"

As Mrs. Morton spoke those last words the girl's eyes had flashed, and her fingers had contracted almost convulsively.

And yet few others, men or women, would have been much concerned at a far greater amount of vituperation passed upon Philip Langton; few who had had any dealings with him would have been disposed to stand up very warmly in his defence. He was not a popular man in Brent.

He had come to the place a year ago to be master of the village school, as it was called. High testimonials had procured him the appointment, nor indeed were his abilities ever questioned; *they* were all that could be desired, and more than were needed for the post. He was found, however, to be violent-tempered, haughty, reserved, independent, and soon got an ill name alike with parents and scholars.

He had been born and brought up as a gentleman. His father and mother had died when he was a child; at eighteen he had quarrelled with the uncle under whose guardianship he had been brought up, and utterly without resources of his own had left his house, and from that time to this his life had been a

restless battle and struggle. He was clever, ambitious, determined, and friendless. In twelve years, spite of his talents, he had risen to no higher post than this humble one of village schoolmaster.

In the same school at Brent, three months after the arrival of Mr. Langton, Margaret Morton had been appointed mistress. She was young to hold such a post, but since her father's death the support both of her mother and brother had fallen almost entirely upon her; and this circumstance, when the place became vacant last winter, had given her a strong claim to the appointment. She had besides been mistress in the school for some years; she was a good girl, too, and clever; everybody liked her, and before she had occupied her new post for a month it became clear that the whole school was of one feeling.

I say she was clever. In a very short time Philip Langton discovered that. Presently, moved, I suppose, by some feeling of kindness, he offered, if she cared for it, to help her to advance her studies. Perhaps she too had some ambition, some desire to be at a future time more than a village schoolteacher. Be that as it may, she accepted his offer, and she had now been his pupil for six months. He had found her quick, earnest, and trusting: repaying that trust, he had made himself to her patient, unwearied, and gentle. Master and pupil suited each other.

It was evening, seven o'clock on a June day. The school had long been cleared of its throng of children; books and slates were put away into their places; the brick floor was clean swept. At the girls' room the door was locked, but the boys' room was still open, and alone at the master's desk stood Mr. Langton, a thin, slight man, with a dark, resolute face, by no means prepossessing or handsome.

He used to give Margaret her

lesson usually about this hour, and he was waiting for her now. To-day, however, he had to wait a quarter of an hour or more before she came. When she did come at last he was writing, and only raised his head for a moment as he heard her step.

"You are late," was all he said.

"Yes; I was detained a little while at home."

She had brought out her books and arranged them before he moved from his desk. Coming at length in silence, he drew a seat beside her, and took the open book out of her hands.

"What have you prepared?"

"Those two pages."

He began to question her upon them forthwith. She could usually answer what he asked her readily; to-day, however, her thoughts were evidently wandering. He tried more than once to fix her attention, but still, in spite of that, the lesson was ill said.

He put down the book at last.

"You are not well to-day?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; I am well," she said, quickly.

"What are you thinking of, then? Not of your lesson?"

"No." She hesitated a moment.

"Tell me."

"I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Langton," she said, suddenly. "You were very angry with my brother this morning."

"Well?"

"You hurt him very much."

"I meant to hurt him."

"He is very young."

"Young or old, he did *wrong*."

There was a pause. Mr. Langton sat forward, leaning his dark face on his hand.

"Well?" he said again.

Her eyes had fallen. When he questioned her they looked back to his face; she began to speak again, and gradually as she spoke her cheek flushed hot and bright.

"Could you not be a little gentler with them—a little less angry with them when they do wrong? I know that they must be punished; I know that Tom deserved to be punished to-day; but—if you could be a little gentler! When you are angry every one misunderstands you. Oh, Mr. Langton!" she cried, "you do not know half of what is said against you!"

The tears had sprung up into her eyes; her earnest distress had filled her face with a look almost of passion.

"I cannot attend to all the fools' tongues in Brent," was his scornful answer. "Stand *you* by me and they may talk as they please."

"But could you not bear a little with them?" she pleaded timidly. "Mr. Langton, you must not think that they can do you no harm. They *can* harm you. They are saying already"—the poor girl's voice almost broke down—"they are saying already that you will not be much longer here."

"Aye? are they saying that?" and he laughed.

She gave him one sad look, and then dropped her head, and spoke no more. Her clasped hands lay on her lap; presently as she sat large tears fell down and wet them. She never moved: he also sat motionless. She thought he did not know she was weeping, but she was wrong there; he was conscious of every tear she shed.

Quietly watching her, he let the silence last for several minutes; then bending to her at last, he said these words:

"If it comes to that—if I am not to be here much longer—Margaret, will you let me leave Brent as poor as when I came?"

She started as he spoke, but she neither replied to him nor raised her head. He did not withdraw his look from her: after a few moments he spoke again.

"I have loved no woman before.

You are my first love, Margaret. Will you be my wife?"

She answered him then.

"What am I that you should ask me this?" she said, in an agitated voice. "I am nothing but a poor, ignorant girl. Oh, no—no—no!" she cried. "Your wife must not be one like me!"

"Margaret!" he said.

She had not looked up till then, but at that call, as if its passionate tenderness compelled her, she raised her face. What need was there to speak again? By her two hands he drew her near to him, and took her in his arms.

II.

THEY told no one of their engagement, for they knew the outcry that would on all hands follow its discovery, and no one suspected it. For three months they were both happy.

Even in the school during these months there was improvement. Margaret's power over Mr. Langton was very great; one word or one look from her, one touch of her hand, could subdue him in his angriest and haughtiest moods; and, rendered pliable by his love for her, he strove, and often strove successfully, to bend his pride and curb his temper. Thus, for a time, all things went wonderfully well. But this hollow kind of peace was not a thing to last. Margaret could not be always by his side, or in his sight; and one day at length, in an unlucky hour, suddenly, without warning, the three months' tranquillity expired.

At last the bitter feeling so long pent up in the breasts of the busy people of Kent broke forth in an open quarrel with Mr. Langton. They were really wrong in the ground of quarrel and Philip right; but Philip, in his indignation, forgot all deference due to them as his employers, stood up before them as their equal, and the end of that

day's business was that when the door of the schoolhouse closed that afternoon, it closed forever upon Philip Langton.

He had written the sentence of their separation. Margaret knew that, but she did not reproach him. They met together that evening for the last time, at the foot of a cliff beside the sea, which had witnessed many a meeting of theirs before, with the calm wide water stretching from their feet.

"It must have come, sooner or later," he said. "Do not grieve so for it, my darling. I was wasting time here. My going now will only bring me back to you the sooner."

She looked up wistfully to his face.

"The future is all so dark," she cried; "we cannot see into it. I feel as if I was holding the last link of a golden chain; and to-night—to-night before I sleep—it will have fallen from me."

"No; it will *not* have fallen!" he answered, cheerfully. "Your hand grasping one end, mine holding fast the other, it will remain stretched out between us until the hour that I come back. Margaret, I will work for you; I will struggle for you; I will rise for you. And *you*," he cried, "wait for me! for no power, but the power of God taking my life, shall keep me from coming back."

"I will wait," she said. "I will wait years and years. If you die before I ever see you again I will wait for you till we meet in heaven."

III.

SHE did wrong to keep their engagement from her mother. Poor Margaret knew that, and was troubled by the knowledge; but she had not courage to awaken the storm of abuse which she knew well would fall upon her head should she divulge it, so she let time pass on,

and told her mother nothing. She kept her secret for two years, hearing from her lover occasionally, but not often, and living on her silent trust in him.

After these two years were ended, one day, a bright summer afternoon, Mrs. Morton stood at her cottage door, shading her eyes from the strong sunlight as she looked eagerly towards the schoolhouse, whence the school-children were coming pouring out and swarming down the road, and whence presently, with a step that was slower than theirs, came Margaret. Mrs. Morton's tongue was loosed as she drew near.

"Oh, dear me! what a time that school does keep you!" she ejaculated. "Such a state I've been in all day; my poor head's just worn out with thinking. Margaret, you never will guess as long as you live, but what *do* you think the postman brought me here this morning?"

"What, mother?" As she spoke Margaret's whole face flushed.

"Oh, you may well ask what. I tell you you'll never guess. Why, he brought a letter from your Uncle Tom, in America—who might have been dead and buried, for anything I've known, these five years—and he's sent us money to go out to him. Yes—he says we're to go out to him, every one of us, and he'll keep us as long as we live. Why, Margaret!" Mrs. Morton cried. "Margaret! God bless the girl, are you going to faint?"

"Mother, come in. Mother, come in and shut the door."

White and trembling Margaret passed into the kitchen. She let her mother join her there, and grasping her hands tight within her own, she began to speak hurriedly, in a low, constrained, almost hard tone.

"Mother, I cannot go; I cannot leave England," she said. "If you go, you must go alone. No—no—don't look like that at me. I

have had news, too, to-day. Oh, mother!" she cried, all hardness suddenly breaking down as she clasped Mrs. Morton's hands upon her breast, "speak gently to me, look kindly on me. Dear mother! dear mother! I am going to be Philip Langton's wife."

Mrs. Morton stood before her daughter, face to face, and caught her by her arms.

"You are going to be *what*?" burst from her lips. "Going to be *what*?" she cried.

"I am going to be his wife." Her answer came almost triumphantly now. "I promised him long before he went. He wrote to me to-day to tell me that he could marry me. And he is coming!" she cried, the light flashing up into her face.

It was the last flash of gladness that lighted that poor face for many a day to come. Margaret had told her secret, and what followed was a storm of tears and passionate reproaches so violent as to exhaust all the small stock of strength that Mrs. Morton had, and force her, before many hours were over, to her bed, where she lay and sobbed and moaned all night, and by morning had worn herself ill enough to make Margaret unable to leave the house. Throughout that whole day, from morning to night, her daughter sat beside her, listening to her reproaches and her self-bewailings, and her passionate entreaties. For years past, indeed for wellnigh her whole life long, Mrs. Morton had been very well aware that her strength lay in her fretful pertinacity, and her deadness to every other creature's comfort but her own. In former days she had ruled her husband by her querulous selfishness; for years she had ruled her daughter by the same means: selfishness was to her her armor of proof, and, as she had resorted to it in countless straits before, so she resorted to it now. Margaret had

worked for her, and devoted herself to her, and humored her, and Mrs. Morton felt that it would be hard now to do without this filial care; and feeling this, whatever a generous and noble nature could least bear to have itself accused of, these things did the mother launch at her daughter's head. She hung herself as a dead weight round Margaret's neck, and then, wringing her hands, called every one to witness how Margaret was about to throw her mother off.

For two days Margaret bore this persecution almost in silence, sitting hour after hour by her mother's side, with her poor heart growing cold and faint within her. What should she do? They were all against her — mother, brother, friends; she had no one to take her part, no one—not a single one—to utter Philip Langton's name except with abuses or reproach. What should she do? Hour after hour for those two weary days the poor girl's desolate passionate question went up to heaven.

And slowly and relentlessly, as those hours went on the hope that had been her torch so long paled and died out. "She fought for two days, and then the battle ended. When the evening of the second day came she knew that she must give him up.

She must give him up—her love! her life! She was sitting when the struggle ended by her mother's side, who, worn out with forty-eight hours of fretting, was lying at last with closed eyes and lips. She had lain so for half an hour, her thin face shrunk, her pale cheeks hollowed with those two days' illness, and for half an hour Margaret had sat and watched her. Sat in the deep silence—the first moments of peace that had been given her—and watched her as she lay there, sickly and feeble and lonely, till a conviction rose within her heart that conquered her—a despairing

hopeless conviction—that she *dared* not leave her.

She sat when it had come, and rocked herself to and fro, crouching her head, putting out her hands and covering her face, moaning over and over again some low, unintelligible, broken-hearted words. She never changed sound, or movement till Mrs. Morton's querulous voice broke on her misery. She only changed them then to raise her white face to her mother, and strive to utter words which at her first effort choked her and would not come.

And when at last, kneeling by the bedside, with her face pressed upon her outstretched hands, the poor girl uttered them, giving her broken-hearted promise that she would go, for her reward there came this answer:

"Could you not have said as much at the beginning," Mrs. Morton said, "without doing your best to kill me first? But you are still as you have been all your life—thinking of no creature in the world except yourself."

IV.

THE promise was given, and from that time onward she was altogether passive. The chief object of every one about her was to hurry her away before Philip Langton could hear that she was going. She knew this, but she never said a word. Living as they did they only needed a few days to make their preparations for departure.

She sat, on the last night, in her own room alone. Through all the week poor Langton's unanswered letter had lain upon her heart. To-night she wrote to him.

Like one whom sorrow had stunned into insensibility, she told him all that had been done; she told him of the promise she had given, almost without one demonstration of emotion. And only then, when all was said, suddenly at some stray thought—the chance recalling of a

few words uttered long before—all the great agony of her heart burst forth.

"Do you remember," she said, "that evening when we parted, how I told you that I felt as if I had hold of the last link of a chain?"

And then—

"What am I to do?" she broke out wildly. "Oh, my God! what am I to do? How am I to live all my life long alone? Oh, Philip, help me! Philip, have mercy on me! write me one word, or I shall die. Oh, if I could have seen you once more—only once more—only once more before I go! All day long—all night, as I lie awake, I think of it. Oh, Philip! write to me—write to me and forgive me, or my heart will break."

She had been in her new home for a month when the answer to that appeal was brought to her. A hard and cruel answer. This was what it said:

"I trusted all my happiness to you, and you have wrecked it. For this I give you *no* forgiveness. From your solemn promise to become my wife—from your solemn promise to wait for me till I should come and claim you—no power on earth had the right to set you free. You have broken those promises of your own weak choice and will. Had I been by your side you had not dared to do this wrong to me. If you had been faithful I would have loved you as never living man will love you now. I would have cherished you as never man will cherish you. You have chosen your own lot apart from me. And I——"

The letter broke off here. To this last blank desolate line there was added nothing but the passionate bitter cry—"Margaret! Margaret!"

V.

A PLEASANT room, with windows opening to a terrace, and beyond,

a garden sloping to the sea. A summer day in southern latitudes.

"And so, after all these years," cried a lady reclining on a cushioned sofa, "Henry Fitzgibbon has come back again!"

"Aye, he has come at last."

"I am so curious to see him. We must go early, Mr. Travers, and have a talk with him before the other people come. And with regard to the girls, Miss Morton"—Mrs. Travers raised herself a little, and turned her head—"as my sister likes you to be early, you had better join us about eight."

At the far end of the room Margaret Morton sits writing, with a cheek that nine years have paled, and a figure that their hand has made more slight. All the rounded comeliness of former days is gone; and yet that calm, refined, strong face is beautiful now with a beauty it never possessed of old. The dark eyes have a deep tender look in them, sometimes sad, oftener composed and cheerful; for she has wrought her way out of that great anguish of her youth, and it shades her years now only with a silent and subdued sadness, not any longer with passionate sorrow and revolt.

Yet the *love* that caused that bitter suffering has been the leading star—the refining element of her life. Its influence has led her in everything that she has done—in everything that she has struggled to become. She has been true to it in her whole heart and being, in spite of Philip's injustice, in spite of her own renunciation.

She has risen to the position of a governess in a merchant's family. Hither and thither her lot has led her, during these nine years, over that wide American continent: she is now in a pleasant southern town on the coast of Florida. She is all alone in the world. The kind uncle who brought her over is dead; the sickly mother dead, too, a year ago; her brother, the only one remain-

ing, is a fortune-seeker in California.

"You will be at my sister's at eight o'clock," Mrs. Travers said; and at eight o'clock Margaret and her two pupils sat in Mrs. Maurice's drawing-room.

She sat before a side table strewn with books, and whiled the time away in turning them over. There were a few small groups of ladies in the room, making a faint buzz of conversation, but it was not loud enough to interrupt her. For a long while she read undisturbed, until the feeble buzz at last leaped into quicker animation, for the drawing-room door was opened, and new voices sounded, new faces entered and filled the room.

A few feet from where she sat there stood a small empty sofa. Towards this there presently came two persons, and took possession of it—Mrs. Travers, and a gentleman whose face was strange to Margaret. As they sat down it was he who spoke first.

"Begin from your own marriage, and tell me everything," he said. "What has become of all my old friends? I can scarcely see or hear of one of them."

"I can give you a score of histories," she answered. "Who shall I begin with?" And they fell at once into an animated talk together.

It might have lasted perhaps for half an hour, when, after a momentary pause, Margaret heard these words:

"In the midst of all this," Mrs. Travers's companion said, "how in the world have you contrived to be so little changed? To look at you I can scarcely believe that I have ever been away; yet the whole morning I have been complaining to Langton that I cannot recognize a single face I see."

She looked up with an involuntary start, but it was only for a moment. She had heard strangers called by the name before. There

were more Langtons in the world than hers.

"By the way," Mrs. Travers said, "who is this Mr. Langton? Where did you pick him up?"

"Langton? Oh, he is a man with some name in political circles in England. He is just now secretary to Lord —."

"He is not in the room at present, is he? I am so blind—but I don't see him."

"No; he and Travers got into a discussion together, and we left them to fight it out."

They turned the talk back to their own affairs. With a low sigh Margaret stooped her face again upon her book. "It is not Philip, it is not Philip," she whispered to herself. Bending her head she shaded her eyes, and for a minute closed their lids; and before her attitude was altered, before her eyes were reopened, there fell upon her ear the long-unheard voice.

"How beautiful your open sea here is," it said. "It brings to my mind the only place where I ever lived before by the open sea—a little village in the south of England."

She looked up and saw him. That vision that nine years had robbed her of; that lover to whose memory her life, with all its struggles, successes, endurances, had been an offering. There, before her, his foot within a pace of where she sat, his dark familiar face clear in her sight; familiar, and yet how strange, after this absence, this silence, this abnegation of nine years.

A hand was laid kindly on her arm, and on her ear came the tones of another voice—

"You feel this room very hot," it said, "do you not, Miss Morton? I am sure you are hot, you look so pale and tired. Come away with me, and let us take a little walk upon the terrace."

The outstretched hand drew her from her seat. Oh, this was cruel!

There leaped up to her lips one pitious cry—one helpless cry of passionate resistance; and then she rose and went. Away she went, from where her hungry eyes had rested, to the dimly-lighted terrace.

"Now take my arm; we will walk for a little here."

She answered, "Yes," but she could not do it. She tried, and walked a dozen steps; then suddenly stood still and cried—

"Let me sit down."

She leant against a pillar near her.

"Mrs. Carlton, let me sit down! Here, where it is not light; oh here, where it is not light!" she cried.

"My dear, there is no seat: stand still one moment."

Pausing to ask no questions, Mrs. Carlton hurried to the house. She was absent for a few seconds; then she returned, and not alone. Another arm was laden with the chair that she had gone to find, and another hand set it by Margaret's side.

"Thank you, Mr. Langton. Now, my dear, sit down. You will be better soon in this fresh air."

She sat down as she was bidden; helplessly, without a word. She gave no thanks.

Having come, he stayed. Deliberately and at once he took the place where she had stood, and leant where she had leant against the pillar. He stood with his face partly towards her, with the light upon it.

"We shall never teach this northern snowdrop to bear our southern warmth," Mrs. Carlton said. "Mr. Langton, are all your countrywomen so hard to accustom to new climates? Are they all such fragile creatures as this one?"

He turned his head where Margaret sat, and looked at her. Following that look there came no change upon his face, no token in him of recognition, nothing but this quiet answer—

"You are used to a warmer coloring here. Our northern snows rob Englishwomen of that."

"And yet England is a good way from the pole. And *you* are not like a snowdrop, Mr. Langton, at all."

"I am scarcely English; my mother was an Italian."

"Was she? I did not know. And have you lived in Italy? Ah, Mr. Langton!" she cried suddenly, in a quick outburst of her southern enthusiasm, "tell me about Italy. What parts of it do you know? Do you know Rome and Venice? Ah, tell me about them."

Her request was eager, but he was very slow to do her bidding. Possibly his thoughts were occupied to-night with other things than Italy's falling palaces and walls; yet presently her quick questionings roused him: he warmed and spoke. There, where the light fell on his face, illumining each kindling lineament, he stood and talked to her of the mighty cities of the south.

It was a thing that might have been a dream, so strange, unreal; the southern summer night and the softened lights; the scene so unlike all scenes of home, and yet in the midst of it, so calmly, quietly mingling with it, that one home figure, the centre star of Margaret's life. But even he so changed. All calmed, softened, refined; the old dark face, dark and irregular still, but in its whole expression grown so full of harmony and strength; its restive pride composed, its aggressive temper all subdued.

She listened to him as he talked, listened at first with a strange thrilling wonder of delight, then presently with a nameless sickening pain. Oh! she had striven all these years to reach up to his height, and he had left her in the race, as if she had not run.

"And now, after all your European wanderings," Mrs. Carlton said, "you have at last come here."

He answered, "Yes."

"Are you going farther south?"

"No; I shall retrace my steps now."

"But not at once, I hope?"

"I may leave to-morrow. If not to-morrow, still as soon as possible."

Sitting in the shadow, Margaret heard, and lifted up her head, swiftly, suddenly, driven by the startling cry of her sharp misery. She lifted up her head, and her raised eyes saw—

Oh! this was no stranger's look upon her—this was no stranger's gaze, sending its keen light through her!

"So soon as to-morrow? Why, Mr. Langton, you will have seen nothing."

"I shall have seen what I came to see," he answered.

"Ah well! About that I cannot speak," she said laughing; and there was a few moments' pause, which was broken presently by a sound of music coming through the opened door.

"That is Mrs. Travers's voice," Mrs. Carlton said. "Mr. Langton, you must come and hear her, she has the finest voice I know. Miss Morton will you remain here, or come with us? You had better both come."

She went forward towards the door, and Mr. Langton followed her. One moment Margaret saw the two figures stand upon the threshold; then one went forward and the other retraced his steps.

He came back in silence, calmly and quietly, to the place that he had left, into Margaret's full sight—there where she sat motionless, her clasped hands as he neared her only closing their fingers tighter.

He stood before her in silence for several moments; then, through the distant music, she heard his voice.

"She said I should see nothing," he said abruptly. "She ~~was~~ wrong. Shall I tell you what I have seen?"

His eyes were directed towards her, but he did not wait for her to speak. Before she could reply he spoke again.

"She told me to tell her about ruined cities. There are other ruins besides fallen stones. One such," and his voice sank into infinite tenderness, "I have seen to-night,—a temple that I left entire—fresh from God's hand."

She rose up suddenly from her seat and stood before him with her slight figure erect, and with all that she had in her of gentle pride gathered upon her face.

"My white face does me wrong to-night," she said. "I am no ruin. I have known sorrow as others have; but no sorrow I have felt has crushed me. I have grown to look old, perhaps; but I am not young now, even in years."

His dark face had for a moment thrown off its mask, but all tenderness that in word or look had begun to appear in him shrank back before her words. The pause that came when she ceased to speak was broken by this cold reply:

"If there has been no suffering then my petition may be granted the more easily. I have come a long way," he said slowly, "to ask your forgiveness for a wrong done to you long ago." He paused for a moment, and then his voice grew bitter as he ended. "It will cost you little to grant it. When the pain of a wrong has ceased, we can forgive the wronger easily."

She had been very calm outwardly when she had spoken, but now her hands were crushed to-

gether, and her eyes, fixed on his face, were troubled and dark. She stood one moment shivering; then all her love rose in a wild defence, and out of that nine years' silence leaped this cry—

"It has not ceased! oh, the pain has not ceased!"

Her head fell down upon her parted hands, she hid her face upon them, and broke with passionate helplessness into a low piteous sob.

And then as she stood there desolate, once more, in its deep loving tenderness, she heard his voice—

"Margaret, I have been faithful," he cried. "In spite of that harsh wrong I have lived for you. I have worked for you. I came to pray for more than forgiveness. I came to pray for my reward."

It was far away that English village by the old familiar sea, yet, before his tones had died away, how there flashed back on her a picture of it, clearer than the sight of tropic land. She lifted up her eyes—the loving gaze of old was on her face; she raised her arms—they fell to their old place upon his neck; she spoke to him.

Long years ago he had told her to wait for him till he came back. Like a child delivering up its trust, she whispered—

"I have waited!"

That was all. From him there only came one passionate low utterance of her name. Then between them there was perfect silence, and they stood beneath the tropic trees as they had stood nine years before under the sea-cliff at Brent.

THE CATHOLICS AND THE CENTENNIAL.

THE golden maxim, "Man, know thyself," applies not only to the study of ourselves as the noblest of God's creation, but likewise to our relations with those various forms of government in which our conduct as men and citizens may render us suited or unsuited to the part we are called to play in society.

As men we must study our relations to our fellow-man, how we may best fulfil our obligations to the government that we rejoice in calling our own, not because we established it, but because we are called through our personal responsibilities and obligations, as far as in us lies, to defend and perpetuate it.

Simply as citizens this obligation is binding; as Christians another link is placed to this chain of duty, while as Catholics, members of a church always on the side of the weak, we are doubly bound to study our position in a government which professes equal respect for the poor as for the rich, and while submitting to all laws made for the amelioration of the condition of both, repel, with the energy of conscious duty, anything that might tend to circumvent or destroy the glorious privileges secured by our venerable predecessors of 1776.

No portion of American history has greater charms for the Catholic student than the relations of the deeds of our fathers, and this probably induced our professors, than whom none are more faithful citizens, and the proprietors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, than whom none do more to elevate the intellectual condition of our people,—this, permit us to say, has probably suggested to them the propriety of giving the students of La Salle College, for the subject of their prize essay in the graduating class,

the very charming and almost inexhaustible theme upon which we have the pleasure of speaking to you this evening.

The troublesome period of the Revolution, with all its clamor and tumult, with all the evils of existing distresses, and all the dread influence of threatening power, affords a grand source for the commencement of the history of a people.

It is difficult to give this subject the appearance of originality, for within the last few years it has formed the theme of many pens. This need not deter us from entering into a discussion of the question, for truth like beauty is ever new, and, however ancient, can never grow old.

Nearly a century ago the nation was writhing under the yoke and insults of regal tyranny, and a foreign power was exhausting its resources and dwarfing its growth. The few undaunted heroes, who looked around with the agonized aspect which none but suffering patriots can assume, beheld nothing but weaponless men and defenceless families. This was the time that "tried men's souls," and cooled the courage of the bravest. Mighty minds and brave hearts trembled at the disparity of the belligerents, but, with the courage and fortitude of heroes, men gathered to defend their country and their honor; they gathered from the houses of the wealthy and from the hovels of the poor; from the lofty mountains and the wild prairies; the farmer abandoned his plough and the hunter his sport, and with brave resolves and daring deeds they entered upon the trials and afflictions that have followed their lonely marches and watched their weary vigils; that have cast a shade of sadness over their mem-

ory, but have crowned it with the diadem of martyrdom.

It was at this time that the Catholics of America first arose in their strength, and bequeathed to their descendants a record worthy of their veneration and an example meriting their imitation.

Indeed, what can be more worthy our veneration than the memory of those men whose courage was derived from Him who came to give not peace but the sword! What more worthy of our imitation than the example of our forefathers, who proved themselves while undisturbed, simple as doves, but who, when brought to cope with the intellectual intrigues of a nation mad with success, proved themselves gifted in the highest degree with the wisdom of the serpent.

It would not become us, as an American, to say who were the first to rush foremost in the van, but as a Catholic we look with pride and pleasure to the glorious account of the heroes in that immortal struggle who professed the Catholic faith.

We look on this history with pride; for not a line of that glorious record, not a name on the roll of honor, not even one among the Catholic heroes of that day quailed in a moment of emergency, or was dazzled by the lustre of gold.

With pride do we look back to the history of '76, for while we were struggling for the liberties which we now possess, dropping all metaphor, Catholics took the "lion's part."

In every degree and rank we find them models of courage and patience. There were Catholics among the officers who anxiously planned the battles, and Catholics among the soldiers who bravely fought them.

The noble Catholic names that have been inscribed on the pages of our history have ever been objects of reverence and love. La

Fayette, Kosciusko, Pulaski, and the two Carrolls are names that shall never fade from the hearts of Americans until the country they sought to save shall have vanished in oblivion. It is to such men as those that Catholics point when suspicion or slander is created concerning Catholic loyalty, and the doubt passes away as the mist from the sun. These are the bright stars of history that sparkle through long ages, guiding us on in the just fulfilment of our duties, and cheering us in our sorrows and trials by their example.

Let us not imagine, however, that individuals alone among Catholics so cheerfully assisted a struggling people.

Catholic governments watched the struggling people with interest and concern, and sooner than behold their cause perish beneath the power of a tyrant, they forsook the appearance of indifferent neutrals, and with joyful hearts stretched forth their mighty arm in the cause of suffering humanity.

Catholic Poland sent her generals and Catholic France her armies to fight our battles, and Catholic Ireland sent her hopes and her prayers for the encouragement of a downtrodden sister. They infused a new vigor and a new life into the journeys of the weary veterans, and elicited vigorous hopes from the heart of every American—hopes which were destined never again to waver or to perish.

So it has been from the foundation of the Catholic Church. Catholic nations have ever supported the cause of the suffering and oppressed; through all the ages that mark her career and augment the grandeur of her glories she has ever been the enemy of tyranny in every form, and the protector of the persecuted in every clime.

And now the long years that have watched the growth of that country, a country which has been sanc-

tified by the blood and hallowed by the graves of patriots, have circled into a century.

It is, you will admit, a difficult task to compress within the limits of an essay or an oration, the virtues and the achievements of even one of those heroes whose names are not dimmed, and the fires of whose genius still burn brightly after the revolutions of almost a hundred years.

What then must be the difficulty experienced when we are requested to speak of the Centennial, in which we are called upon to celebrate the hundredth birthday of that charter of our liberties for the consummation of which our forefathers fought and died. What a great obligation rests upon the Catholics of America in regard to this grand celebration! What a splendid opportunity for displaying the uses in which they have employed that precious gem of liberty so dearly purchased!

How their labor and their industry shall stand forth as monuments to faithful and grateful descendants. The grand temples which they have erected to the honor and glory of God shall tell plainer than words that they have not been idle in the great cause of religion, to secure the liberty of which they consented to leave fatherland, in whose councils they could have no share, and to take their abode in a country into whose open arms they threw, not only their accumulated sorrows of the past, but also their magnificent aspirations for the future. In return for this welcome, the rich products of the soil and the precious metals of the earth shall now exhibit their energy and labor.

It is frequently asserted that these people lack the spirit of enterprise so necessary in a country like ours, but their perseverance is felt and their worth acknowledged in every branch of industry; they are found

in every station, whether in the highest profession or the lowest labor; whether in plodding through the complicated mazes of difficult sciences, or in the deepest mines drawing the ores from their gloomy depths. Who is there so selfish that shall deny their importance, or so bigoted as to deny their proficiency?

It is true that many of those who have come from the old country have not brought with them their share of the gold which we adore, but they brought better, bright minds, willing hearts, and strong arms, and in every art and science the Catholics shall take their places, if not first, at least among the foremost. And a noble array shall they present—one that shall render honor to the country they have supported and the Church they have espoused.

Not alone in the material prosperity of our country have Catholics procured more than their share of success. Through the teachings of the Church whose dictates they revere, they have aided and are still powerfully aiding, her moral growth. Through the stern voice which denounces secret societyism as the great enemy of republican forms of government, she prevents her sons from becoming secret plotters against a country to whom they have pledged public faith.

On the other hand, she furnishes a substitute for these objectionable societies, and thousands of her sons and daughters avail themselves of the invitation to join them.

Hence all will admit that there is yet a grander memorial to the labor and assiduity of the Catholics of this country. It is not the mere spasmodic effort of sensationalists that shall eventually die away as some assert, but it is the mighty uprising of the Catholics of this country in a noble cause. Founded in the heart of every lover of virtue and morality,

encouraged by the approval of the reverend clergy, sustained by the unanimity of feeling that exists between its members, the temperance societies shall be pointed at as the grand result of Catholicity in this country. Not alone shall they be noticed in our Centennial as the generous donors of a beautiful offering, but as the promoters of all that conduces to the formation of model and virtuous citizens.

Their course has been propitious, not only in consequence of the enthusiasm and devotion of their members, but in the encouragement and support of the Church, which has been manifested on all occasions.

Therefore, while all the magnificent products of manual labor are being expatiated upon in terms of wonder and applause, let not the spiritual labor of the Church, whose only reward is in the faithful adherence of her children to her divine teachings, be passed by unnoticed. For although the results are indeed great that have been accomplished by the industry and energy of the American Republic, in this first century of its existence, yet the Church has effected even greater advancement in the cause of religion. Her conquests have not been limited either by state interference or sectarian bigotry. She has had the broad scope of a free country for the field of her labors, and as the Church is free, she has all the protection she desires in the freedom of the State.

She complains, and justly, of that infidel principle which requires her sons to contribute towards a system of education, which was originally concocted, and is now continued, through the influence of secret societies, for the purpose of destroying the faith in children, and that at our own expense; but she grants America the intelligence to which it makes so loud a claim, and logically concludes that if this

claim be a just one, it will manifest itself ere long by a just decision of the public school question.

Sects, however remote from each other, unite in their antagonism towards the Church, because they well know that her existence is lasting, while theirs depends solely on the support of something material. Therefore, it is that *God* is so earnestly desired in the Constitution. But *God* and his law are in the heart and the desires of every Christian, and while the nation celebrates the first centennial of its existence, the religious freedom of that nation affords the greatest opportunity for the congratulation of every Catholic.

To those Catholics who have sought here the freedom that was denied them in their native land, the Centennial of our independence shall indeed find a joyous welcome in their exiled hearts. Although it shall recall the sorrowful recollections of boyhood days, when they rambled among the shaded woods and over the green fields, the only species of *God's* creatures that were deprived of peace and freedom.

Here those wanderers have found a refuge and a shelter; here, while enjoying both civil and religious liberty, they may well picture the homes of their fatherland, where their forefathers, if not they themselves, have suffered from oppression's cruel lash. And while they yet cling to the country for which they have suffered, they cannot refrain from loving the one which they have adopted.

Those emigrants who have sought an asylum here are for the most part Catholics. The majority of the thousands of Germans who crowd to our shores, seek the free practice of the Catholic religion in a strange nation with a strange language. Devoid of all the benefits of fortune, but with native resolution and manliness, the Irish seek here freedom of religion.

And who shall dare to question

their importance? The whole country speaks it, and the loud crash of our western forests re-echo it in their fall, as in their stead beauteous cities arise.

The Centennial shall exhibit more definitely than has heretofore been acknowledged, the magnitude of the benefits that have accrued through the instrumentality of those emigrants. And while other nations shall not repress their admiration for those Catholics who have sought freedom, their perseverance and energy while here shall have a tendency to palliate the nation towards those who are not yet disenthralled from a tyrannical government. This shall be one of the numerous benefits resulting from the connection of the Catholics with the Centennial.

Moreover Catholics shall behold the great power which they possess as a body; they shall more thoroughly understand the effects which their labors have accomplished; the Centennial shall draw them together, uniting them in the bonds of brotherhood, and shall make them feel that they are framing the groundwork of the destiny which awaits our great Republic.

But who can anticipate the results? Who can measure the extent of the benefits? Future ages shall attest them.

It has been whispered that the Centennial will be a failure, and there are some who are so wavering as to give credence to such a rumor.

When a great people have undertaken a great project, and are determined to attain its accomplishment, success must as surely follow their efforts as the day must follow the night.

Even should failure with its blighting influence meet the Centennial celebration, it will not be any fault of Catholicity, nor shall our native State be counted among the criminally negligent. Were failure possible, it would arise from

the fact, that so many of our people are ignorant of the benefits which they now enjoy, and which were so largely earned for them by the Catholics of '76. A portion of the blame must also rest on the heads of those Washington sages who, not content with the disgrace attached to the snail-like pace of the Washington monument, would likewise prevent a proper celebration of that first Centennial of the country saved by Washington, aided by his *Catholic* soldiers.

But however great the success, let the Catholics not be unmindful of their part in the grand scene. Let each gladly perform his share of the labor, and each shall receive his ample recompense in the applause of nations. And while the busy tumult of succeeding years shall be winding away in their ceaseless course, and while the projectors of this grand undertaking, and the men who have labored for its success, shall have passed away from the scene of their triumph, future generations shall honor and revere their memory. For its effects shall be lasting, and the Catholics of America shall be enabled, through its agency, to leave a spotless record of their labors in the field of industry to an admiring posterity. While it shall tell how faithfully they upheld the honor of the nation, it shall show at the same time how nobly they advanced the interests of the Church.

And when the wild forests of our Far West shall have been cleared away, and civilization shall have reared its polished homes beside every brook and streamlet; when the waters that rush along shall turn the miller's wheel, and every prairie shall yield its abundant crop to the toiling farmer, then shall every Catholic, as he enjoys the benefits that have accrued from the labors of our first century, honor the name and bless the memory of the Catholics and the Centennial.

LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

FIRST LETTER.

DEAR SIR: You are convinced that Jesus Christ established the Church, which he also designated the "Kingdom of God on earth," and consequently that it is characterized by unity, sanctity, catholicity, and apostolicity. It is obvious that the institution named by non-Catholics, the Roman Catholic Church, is the only one claiming, possessing, and realizing this divine origin and constitution. This fact should terminate your inquiries in a fulfilment of the duty of "hearing the Church," and thus escape being classed with "heathens and publicans." But, alas! you are still swayed by the delusive theories that project ecclesiastical phantoms, and mendaciously assume the titles of the ONE CHURCH of Christ. In these latter days, especially, the hordes of Protestantism, from Lutheranism to Mormonism, interlard their ecclesiastical jargon with the terms, "Church," "Catholic," "Evangelical," "Apostolic," in pretending to be something else than of the earth earthy.

Now, dear sir, I have already given to you from Sacred Scripture alone the testimonies that show what the Church is; I will lay before you the testimonies which show undeniably what Protestantism is, and particularly the Elizabethan denomination (falsely called Episcopalian), about which you are most interested. Protestants only shall state the case, and they will now inform you truthfully and impartially about Protestantism and the so-called Reformation.

Emperor Charles V called a Diet at Spires, in 1529, to request aid from the German princes against the Turks, and to devise the most effectual means for allaying the religious disputes which then raged, in consequence of Luther's opposition to the established religion. The Emperor being at Barcelona, at the meeting of this Diet his brother Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, was appointed to preside. In this Diet it was decreed by Ferdinand and other princes that, in countries which had embraced the new religion, it should be lawful to continue in it till the meeting of a council; but that no Roman Catholic should be allowed to turn Lutheran, and that the Reformers should deliver nothing in their sermons contrary to the received doctrines of the Church. This decree was considered as iniquitous and intolerable by the elector of Saxony and the landgrave of Hesse and other members of the Diet. . . . Against this decree six Lutheran princes, with the deputies of thirteen imperial towns, formally and solemnly protested, and declared that they appealed to a general council; hence the name of *Protestants*, which, from this period, has been given to the followers of Luther. Nor is it confined to them; for it soon after included the Calvinists, and has now for a long time been applied indiscriminately to all the sects and denominations, in whatever country they may be found, which have separated from the Church of Rome." (L. Encyclopædia, Art. Prot.)

As the Protestants originated at

the "Reformation," it will be proper to give an account of this period of ecclesiastical history.

HUME.—"Martin Luther, an Austin friar, professor in the University of Wittemberg, resenting the affront put on his order (the office of proclaiming indulgences was taken from the Augustinians and given to the Dominicans), began to preach against abuses in the sale of indulgences, and being naturally of a fiery temper, and provoked by opposition, he proceeded even to decry indulgences themselves, and was thence carried by the heat of dispute to question the authority of the Pope, from which his adversaries derived their chief arguments against him. Still as he enlarged his readings, in order to support these tenets, he discovered some new (pretended) abuse or error in the Church of Rome, and finding his opinions greedily hearkened to, he promulgated them by writing, discourse, sermon, conference, and daily increased the number of his disciples. All Saxony, all Germany, all Europe, were in a very little time filled with the voice of this daring innovator; and men began to call in question the most ancient and most received opinions. The Elector of Saxony, favorable to Luther's doctrine, protected him from the violence of the papal jurisdiction; the Republic of Zurich even reformed their Church according to the new model; many sovereigns of the empire, and the Imperial Diet itself, showed a favorable disposition towards it; and Luther, a man naturally inflexible, vehement, opinionative, was become incapable, either from promises of advancement, or terrors of punishment, to relinquish a sect of which he was himself the founder, and which brought him a glory of dictating the religious faith and principles of multitudes." (His. of England, vol. ix.)

MOSHEIM.—"Luther and his fol-

lowers, though they had rejected the doctrine of the Church with respect to transubstantiation, were nevertheless of opinion, that the partakers of the Lord's Supper received, along with the bread and wine, the real body and blood of Christ. . . . Carlostadt, who was Luther's colleague, understood the matter quite otherwise. . . . On the other hand, Luther maintained his doctrine, in relation to this point, with the utmost obstinacy; hence arose in the year 1524 a tedious and vehement controversy, which, notwithstanding the zealous endeavors that were used to reconcile the contending parties, terminated at length in a fatal division between those who had embarked together in the cause of religion and liberty." (His. Eccles., Cent. xvi.)

LONDON ENCYCLOPÆDIA.—"Protestants, therefore, have been far from unanimous in all points of doctrine, worship, church government, or discipline; on the contrary, while they agree only in receiving the Scriptures as the supreme rule of their faith and practice, and in rejecting the distinguishing doctrines of the (Catholic) Church of Rome, in many other respects they still differ not more widely from that Church than they do from one another." (Art. Protestant.)

MOSHEIM.—"It cannot be denied but that many of the seditious practices that arose in Germany like a whirlwind, in 1525, had perversely misunderstood the doctrine of Luther concerning Christian liberty." . . . "The great and leading principle of the Lutheran Church is, that the Holy Scriptures are the only source from whence we are to draw our religious sentiments, whether they relate to faith or practice; and that these inspired writings are, in all matters that are essential to salvation, so plain and easy to be understood, that their signification may be learned, with-

out the aid of an expositor, by every person of common sense who has a competent knowledge of the language they are composed. Hence (a strange sort of proof of the truth of the above principle) the form of public worship, and the rites and ceremonies that were proper to be admitted as a part of it, gave rise to disputes in several places during the infancy of the Lutheran Church." (Hist., Cent. xvi.)

PSEUDO-BISHOP BURNET.—"The Lutheran divines entered into great disputes how far they might comply (with the Interim proposed by the Emperor for the sake of peace, and which was a book containing the principal doctrines to be held till the meeting of a council). Melancthon thought the ceremonies of 'popery' might be used, since they were, of their own nature, indifferent. Others, as Amstorijs, Illyricus, with the greatest part of the Lutherans, thought the receiving of the ceremonies would make way for all the errors of 'popery;' and though they were of their own nature indifferent, yet they ceased to be so when they were enjoined as things necessary." (Hist. Refor., vol. ii.)

MOSHEIM.—"The spirit of zeal that animated the Lutheran divines was, generally speaking, very far from being tempered by a spirit of charity. . . . Luther himself appears at the head of this sanguine tribe, whom he surpassed in invective and abuse, treating his adversaries with the most brutal asperity, and sparing neither rank nor condition, however elevated or respectable they might be." (Hist., Cent. xvi.)

D'ISRAELI.—"It was very fortunate that the violence of Luther was softened in a considerable degree by the meek Melancthon, who often poured honey on the sting inflicted by the angry wasp. . . . It will not be denied that Erasmus was a friend to the freedom of the

press; yet he was so shocked at the licentiousness of Luther's pen, that there was a time when he considered it as necessary to restrain its liberty."

MOSHEIM.—"Melancthon was absolutely incapable of employing the force of threatenings, or the restraints of fear, to suppress the efforts of religious faction, to keep within due bounds the irregularity of novelty and change, and to secure obedience. It is also to be regretted, that Melancthon's sentiments on some points of no inconsiderable moment, were entirely different from those of Luther." (Hist. E., Cent. xvi.)

BOSWELL.—"So mild was Melancthon, that when his aged mother consulted with anxiety in the perplexing disputes of the times, he advised her to keep to the old religion." (Life of Johnson.)

Let us inquire what were the principal differences amongst the so-called Reformers of Germany.

MOSHEIM.—"Melancthon discovered no reluctance to submit to the dominion of the Roman Pontiff. . . . He regarded as indifferent the doctrine of justification by faith alone, the necessity of good works, the number of sacraments, the jurisdiction claimed by the Pope and bishops, extreme unction, &c. Luther and his strict followers maintained the contrary." (Hist.)

DR. MACLAINE.—"It is certain that Luther carried the doctrine of justification by faith to such an excessive length, as seemed to derogate not only from the necessity of good works, but even from their obligation and importance. He would not allow them to be considered either as the conditions or the means of salvation, nor even as a preparation for receiving it. I affirm that faith and good works are fundamental points of the Christian religion." (Notes on M.)

CHILLINGWORTH.—"But that I know Martin Luther was a bold

spirited man, I should wonder how he durst so confidently adventure upon it. In his book entitled 'Captivitatibus Babylonicæ,' he hath these words: 'Behold how rich is the Christian man, who, even though he willed it, cannot lose his salvation by any amount of sin, unless he is unwilling to believe.'" (Serm.v, par.63.)

MOSHEIM.—"The Lutheran doctors declared, that a considerable part of the controversy turned upon the fundamental principles of all religion and virtue. . . . The few heads of difference between the two communions (Lutheran and Calvinistic), have furnished an inexhaustible fund of controversy to the contending parties, . . . have been the scene of contention, and extended to almost all the important truths of religion." "Amsdorf was so far transported and infatuated by his excessive zeal for the doctrine of Luther, as to maintain that good works were an impediment to salvation." (Hist., Cent. xv.)

BURNET.—"There was a sort of people, of whom all good men, in that age, made great complaints. Some were called Gospellers, or readers of the Gospel, who were a scandal to the doctrine they professed. . . . The doctrine of predestination having been generally taught by the 'Reformers,' many began to make strange inferences from it, reckoning, that since everything was decreed, and the decrees of God could not be frustrated, therefore, men were to leave themselves to be carried by these decrees. This drew some into great impiety of life, and others into desperation." (Hist. of Reformation.)

What means were taken to allay these disputes?

ROSCOE.—"The Lutheran writers have, indeed, considered the union of spiritual and temporal authority in the Pope as an unequivocal sign of antichrist; yet it may be observed, that even after the Reformation, the necessity of

a supreme head in matters of religion was soon acknowledged; and as this was too important a trust to be confided to a separate authority, it has in most Protestant countries been united to the temporal power." (Life of Leo X.)

DR. MACLAINE.—"The form of concord composed by the Protestants of Torgau, and reviewed at Berg, consists of two parts. In the first is contained a system of doctrine drawn up according to the fancy of the six doctors there mentioned. In the second is exhibited one of the strongest instances of that persecuting and tyrannical spirit, which Protestants complained of in the Church of Rome, even a formal condemnation of all those who differed from these six doctors, particularly in their strange opinions concerning the majesty and omnipresence of Christ's body, and the real manducation of his flesh and blood in the Eucharist. This condemnation branded with the denomination of heretics, and excluded from the communion of the Church, all Christians of all nations who refused to subscribe to these doctrines." (Notes on Mosheim.)

BRANDT.—"Two of the divines (of the Synod of Dort), elated with victory, insulted a poor fellow who was a remonstrant, and said, 'What are you thinking of, with that grave and woful face?' 'I was thinking, gentlemen,' said he, 'of a controverted question,—who was the author of sin? Adam shifted it off from himself, and laid it on his wife, she laid it on the serpent, who was then young and bashful, had not a word to say for himself; but afterwards growing older and more audacious, he went to the Synod of Dort, and there had the assurance to charge it upon God.'" (Dissert. on Reformation.)

Amidst these conflicting opinions, and these bitter contentions, were the people, we may now ask, improved in their morals?

MOSHEIM.—“No, nor will it appear surprising, when this is duly considered (the discontinuance of excommunication), that the manners of the Lutherans are so remarkably depraved, and that in a Church which is deprived almost of all authority and discipline, multitudes affront the public by their audacious irregularities, and transgress with a frontless impudence, through the prospect of impunity.” (Hist., Cent. xvii.)

LUTHER.—“The world grows worse and becomes more wicked every day. Men are now more given to revenge, more avaricious, more devoid of mercy, less modest and more incorrigible; in fine more wicked than in the Papacy.” (In Postila, sup. 1, Dom. Adv.)

MELANCTHON.—“All the waters of the Elbe would not give me sufficient tears to bewail the miseries of the Reformation. The people will never submit to the yoke, which the love of liberty had made them throw off. Our partisans fight not for the gospel but ascendancy. Ecclesiastical discipline no longer exists. Doubts are entertained on the most important subjects; the evil is incurable.” (Lib. ii, Ep. 202.)

What, we may now inquire, was the character of Luther and Calvin, the great leaders of the so-called Reformation?

DR. WATKINS.—“Martin Luther was born November 10th, 1483, at Isleben, in Lower Saxony. He embraced the monastic life in the Order of St. Augustine, and in 1507 was ordained priest. In 1517 he published his ‘Thesis’ in which he denied the validity of Papal indulgences. In 1524, Luther married Catherine de Bore, who had been a nun (and who, like himself, had made a solemn vow to God, in the presence of witnesses, to lead a single life”). (Biog. Dict.)

D’ISRAELI.—“We cannot be certain, that Catherine was not more concerned in the great revo-

lution, than appears in the voluminous lives of the great reformer.” (Curiosities of Literat., vol. ii, p. 155.)

HALLAM.—“In the history of the Reformation, Luther is incomparably the greatest name. . . . It is admitted on all sides, that he wrote his own language with force and purity; but from the Latin works of Luther, few readers, I believe, will rise without disappointment. Their intemperance, their coarseness, their inelegance, their scurrility, their wild paradoxes, that menace the foundation of religious morality, are not compensated, so far at least, as my slight acquaintance with them extends, by strength and acuteness, and still less by an impressive eloquence. Some of his treatises—and we may instance his reply to Henry VIII, or the ‘book against the falsely-named order of bishops,’—can be described as little else than bellowing in bad Latin. . . . An unbounded dogmatism, resting on the infallibility, practically speaking, of his own judgment, pervades his writings; no indulgence is shown, no praise is allowed to the hesitating; whatever stands in the way of his decisions, the fathers of the Church, the schoolmen and philosophers, the canons and councils, are swept away in a current of impetuous declamation; and as everything contained in Scripture, according to Luther, is easy to be understood in his sense, every deviation from his doctrine incurs the anathema of perdition. Jerome, he says, far from being rightly canonized, must, but for some special grace, have been damned for his interpretation of St. Paul’s Epistle to the Romans. That the Zwinglians, as well as the whole Church of Rome, and the Anabaptists, were shut out by their tenets from salvation, is more than insinuated in numerous passages of Luther’s writings. Yet he had passed himself through several

changes of opinion. In 1518, he rejected auricular confession; in 1520, it was both useful and necessary; not long afterwards, it was again laid aside. I have found it impossible to reconcile or to understand his tenets concerning faith and good works; and can only perceive, that if there be any reservation in favor of the latter,—not merely sophistical, of which I am hardly convinced,—it consists in distinctions too subtle for the people to apprehend. . . . The total absence of self-restraint, with the intoxicating effects of presumptiveness, is sufficient to account for aberrations which men of regular minds construe into actual madness. . . . Whether Luther were perfectly in earnest, as to his personal interviews with the devil, may be doubtful; one of them he seems to represent as internal." (Introduct. to the Lit. of Europe, p. 510.)

DR. WATKINS.—"Calvin was born in Noyon, in Picardy, in 1509. He was educated at Paris with a view to the Church, but afterwards to the law. In 1537 Calvin called upon the people of Geneva to swear to a confession of faith, in which they made a renunciation of popery—a strange measure, which it is impossible to justify upon any principle of religion or policy. In 1541 he was recalled from Strasburg, and the first measure he set about was to settle the Presbyterian form of church government. The rigor of the system which he established was compared by many to the tyranny of the Inquisition, and the conduct of Calvin, in causing Servetus to be burnt as a heretic, did not tend to lessen the parallel." (Biog. Dict.)

MOSHEIM.—"The adversaries of Calvin felt, by a disagreeable experience, the warmth and violence of his haughty temper, and that impatience of contradiction which arose from an overjealous concern for his honor, or rather for

his unrivalled supremacy." (Cent. xvi.)

D'ISRAELI.—"Calvin was less tolerable than Luther. His adversaries are no other than knaves, heretics, drunkards, and assassins. Yet, after having given vent to his virulent humor, he frequently boasts of his mildness. Beza, the disciple of Calvin, imitates the luxurious abuse of his master." (Curiosities of Literature.)

LORD HERBERT.—"The credit that Luther had gotten amongst those Germans, who were either weary of their obedience to the stricter parts of ecclesiastical government, or desirous to reform the errors and abuses of it, had prevailed far. Yet, as others examined which way he took to make his reformation, so they thought religion not yet so exactly formed but that it might be cast in a better mould. Therefore, not only Zwinglius, at Zurich, began a reformation somewhat varying from that of Luther; but one Muncer, in the confines of Zuringia, having invented a doctrine opposite enough to the Church of Rome, yet differing from the other reformers in many things, published it with much applause of the inferior sort. For, as he feigned he had power from God to depose princes and to substitute others; and that again he taught all goods should be common, and divers other articles tending to popularity; he was followed by huge multitudes. To temper yet this licentious doctrine he preached austerity of life, counselling men to prayers, fastings, and all other devotions which might argue, his intention was not so much to invade other men's possessions as to establish a moderate equality. Thus did he season falsehood with truths, and ill with good, while the vulgar sort, who could not distinguish betwixt them, admired and followed all. To remedy these so dangerous assemblies and opinions,

the chief neighboring princes raised some forces, and prevailed so far that at last they dissipated and killed their whole army. Neither was it difficult; they, for their best defence, singing only a psalm, while Muncer fled away. Yet being pursued and taken, together with his companion Phifer, they shortly after lost their heads. His sect yet took not its end so, as being renewed again in part, not many years after, by John, of Leyden, and Knipperdoling, who, to his other impieties, added this, that in a throng of people, being borne

upon men's shoulders, he would breathe on them, and bid them receive the Holy Ghost." (*Life of Henry VIII*, p. 155.)

From these testimonies and facts we can conclude that the Protestant so-called Reformation is an innovation procreated by human folly and depravity, completely divergent from the Church instituted by the divine Redeemer, directly opposed to every principle of Christianity, and utterly abhorring unity, sanctity, catholicity, and apostolicity. My next letter will convey further information.

MARRYING AN HEIRESS.

II.

"TRIFLES MAKE THE SUM OF HUMAN LIFE."

THE sad, pensive look left Adèle's face. Gradually the color of health returned to her cheeks, and she grew less slender. The tranquil, uneventful routine of life at the château rested her, and she bloomed and brightened in the pure country air. How kind—how good God was to her! she often thought. He had made her guardian angel lead her to this haven of peace after a night of storm—a brief but terrible night.

The old-fashioned garden was the prettiest spot within the limits of the de Francheville grounds. In the latter part of May and earlier part of June, it was a perfect wilderness of roses, roses of all shades, from the creamiest white to the deepest yellow, from the palest pink to the redness of blood. Besides roses, there were beds of those gorgeous tulips and carnations, in which our ancestors delighted, and which remind one of the flaunting

dames of Versailles in the time of Louis Quatorze.

At that pleasant time when afternoon and evening meet, this quaint garden, with its trees and boxwood clipped into strange shapes, was Adèle's favorite resort. With a cherished volume of poems—usually Longfellow or Miss Proctor—she would walk up and down the broad path until the trim yew peacocks and green pyramids appeared through the darkness like sentinel spectres.

Gaston suddenly grew very fond of this garden. His coign of vantage was an arbor at the end of the broad walk. This arbor was entirely covered with ivy. It was very damp and infested by spiders. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, he seemed to derive great gratification from sitting there, and, through the network of ivy stems, watching the unconscious Adèle.

He liked to look at her; he liked to see her smile, and when once she laughed at one of his rather weak jokes his delight was unbounded, but afterwards he went

off in a melancholy state of mind to wonder whether she had laughed at the joke or the joker. Gaston did not analyze his feelings. He did not even seek her company; he only gazed at her from a distance, as a man might gaze at an angel, and thought her the best and most beautiful woman in the world.

Gaston de Francheville could not have sat for a typical portrait of young France. He was rather phlegmatic than excitable. He was truehearted and steadfast. It generally took him some time to reach a conclusion, but when that conclusion was reached he stood firm as a rock. Some people called this quality obstinacy; others, firmness; but they all agreed that it was "Gaston de Francheville's way."

A handsome young man—nothing remarkable—you would have thought, had you casually met on a boulevard or in the Bois. He was somewhat taller than the average Frenchman, with dark brown, generally close-cropped hair, a light brown mustache, a bronzed complexion, and honest hazel eyes. He was always well dressed, as became a de Francheville.

One soft, balmy May eve, Adèle opened her "Evangeline," and as usual began to pace along the garden path.

There was a slight rustling among the ivy that covered the summer-house, and a cloud of curling smoke arose. Adèle, with her back to the arbor, did not notice the sound or the smoke, but went on with her poem. It was "Evangeline."

"In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shade the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm—"

"I doubt that," murmured Adèle, who had spent a winter in the said city.

"Mademoiselle—ahem!" said a

somewhat uncertain voice at her elbow.

"Mademoiselle Adèle—Martin!"

She turned quickly and saw Gaston. His sudden appearance had startled her. He seemed rather uneasy himself, and not self-possessed. He walked beside her, throwing away his half-smoked cigar. He drew another from its case in silence, lit it, and then remembering himself, blushed, and threw it away.

"Will you permit me to say a few words to you, Mademoiselle?"

"Certainly."

He paused awhile after she had answered.

Why this ceremony? He had spoken to her often without permission. Her heart beat quickly. Perhaps Madame had need of her services no longer. "Thy will be done, O Lord," she murmured.

"Well, then, Mademoiselle—well, then—" Gaston was stricken with something akin to stage-fright. It occurred to him with terrifying suddenness that Adèle might never have considered the proposition he was about to make—that thus far he had thought of it from only one point of view. But Adèle was waiting for him to speak.

"Well, then, Mademoiselle," he continued, desperately, "I want you to be my wife. I love you!"

This *was* abrupt, and Gaston knew it, but it was too late to soften it now.

Adèle started in surprise, but her heart sang a song of joy, and her face brightened.

"Have you any objection?" he asked, taking her hand.

"I have not thought yet, Monsieur Gaston," she said, turning away her face perhaps to conceal the new light in her eyes, and she made a very slight effort to withdraw the imprisoned hand.

"Then it is settled, Adèle. Thou wilt try to love me," he said, using the tender "*tu*."

"But, Madame, your mother—"

"It is not Madame that is to marry you, Adèle; it is I. She shall know of it to-night."

Although the rose-buds had not yet opened, a sweet odor, as of roses, seemed to surround Adèle. She tore her hand from Gaston's grasp, and ran up to her room. There she blushed, sighed, and laughed, finally subsiding into what is technically called "a good cry."

Shortly after that little scene in the garden, Madame, in rustling gray silk, point lace, and pearls, sailed into the salon. The curé had been invited to dine at the château, but at the eleventh hour he had sent a regret. He was obliged to answer an unexpected sick-call.

"Sick indeed!" exclaimed Madame, with asperity. "People are continually getting sick at unreasonable times. They might exercise a little self-denial, and let the poor man eat his dinner in peace! Selfishness, selfishness, all is selfishness!"

Gaston was trying to read by the light of one wax candle perched in a chandelier high above his head. Madame, being economical, had forbidden the lighting of more than one candle until the curé's arrival.

"Ma mère," began Gaston, "I have asked Mademoiselle Adèle to be my wife, and she has promised—that is—"

"What?" demanded Madame, standing still, and bending her eyes on her son in amazement.

"I have asked Mademoiselle Adèle to be my wife, and she has not refused."

Madame stood as one stricken dumb. She opened her lips, and then closed them. When one loses one's temper, one loses all, was a favorite maxim of hers. In silence she took out her *bonbonnière*, and with great deliberation selected some vanilla chocolate.

"You have done a very foolish thing, Gaston," she said, in her gentlest tone. "Consider. Have you committed yourself irretrievably?"

"Have I not said, Maman, that I asked Adèle to be my wife? I have told her that I love her."

"That is nothing. Twenty young men told me the same thing before I had seen your father."

"But my father would not have told you so had he not meant it, and you have often said that I am like my father."

Again Madame applied herself to her *bonbonnière*. Vanilla chocolate had a soothing effect on her nerves.

"Gaston," she said, "you well know that the house of de Francheville is not as rich as it was long ago when your ancestor Gontran founded a church in Nantes, which was the wonder of the surrounding country. There is only one estate in our province which could bear such a drain now, and that is the magnificent estate of the Marquis de Saluces. The heiress to that estate I expect each day to arrive in France. She has a daughter. Of this daughter I have spoken to you, Gaston. Will you throw away the chance of becoming one of the richest proprietors in France?"

"But I love Adèle, mother."

"Bah!" said Madame in a tone of infinite scorn. "Give up the thought of this girl, Gaston. I will persuade her—"

"Never!" cried Gaston, aroused for once. "I'll never marry without your blessing, but I'll never sacrifice my honor to gain it!"

"But you are willing to sacrifice the honor of your family for an obscure girl!" Madame was losing her temper. The *bonbonnière* again came into use.

"The honor of our family, if true and honest love can sully it, it is a false, boastful, empty name!"

There was a short silence, during which Madame closed her eyes, and reflected.

"I will consent to your marrying this girl on one condition. You shall go to Paris on Friday, Gaston. To-day is Wednesday. You will have one day for preparation. It is sufficient. In Paris I wish you to remain a month. If, at the end of that time, your mind is still unchanged regarding this girl, I will receive Adèle Martin as my daughter. Do you consent?"

Gaston hesitated. He hardly knew how to take this.

"I consent," he said; "I will start for Paris on Friday."

Before Madame retired that evening, she wrote a letter and directed it to the inn of the Golden Horse, Nantes.

All the next day Gaston was occupied with the preparations for his journey, and Madame took care that Adèle should be occupied too. Work was provided for her in the mysterious recesses of Madame's apartment. Gaston made several attempts to see her, but his mother's vigilance rendered them fruitless. He spoke to her once before he started, but Madame was present, and so he was forced to leave the château, according to promise, without having been able to say one tender word to the "*dame de ses pensées*."

On Saturday—Gaston had started for Paris the previous day—a letter came to Madame from Monsieur Blaque, and on the same night she paid a visit to Adèle's room. The interview between this woman of the world and the girl lasted some time. Madame's voice was in unvarying monotone, but Adèle's was passionate and sob-broken.

"I do not blame you, my dear," the former was saying in answer to some outbreak of the girl's. "I do not blame you, for in America no distinction of rank is acknowledged, but here things are entirely

different. If my poor Gaston marries you, he will be generous but foolish; but if you consent to marry him, you will be the executioner of my dearest hopes—the destroyer of my son's future happiness."

"Madame," Adèle interrupted, in a tone that had more impatience in it than she had yet shown, "you forget that your son's happiness depends in part at least on his love for me."

"Poor, poor child!" murmured Madame. "And you believe that because Gaston says so! When you have seen as much of the world as I have, you will be less credulous. Believe me, my child, one pretty woman is just as dear to a man as another. But when did Gaston tell you all this nonsense?"

"He never told it to me in words exactly," said Adèle, the lovely blush-rose hue growing deeper in her cheeks, "but since he spoke to me in the garden, his eyes—in a word, Madame, I am sure that he loves me."

"Love! bah, it is folly," cried Madame, losing her equanimity. "Have some vanilla chocolate? No? Well, my dear," she continued, changing her tone, "I believe that Gaston thinks he loves you, and, *hélas!* he is obstinate; but remember that I have almost engaged him to the granddaughter of the Marquis de Saluces."

"And has he no voice in the matter?"

"My dear, in France parents arrange these affairs."

"It is not so at home," said Adèle, the tear-drops on her lashes sparkling in the resolute light of her eyes. "I do not care. I will not give him up!"

"You are selfish, Mademoiselle," said Madame, in a tone delicately modulated to express sorrow rather than anger. "But can I blame you? you are not a mother, and none but mothers know what self-sacrifice truly is. Listen to me. Gaston is

comparatively poor now, for he has only one thousand francs de rente of his own, and when this is divided between two, he will be poorer. Neither am I rich, but I am not wholly destitute, and I tell you, Mademoiselle, that when——" Madame hesitated, and shivered slightly. "No matter. I will give him nothing, if you become his wife. How could you two live? It is true that Gaston has studied medicine, but the idea of a de Francheville practicing that profession is absurd! He has nothing. You have nothing. Surely, you will not be silly enough to marry!"

Adèle did not answer, though Madame paused.

"You will not cause my son to sacrifice everything—wealth, rank, ease—for you. Will you, Mademoiselle?"

Adèle's face became white, and she turned to Madame imploringly.

"Answer me, Mademoiselle."

"No," sobbed Adèle. "I will not see him again. I do not doubt his love, assure him of that, Madame, but I doubt that mine could compensate him for all he would lose."

"A noble girl!" cried Madame, turning up her eyes. "Would that I could call you daughter! But that is impossible. Hélas! But your sacrifice is not yet complete. You must marry another."

"Madame!"

"Yes, my child, and I have provided a bridegroom for you, a worthy man, Jérémie Hercule Blanque. You must put it out of Gaston's power to marry you, and the only way to do so is to marry somebody else. Gaston is obstinate as the rock. If you are not extremely firm, strong, and true to yourself, he will make you his wife in spite of everybody."

Adèle wished that he would, but she did not say so. It was very hard, very hard, she sobbed.

Madame talked far into the night,

and at last, dizzy, wretched, and exhausted, Adèle promised to become the wife of Monsieur Blanque.

Monsieur Blanque, when he had been informed of the result of this interview, paid frequent visits to the château. He was often thrown into Adèle's way. At these times the girl greeted him with a cold bow or a few monosyllables, and then took refuge in her room.

"Mademoiselle Martin does not speak much now," said Monsieur Blanque, "but I fear that it will not be so after marriage."

Madame de Francheville had named the wedding day. The marriage was to take place three days before Gaston was expected home from exile. A dead calm seemed to have fallen upon Adèle. The worst had come to the worst. She could not weep, and she found it hard to pray. Her visits to the church grew more frequent, and the curé did not fail to notice that she often wept. "Thy will be done—Thy will be done, dear Lord! But, O Mother of Sorrows, have pity on me!" This was her prayer.

Gay Paris had now no attractions for Gaston. Three weeks of his time of probation had crawled away. Adèle was constantly in his mind. Another week, and then years of happiness! *Si la jeunesse savait!*

Two days of this last week passed. Gaston had reached the last stage of restlessness, and when Pierre Frèchon's well-known voice was heard outside his room door in loud conversation with the concierge, he rushed forth and warmly welcomed that individual.

"You overwhelm me, Monsieur le Comte," said Pierre, helping himself to the coffee and cognac which Gaston offered him. "I can tell you nothing about the people at de Francheville, except that they are all well, and that Monsieur Blanque, whom you doubtless remember, frequently visits the châ-

teau. It was only the day before yesterday that I drove him there, which event causes my visit to you! I have sold my beautiful cabriolet, Monsieur!"

Pierre Frèchon paused, evidently expecting that the startling information would stun Gaston.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I am going to my brother, who is in America. The day before yesterday, Friday, an unlucky day too! *quel dommage!* a letter came from my brother, and at once I sold my cabriolet to a man who had long wanted to buy it. Unfortunately, Monsieur Blanque had left his overcoat, and a packet, which fell from the inside pocket of it, in my cabriolet. I had not time to convey them after him to the château, and so, as I was on my way to Paris, I brought them to you. Will you oblige me, Monsieur le Comte, by returning them to their owner?"

Pierre might have added that he could have just as well sent the articles to the château by the new driver of the cabriolet, had he not required some pretext for visiting Gaston, in the hope of receiving a parting "*pour boire.*" He was not disappointed. Having left Monsieur Blanque's light overcoat and the packet, he departed in great good humor. When he had gone, Gaston hastily glanced at the packet. It was addressed to his mother.

"This may be important," he thought, "it was very careless of Blanque to forget it."

The next day, he took up the packet again. "It is important, I am sure," he said; "I had better risk everything, and take it to her at once. It is not necessary that I should see Adèle until the month has fully passed. I will leave the château as soon as I deliver the packet."

And yet, had he not cherished a hope of catching a passing glimpse of Adèle, he would not

have troubled himself about that packet. How elaborately we disguise our real motives sometimes!

He packed his portmanteau, and went out to settle some business matters with a notary. Delays followed, and it was not until late on Wednesday morning that, burning with impatience, he got into a carriage at the railroad station at Nantes, and ordered the driver to take him to de Francheville.

As Gaston went up the avenue leading to the château, he noticed that the family carriage was waiting. He concluded that his mother was about to pay one of her visits of state.

"If so, I am just in time," he thought.

Just in time!

He found Madame de Francheville in the boudoir adjoining the salon. Her dress was unusually rich.

"Ma mère is probably about to visit the Archbishop or the Préfet, at least," muttered Gaston, standing in the doorway.

She saw his reflection in the mirror before which she stood.

"You here!" she cried, turning suddenly. "Have you broken our compact, Gaston?"

"No," he said. "I will return to Paris as soon as I have given you this packet, which Monsieur Blanque left in the cabriolet. It is addressed to you."

"To me! But go at once, Gaston. I have an important engagement, and there is no time for talking. Go at once," she repeated, eagerly. "You have only two days to wait."

She took the packet, looked at the address, and tore away the already mutilated wrapper.

"Au revoir, mon fils," she said, unfolding the paper.

"Au revoir, ma mère," returned Gaston, bowing ceremoniously, and then turning on his heel "until Friday."

"Martin! Adèle de Saluces!" gasped Madame, hastily scanning the words. "Gaston! Gaston! Go! Follow them! I have been deceived! They have gone to the mairie for the civil ceremony,—the religious marriage will take place at twelve. Go! go! I say!"

Gaston had reached the middle of the salon, and was looking wistfully at the unoccupied piano-stool—Adèle's accustomed seat at this hour of the day. He turned towards his mother in surprise.

"Explain."

"Do you not hear me!" she exclaimed. "Monsieur Blanque and Adèle have gone to be married! Go after them," she screamed; "to the mairie, and prevent it before it is too late!"

Gaston rushed out upon the terrace, over the flower-beds recklessly, and sprang into the waiting carriage. Old Berthe's mouth and eyes opened wide in amazement.

"Don't spare the horses, Berthe. Use the whip! To the mairie!"

There was a tone in Gaston's voice that warned Berthe that he had best do as he was told. Never before had the de Francheville vehicle rattled over sticks and stones at such a fearful rate of speed.

Reaching the mairie in about five minutes, Gaston ran madly through the hall into the principal apartment. Here Monsieur le Maire stood ready to perform the ceremony. Monsieur Blanque, in a capacious white vest, spotless tie and gloves, with a huge bunch of white lilacs in the buttonhole of his glossy coat, was near the civil functionary. He held an open watch in his hand, from which his glances anxiously wandered to the corner of the room where a knot of festively attired ladies were gathered. They were surrounding Adèle, who had fainted on entering the room. Gas-

ton, with long strides, neared the sofa.

"Adèle!"

Her eyes opened, and a faint tinge of color returned to her face.

"Gaston!"

Before anybody could interfere, he had caught her in his arms. Half carrying, half leading her, he strode through the hall, and deposited her in the carriage. Monsieur Blanque reached the steps of the mairie in time to see Gaston shut the carriage-door. The vehicle rolled away, leaving him standing in the midday sunshine, while the village children gathered around him, and made remarks on his gorgeous appearance.

"I renounce you, perfidious girl, treacherous Adèle!" he cried, shaking both his fists in the direction of the departing carriage. Accidentally, his eye caught the blaze of Adèle's diamond on his finger. Nothing could force him to remove that. He smiled through his tears. The bargain was not so bad after all! But, in spite of that, he felt that he had risked much, and drawn a blank!

* * * * *

Gaston and Adèle were married. They are perfectly satisfied with each other. Neither indulged in unreal, unnatural expectations regarding the other during the time preceding marriage, and there has been no disappointment. They are tranquilly happy—happy in each other's love—happy in the practice of our holy faith, without which human life is barren and human love as false and bitter as Dead Sea fruit.

Madame de Francheville shudders and refreshes herself from her *bonbonnière*, when she remembers how narrowly the heiress of a marquis escaped the plebeian appellation of "Madame Blanque!"

'TIS SUMMER.

A HYMN TO MARY.

'Tis summer on the land, Mother,
 'Tis summer on the sea;
 'Tis summer in my soul, Mother,
 Whene'er I think of thee,—
 Whene'er I think on thee, Mother,
 Though darkest storm-clouds lower,
 For thou'rt to me the brightest ray
 Of Mercy's sunlike power.

'Tis summer in the woods, Mother,
 Where leaflets deck the trees;
 'Tis summer 'mid the garden bowers
 Whence springs the scented breeze.
 So have the graces of thy care
 Redecked my sin-spoiled soul,
 And the sweet perfume of thy love
 'Freshed it 'neath grief's control.

'Tis summer on the streams, Mother,
 So laughs each rippling rill;
 'Tis summer 'mid the blooming hedge
 Where birds their carols trill.
 So have the streamlets of thy grace
 Come gladsomely to me,
 And all my powers joy-tuned broke forth
 In holiest minstrelsy.

'Tis summer 'mid the stars, Mother,
 That stud earth's purple dome;
 The glorious midnight lifts my soul
 Beyond to thy bright home,—
 There, when life's winter's over,
 And all time's nightshades flee,
 May I find eternal summer
 With Jesus and with thee!

THE ORDER OF OUR SAVIOUR.

THE Order established by St. Bridget about the year 1344 has taken the name of the "Saviour," because it is believed that he himself prescribed the rules and constitutions, and dictated them to St. Bridget, which were to be observed by the religious of both sexes. This princess, who sprang from one of the noblest houses in the kingdom of Sweden, was born about the year 1302; her parents were eminently pious; and before she was born her mother was overtaken by a storm at sea. Several of her companions were drowned, and it was revealed to her in a vision on the following night that her own escape was miraculous, and owing to the child she should bear, who would become an ornament and a blessing. Her mother did not long survive her birth; and when she reached the age of thirteen, though she wished to remain single, she obeyed her father, and married Wippon, Prince of Nericie, then eighteen. By mutual consent they lived a year apart, and both being in the third order of St. Francis lived in their own house with the regularity of cloistered life. Wippon opposed not his wife's practices of mortification; she lay on a board, spent the greater part of the night in meditation and prayer, wore sackcloth, and visited hospitals, where she attended on the sick. Her husband was frequently called to court, and was consulted by the king on all matters of moment. Yet he felt his life useless as compared with that of his wife. He retired from court, and made with his whole family a voyage to St. James's in Galicia. On his way homeward he was taken dangerously ill at Arras; his wife used all possible means for his recovery,

and earnestly besought it of God. St. Denis appeared to her, foretold her many things, and gave her the instantaneous recovery of her husband as the token that they would surely happen. On his reaching home he was so inflamed with the love of God, that he wished to surrender himself altogether; and with consent of his wife he entered the monastery of Citeaux, where he died within the year of his novitiate. His wife redoubled her austerities; she parted with all her goods to her children; she used to eat with the poor, and beg with them; she wore no linen, and girt herself with a knotted cord. On Fridays she frequently dropped melted wax on different parts of her body to freshen her sense of our Lord's sufferings, and on that day she lived on bread and water. Her watchings were no less austere; in this manner she lived nearly thirty years after her husband.

It is supposed to have been about the year 1344, and prior to her giving away all her wealth, that she built the monastery of Wastein in Sweden. In this monastery originated the Order since called the "Holy Saviour," or "St. Bridget," and which seems to be framed for religious who are to honor the Virgin in a very special way.

There are to be sixty religious in each monastery, thirteen priests, four deacons,—who represent the four doctors of the Church, SS. Ambrose, Augustine, Gregory, and Jerome,—with eight lay members; the whole forming the number of the thirteen Apostles, and the seventy-two disciples of our Lord.

Women are not to be received under the age of eighteen, nor men before twenty-five. On the expiration of the novitiate the bishop, or

by our Lord himself to St. Bridget. The rule observed was that of St. Augustine. Most of these constitutions became in time impracticable as changes in religion and in governments took place.

A volume of the revelations of St. Bridget was presented by her daughter St. Catherine; and by St. Bridget's confessor to Pope Gregory XI. These revelations were most carefully examined in his reign, and in that of his successor, by several cardinals, and they were pronounced by all to have come from God.

St. Bridget made very many pilgrimages, which was a reason for her not having assumed the habit of her Order. In the year 1370, she obtained in person from Pope Urban V the confirmation of her Order. During one of her visits to

Rome she had a revelation to go to Jerusalem. She was at the time sixty-nine years of age, and feared the voyage; but our Lord told her he would be with her, and strength should be given her. She went with her daughter Catherine (worthy of being afterwards placed among the saints); and it was on her return from this pilgrimage, that, after having edified the Church by the sanctity of her life, and having given to her religious a living model of the rule they were to follow, she died, the 23d of July, 1373. The following year her daughter had her remains conveyed to Sweden, to the Monastery of Wastein, in which she was a religious, and which she afterwards governed as abbess. St. Bridget was canonized under the Pontificate of Boniface XI.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE SAINTE-BAUME.*

It was during the latter part of the summer of 1871, that the writer of this notice, with two other members of the same family circle, in anticipation of their usual autumn ramble, resolved on visiting the Sainte-Baume, one of the most celebrated places of pilgrimage in that part of France known as Sunny Provence, and which, according to tradition, was for thirty years the dwelling-place of St. Mary Magdalen, the great penitent of the Gospel.

In the good old times, now fast passing away, this pilgrimage was held in such high veneration by the inhabitants of the district, that it was generally a stipulation in marriage contracts that the husband should take his bride to the Sainte-Baume.

We intended going on as far as Aubagne by train, and then taking a carriage to the Sainte-Baume. On arriving at Aubagne we found plenty of carriages but no horses, as all were engaged, so we made the best of the two hours at our disposal before the next train started, in visiting the parish church and the curé, who was an old friend of the Abbé.

When we arrived at Auriol, the farthest point we could reach by railway, we found the only available conveyance was an omnibus, which was going to St. Maximin.

However, as we intended visiting the latter place on the following day, we met our disappointment with true pilgrim spirit, and directed all our energies to getting seats in the omnibus. What a crush! What a scramble it was!

* From the Provençal "Baoumo," signifying cave.

An old country woman, armed with a large basket and umbrella, sat right down upon me, and laughingly observed in *patois* to her neighbor, that she thought I should be converted into an omelette. I was quite of her opinion; but in spite of the discomforts arising from heat and overcrowding, we were a very merry party, and our trials soon diminished as the passengers alighted first at one village, then at another; and the latter part of the way our party was reduced to a Dominican father, a shepherd and his wife, and ourselves.

After we left St. Zachary, the country became more and more picturesque, and the ascent steeper. Our road lay through a narrow gorge with rocks on either side, clothed with trees and shrubs. As we approached the plain of St. Maximin, the old shepherd and his wife pointed out to us on our right, the ridge of rocks in which lies the Sainte-Baume. Good old souls! their excitement grew more and more intense as we neared the place from which the spot could be seen, so eager were they to be the first to show us where it was.

At last we came to the plain of St. Maximin. I shall never forget the magnificent scene. The surrounding rocks were of a beautiful purple color, and the sun sank to rest in a glorious golden light.

M. l'Abbé directed our attention to a little church, perched on one of these rocks, and dedicated to one of the companions of St. Mary Magdalen.

As we drew near St. Maximin we passed a curious pillar on our right called the St. Pilon, or Holy Pillar, of the Aurelian way. It is about four feet in height, and supports a figure of St. Mary Magdalen borne aloft by four angels dressed in the Benedictine habit. This pillar marks the spot to which St. Mary Magdalen was carried by Holy Angels on the day of her death.

She walked from thence to St. Maximin, where according to St. Francis of Sales, she received her last Communion, and then gave back her spirit to God.

We reached St. Maximin about seven o'clock, but it was quite dark, and we could see little or nothing of the town. Immediately after dinner we hurried off to the Dominican chapel, and were just in time to hear the *Salve Regina* sung by the whole community, consisting of forty or fifty monks.

There were many of the townspeople present. At the side of the altar was a fresco of our Lord appearing to St. Mary Magdalen, after a painting by the celebrated Dominican artist Père Berson.

Early next morning we wended our way to the Church of St. Maximin. This famous church and the adjoining monastery belonged to the Dominicans from the thirteenth century until the great French Revolution.

Père Lacordaire succeeded in repurchasing the monastery, but the church is still served by secular priests. We hope the day is not far distant when it will be again served by the children of St. Dominic.

It was in this monastery that Père Lacordaire wrote the last pages of "*Sainte Marie Madeline*" only a few months before his death.

Under the nave of the church is the celebrated crypt where St. Mary Magdalen was buried, and which now possesses the relics which were saved from destruction during the revolution.

I can hardly describe one's feelings as I entered the crypt for Mass. Here were the remains of one who had loved and waited on our Lord during his mortal life, and who had been forgiven by Him for many sins because she had loved much.

In this solemn little crypt M. l'Abbé said Mass, a Dominican

father served it, and two peasant people besides our little party formed the whole congregation.

Among the relics now preserved at the back of the altar is the head of the Saint. During the course of eighteen centuries a small fragment of flesh continued to adhere to the left temple. It is known by the name of *Noli me tangere* or *Touch me not*, and is, according to tradition, the spot where our Lord, the author of our life, touched the saint on the morning of his Resurrection. The fact is fully confirmed by the medical men who made an investigation by command of the magistrates in 1780, shortly before the fragment became detached.

On the gospel side of the altar is the alabaster tomb where the body of St. Mary Magdalen was first laid, and on the opposite side is that of St. Maximin, after whom the church is named, and who was one of the seventy-two disciples of our Lord. He came over with our saint and her companions, and he it was who gave her her last Communion, and buried her.

There are also the tombs of St. Sidonius, successor of St. Maximin in the see of Aix, and a tomb of the Holy Innocents, which Père Lacordaire suggests may have contained the relics of some of the Innocents murdered by Herod, and the remains of children who had died after baptism.

In the middle of the day we had to leave this holy and memorable spot, and we once more resumed our journey to the Saint-Baume. This time at least we had no difficulty in finding a carriage, and after two hours' drive, we reached Naus, where we were compelled to descend and take donkeys for the latter part of the way.

The road is very bad from Naus to the Dominican hospice that lies at the foot of the Sainte-Baume. But, in spite of this drawback, we enjoyed the ascent very much; the

views of the surrounding country, and the great plain of St. Maximin, were most charming; the air was scented with wild lavender and other herbs, which grew in great profusion by the wayside, and over the adjoining rocks.

We were very kindly received by the fathers at the hospice, and after supper we went to the chapel for the *Salve*, but as this is quite a small establishment, and there are not many religious attached to it, the singing was not so grand or imposing as on the preceding evening.

The next morning we started a little after six o'clock for the Holy Cave. Rain was falling, and a dense mist enveloped the mountains, so as almost to conceal from our view a beautiful wood of beech, oak, and yew trees, with large boulders of rock peeping out here and there, through which we passed, and in which it is said that no venomous reptile or insect is ever found.

By the wayside were several little oratories, which formerly contained bas-reliefs, commemorating different events of the life of St. Mary Magdalen. They were erected by Jean Ferrier, Archbishop of Arles, in 1516, but were much defaced and mutilated during the Revolution.

After an hour's walk, we reached the Sainte-Baume; but we were still in a region of mist and cloud, and could not see a yard in front of us. A lay-brother came out of the small hospice close by, and insisted on our going in; but he would not allow us to enter the Holy Cave until we had rested after our walk.

This immense cave is situated 2008 feet above the level of the sea.

Facing you as you enter is the high altar, and at the back of it is a small rock, eight or fourteen feet high, which is called *La Penitence*. It was on this spot that St.

Mary Magdalen spent the greater part of her time in prayer. A statue of the saint crowns the summit.

You ascend it by a little flight of steps on the epistle side of the altar.

La Penitence is the only dry spot in the whole cave, the rest is excessively damp, and the drops of water which are perpetually falling down the rocks have been poetically named by the peasantry, "Magdalen tears."

There are two other altars in the cave; but funds are very much needed to replace them with others more suitable, as also to complete the floor, which is only partially paved.

After breakfast, at the hospice, we returned to the grotto, for the pilgrims' sermon, which is always preached whenever a congregation of pilgrims, however small, is assembled. The sermon was followed by Benediction, one of the most solemn services which can be imagined.

In spite of mist and clouds we resolved on visiting Saint Pilon, 200 feet above the Holy Grotto, and where we are told St. Mary Magdalen was carried by angels seven times a day, to listen to celestial music. After an hour's walk over fallen stones and rocks, we reached the summit and entered the little chapel, where Mass is sometimes said. Here we waited

until nearly 12 o'clock, the mountain being still enveloped in mist, when one of our party proposed singing the *Magnificat*. We had barely finished it when a sudden change came; a strong current of wind cleared the clouds away, and we saw the beautiful plains below brilliant in sunshine; valleys, rocks, sea, and mountains, all lay unfolded beneath us.

We enjoyed this glorious scene for a few moments only; as rapidly as this bright vision appeared, as rapidly did it pass away, and again we were enveloped in mist.

Then we resumed our downward journey, but when we reached the lower hospice, the omnibus had started, and there was nothing left for us but to walk back to St. Zachary, so after a hurried dinner and a short interview with the Guest Master, we set out once more.

We reached St. Zachary just in time to catch the omnibus for Amiol, and there we again took the railway to Marseilles.

The pilgrimage which I have thus briefly attempted to sketch seems almost unknown to travellers, but from the happiness and satisfaction it afforded our party, I feel that I cannot too earnestly recommend persons passing through Marseilles to follow our example, and make a detour to Sainte-Baume and St. Maximin.

THAT prince, and that alone, is truly great,
Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheathes;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.

WHAT I SAW FROM MY WINDOW.

I AM a very quiet man, fond of idle dreaming, fond of speculative studies, fond of a great many things that rarely make headway in this practical world, but which fitly furnish forth a life that has been almost blank of incident.

The love of seclusion has grown upon me as moss grows upon a rooted stone; I could not wrench myself away from it, even if I would. Of worldly self I have little, but that little suffices me; and, although my existence seems selfish—nay, is so—I lack not interest in my kind. I catch hold of a slight thread of reality, and weave it into a tissue of romance. The facts that I cannot know, imagination supplies me with; and my own temperament, still and melancholy, suffuses the story with a tender twilight hue, which is not great anguish, but which takes no tint of joy.

My abode is in one of the retired streets. I know not where a man can be so utterly alone as in this great Babylon. My favorite room has a bay window overhanging the pavement, and in its cornices, its door-frames, and its lofty carved mantelshelf, testifies to better days than it is ever likely to see again. The rents in this quarter are low; and though, at certain long intervals, the street is as forsaken and silent as Tadmor in the wilderness, still, the surging rush, the rattle, the hum of the vast city, echoes through my solitude from dawn till dark. I love that echo in my heart. It is company. If I had been a happy, I should have been a busy man—a worker instead of a dreamer. That little rift—that great impassable gulf—between the actual and the possible!

I do not begin and end my romances in a day, in a week, in a month, or even in a year, as story-tellers do. The threads run on and on: sometimes smoothly, sometimes in hopeless entanglement. The merest trifle may suggest them; now, it is the stealthy, startled looking back of a man over his shoulder, as he hurries down the street, as if Fate with her sleuth-hounds, Vengeance and Justice, were following close upon his traces; now, the downcast gray head of a loiterer, hands in pockets, chin on breast, drivelling aimlessly nowhere; again, it is the pitiful face of a little child clad in mourning; or, it is the worn figure of a woman in shabby garments, young, toilsome, hopeless; or, it is the same figure flaunting in silks and laces, but a hundredfold more toilsome, more hopeless. Occasionally I take hold of a golden thread that runs from a good and a happy life. Such a thread I caught three years ago, and the tissue into which I wrought it is completed at last. This is it:

I have mentioned my bay window overhanging the street; in this window is a luxuriously cushioned old-fashioned red settee. By this settee, a solid-limbed table, on which my landlady every morning lays my breakfast, and the newly-come-in newspaper. It was while leisurely enjoying my coffee and unconsciously watching the tremulous motion of the acacias which overtop the low garden wall of a house a little higher up the street, that I first laid my hand upon the gleaming thread which shines athwart this gray cobweb romance—cobweb, I say, because so slight it is, so altogether fancy-spun, that

perhaps the knowledge of one actual fact of the case would sweep it down as ruthlessly and entirely as a housemaid's brush destroys the diligent labors of arachne.

Perhaps it was the quivering green of the light acacia-leaves, with the sunshine fitting through and lying upon the pavement like a network of gold, that began my romance.

Every Thursday and every Saturday morning, for some months, I had seen a girl come round the street corner, without much observing her. I could have certified that she was tall and lissome in figure, and that she was scrupulously neat in her dress, but nothing further. That morning to which I refer in particular was early in June. The sun was shining in our quiet street; the birds were singing blithely in that overgrown London garden beyond the wall; the acacias were shivering and showering the broken beams upon the white stones as cheerily, as gaily, as if the roar of the vast city were a hundred miles away, instead of floating down on every breeze, filling every ear, chiming in like a softened bass to the whisper of the leaves and twitter of the birds. My window was open, and I was gazing dreamily on the branches above the wall, when a figure stopped beneath it and looked up; it was the young girl who passed every Thursday and Saturday morning. I observed her more closely than I had yet done, and saw that she was good and intelligent in face—pretty, even, for she had a clear, steadfast brow, fine eyes, and a fresh complexion. As she stood for a minute gazing up into the trees there was a curious, wistful, far-away look upon her countenance, which brightened into a smile as she came on more quickly for having lost a minute watching the acacia-leaves. She carried in her hand a roll covered with dark-

red morocco, and walked with a decisive step—light yet regular—as if her foot kept time to a march ringing in her memory. "She is a music teacher, going to one of her pupils," I said to myself; and, when she was gone by, I fell into my mood, and sought an interpretation of that thoughtful upcast look that I had seen upon her face under the trees.

"She was born in the country," I made out, "in some soft, balmy, sheltered spot, where all was pretty in the summer weather. There were acacias there, and these reminded her of them. Perhaps some one she knew and dearly loved had loved those trees, and she saw in the rippling shadows a long train of reminiscences that I could not see—things past, because her expression was tender, yet things not sad altogether, because a smile succeeded the little wistful look."

After that Thursday morning I watched for her coming twice in the week, each time with increased interest. I always give my dream-folk names, such as their appearance and general air suggest. I gave her the name of Georgie. She seemed to have a certain stability and independence of character which spring out of an early—possibly an enforced—habit of self-reliance. This I deduced from externals, such as that though her dress was always neat and appropriate, it was never fashionable. She looked what women among themselves call nice. I should say her tastes were nice in the more correct acceptance of the word, and by no means capricious. She wore usually a gray shade of some soft material for her dress; and, that summer, she wore a plain silky white shawl, which clung to her figure, a straw-bonnet with white ribbon, and a kerchief of bright rose or blue. Her shoes and her gloves were dainty; and, from the

habitual pleasantness of her countenance, I knew that if she were, as my familiar suggested, music and singing-mistress, the times went well with her. She had plenty to do, and was well paid.

Her coming was as good as a happy thought to me. Her punctuality was extraordinary. I could have set my watch by her movements those two mornings in each week. I watched for her as regularly as I watched for my breakfast, and should have missed her much more. By whatever way she returned home, it was not by my street. For two full months she came round the corner at ten minutes before nine, and, glancing up at the garden trees, passed down the opposite side of the pavement, and out of sight. All this time I could not add another chapter to my romance. She had ever the same cheerful brow, and quiet, placid, undisturbed mouth; the same dauntless, straight-looking, well-opened eyes; the same even, girlish step, as regular and calm as the beat of her own young heart. I could but work out the details of the country home where the rose on her cheek bloomed, and where the erect lithe shape developed; where the honest disposition grew into strength and principle, and where loving training had encouraged and ripened the kindly spirit that looked out at her eyes. Two or three little traits that showed her goodness, I did observe. Never a beggar asked of her in the street whom she did not either relieve or speak to with infinite goodness. I have seen her stop to comfort a crying child, and look after a half-starved masterless dog picking about the kennel for a bone, with a look on her face that reminded me of my lost one—so tender, so compassionate, so true, pure womanly.

One evening at the commencement of August—it was about half

past six, and all the sun was out of our street—I saw Georgie, as I called her in my own mind, come down the pavement, still carrying the music-roll; but not alone. There was with her a young man. He might be a clerk, or a doctor, or a lawyer, or any other profession almost, from his appearance; I could not tell what. He was tall, and certainly well-looking; but his face was rather feeble, and its complexion too delicate for a man. Georgie seemed his superior, in mind even more than in person. There was a suggestive slouch in his gait, a trail of the foot, that I did not like. He carried his head down, and walked slowly; but that might be from ill health, or that he wanted to keep Georgie's company longer, or a thousand things rather than the weakness of character with which, from the first glance, I felt disposed to charge him. He was perhaps Georgie's brother, I said at first; afterwards I felt sure he was her lover, and that she loved him.

Three weeks passed. Georgie's morning transits continued as regularly as the clock-stroke; but I had not seen her any more in the evenings, when I became aware that I had the young man, her companion, for an opposite neighbor. From the time of his daily exits and returns, I made out that he must be employed as clerk somewhere. He used to watch at the window for Georgie; and, as soon as he saw her turn the corner, he would rush out. They always met with a smile and a hand-shake, and walked away together. In about a quarter of an hour he came back alone, and left the house again at ten. This continued until the chilly autumn days set in, and there was always a whirl of the acacia-leaves on the pavement under the wall. Georgie did not often look up in passing them now. Perhaps she was thinking of the meeting close at hand.

The young clerk I called Arthur. Now that I had him as a daily subject of study, I began to approve of him more. I do not imagine that he was a man of any great energy of character; and even, what little he might have possessed, originally, must have been sapped by ill health long since; but there was a certain intellectual expression on his pale, large brow that overbalanced the feebleness of the lower part of his face. I could fancy Georgie, in her womanly faith and love, idealizing him until his face was as that of an angel to her—mild as St. John's, and as beautiful. Indolent and weak, myself, what I approve is strength of will, power to turn and bend circumstances to our profit; in Arthur, I detected only a gentle goodness; therefore he did not satisfy me for Georgie who, I said to myself, could live a great, a noble life, and bear as well the strivings of adversity as she now bore the sunshine of young happiness. If I could have chosen Georgie's lover he should have been a hero; but truth placed him before my eyes too gravely for misconception.

The winter was very harsh, very cold, very bitter indeed; but all the long months I never missed the bi-weekly transits of that brave-eyed girl. She had a thick and coarse maud of shepherd's plaid, and a dark dress now; but that was the only change. She seemed healthy-proof against the cruel blasts that appeared almost to kill poor Arthur. He was always enveloped in coat upon coat; and, round his throat, he wore a comforter of scarlet and white wool, rather gaudy and rather uncommon; but I did not wonder why he was so constant to its use, when I remembered that it was a bit of woman's work, and that Georgie's fingers had knitted it, most probably.

Ill or well, the winter got over,

and the more trying east winds of spring began. Arthur did not often issue forth to meet Georgie then, and I believe he had been obliged to give up his situation; for, I used to see him at all times of the day in the parlor of the opposite house; occasionally, when the sun was out, he would come and saunter wearily up and down the flags for half an hour, and then drag himself feebly indoors again. He sometimes had a companion in these walks, on whose stalwart arm he leaned—a good friend, he seemed to be.

"Ah! if Georgie had only loved him!" I thought, foolishly.

He was older than Arthur, and totally different: a tall, strong young fellow, with a bronzed face, a brisk blue eye, and a great brown beard. The other looked boyish and simple beside him; especially now that he was so ill. The two seemed to have a great affection for each other. Perhaps they had been school-fellows and playmates; but, at any rate, there was a strong bond between them, and Georgie must have known it.

I remember one warm afternoon, at the beginning of June, I saw Arthur and Robert (that was my gift-name to the brown stranger), come out and begin walking and talking together up and down the pavement. They were going from the corner when Georgie, quite at an unusual hour, came hurrying round it. She had in her hand one of those unwieldy bunches of moss-roses, with stalks a foot long, and she was busy trimming them into some shape and order as she advanced. She reached the door of Arthur's lodgings before they turned; and, just as she got to the step and seemed about to ring, she descried them in the distance. Spy that I was, I detected the blush that fired her face, and the quick smile of pleasure with which she went to meet them as they returned. Arthur took the

flowers listlessly. I could see that he was getting beyond any strong feelings of pleasure or pain, through sheer debility. In fact, he was melting away in the flame of consumption as rapidly—to use a homely saying—as a candle lighted at both ends. I wondered, more than once, whether Georgie was blind to his state; for she still seemed as cheerful as ever, and still wore that calm, good expression which I have mentioned before as characteristic of her. I believe she was quite in the dark, or else so full of hope that she could not and would not admit a sad presentiment. Arthur stood silent and tired, while Robert and she spoke to each other; and, after a minute or two, he grew impatient and would go indoors. I thought Georgie looked chagrined as the door shut, and she was left outside. I could not quite interpret that bit. She remained hesitating a second or two, and then started very quickly,—as if she had forgotten something,—back in the direction from which she had come.

Sometimes in my romances I should like to alter the few certainties that impose themselves as checks on my fancy. I would fain alter here, for instance, and make out that Robert fell instantaneously in love with Georgie, and that poor Arthur was only a cousin for whom she had a quiet, sisterly affection, and nothing more,—but I cannot. They were surely lovers, whose hearts were each bound up in the other.

The Thursday after the little incident of the moss-roses I missed Georgie for the first time. Could she have passed by earlier, I asked myself? I was certainly late for breakfast. On the following Saturday it was the same. "She has given up her pupil in this direction, or she is ill," I said; but the next week I watched, with an anxiety that quickened every pulse, for her

coming. I took up my post on the settee early, and kept my eye on the corner; but never saw her! On the succeeding Saturday I almost gave up my hope; for she was still absent, and I lost many an hour in devising explanations why. But the following Thursday my romance was continued. When I went into my sitting-room and threw up the window I saw the thin, pale hand of my opposite neighbor holding back the curtain of the window as he lay on his bed, and presently Georgie went by on my side, that his eyes might, for a moment, be cheered as he saw her pass. After that, I often saw the wan face of Arthur at the glass, and sometimes Robert's healthy brown visage beside it. One afternoon, Georgie came, as it were, stealthily to the door and rang the bell. She had a little basket and some flowers which she gave to the woman of the house, with whom she spoke for awhile, and then she went away very grave, downcast, sad. I was sure that she knew at last.

Every day now, two incidents recurred regularly. One was the arrival of the doctor in his green chariot; the other, the arrival of Georgie with her little basket and her nosegay of flowers. She always went indoors and stayed—sometimes only a few minutes, sometimes an hour or more. At this time my romance got a new light, or rather a new shadow. I began to think that Arthur was all Georgie had in the world; for nobody ever came with her; nobody ever spoke to her, but the woman of the house, and Robert.

Occasionally Robert would come out with her on the door-step, and they would converse together for a little while. It was about Arthur, I knew, from their serious looks and glances up to the room where he lay. I cannot tell how much I felt for Georgie, in the loneliness

by which my imagination surrounded her. I began to see in Arthur many virtues, many merits, which must have made her love him, that I had never seen in him before. His wan face looked patient, his great brow more spiritual than ever, and I was sure she would cling to him with a keener affection as she beheld him passing away.

I suppose when death comes amongst us, no matter how long we have been warned, how long we have used ourselves to think that he might knock at our door any day, his coming appears sudden—unexpected. I rose one morning as usual; and, on looking at the opposite house, saw that the shutters were closed and the blinds all down. Arthur, then, was dead. The milkman came to the door, the baker, the postman with his letters—letters for a dead man.

It was Thursday morning. Georgie would pass early. A little before nine she came, ran swiftly up the house-steps and rang. At the same moment, advanced in another direction, the man with the board on which the dead are laid. He was but just gone then! Georgie stood by to let him pass in before her, and I saw the shiver that ran through her frame as she watched him up the stairs, and thought what he was going to do. Robert came out to her; his manly face, grief-stricken and pale, was writhing as he recounted to her, perhaps, some dying message from Arthur, perhaps some last token of his love—I know not what.

Then Georgie came out crying—crying, O so bitterly; and in going down from the door she dropped the flowers that she had brought in her hand to gladden eyes that the sight of her would never more gladden on this earth. Robert picked them up, and, after watching her a few minutes on her way, went in again and shut the

door. But, in the afternoon, she returned and went upstairs to see what had been her lover. It is good to look at the cast-off mould of what we love; it dissevers us so coldly, so effectually from their dust. It forces us to look elsewhere for the warm, loving soul that animated it. There is nothing in that clay that can respond to us. That which we idolized exists elsewhere.

Every day—sometimes at one hour, sometimes at another—Georgie came to the opposite house, was admitted by Robert and visited the relics of her beloved. She seemed to be more than ever alone; for, even in these melancholy comings and goings, she was always unaccompanied. On the sixth day from Arthur's death, there was a funeral; and Georgie and Robert were the only mourners who attended it. Seeing the girl in her black clothing, white and tearful, I said, "She did love him, and I hope she will stay—for his sake—a widow all her life!"

The Thursday and Saturday morning transits were now resumed. Georgie looked graver, loftier, more thoughtful; like a woman on whom sorrow has lighted, but whom sorrow cannot destroy. Robert left the opposite house, and sometimes my fancy went home with the poor, lonely girl, and I wondered whether she had any friend in the world who was near to her and dear to her now.

For upwards of six months I never missed her with her roll of music twice in the week; but, at the end of that time, she suddenly ceased to appear in our quiet street, and I saw her no more for a long time. I thought that this romance of mine, like many others, was to melt away amongst the crowd of actualities; but, yesterday, behold! there came upon me its dramatic conclusion. Georgie and Robert, he strong and handsome as ever,

she fair and lovely, and wearing garments that had the spotless air of belonging to a new bride, came like a startling sunbreak into its gloom. They paused opposite the house where Arthur died, seemed to recall him each to the other, and then walked on silently and more slowly than before; but before they turned the corner I could see Georgie smiling up in Robert's

face, and Robert looking down on Georgie with such a love as never shone in Arthur's cold, spiritual eyes.

For an instant I had a little regret,—a little anger against her,—but it passed. Let Georgie live her life, and be happy! Did I not at the first wish that Robert, and not Arthur, had been her choice?

APOSTOLICITY ESSENTIAL IN THE CONSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH.

THE Church was founded by our Lord, on the Apostles in general, and upon Peter in particular, and rose into a building that was to endure forever. Having called His twelve disciples together, He gave them power over unclean spirits. These twelve Apostles Jesus sent, commanding them, saying: Go ye into the way of the gentiles, and going preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand (Matthew 10). Amen, I say to you, whatsoever ye shall bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose upon earth shall be loosed also in heaven (Matthew 18). And Jesus coming, spoke to them, saying, All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Going, *therefore*, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world (Matthew 28). Of this foundation we read in the gospel of St. Mark: "Jesus appeared to the eleven, and said to them, Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to

every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned" (Mark 16). Speaking of the Church, St. Paul says: "Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets" (Eph. 2:20).

The Church has always designated itself apostolical; from the Apostles it has traced its origin, its government, its priesthood, its hierarchy; it has ever declared itself to be the ancient, consequently the true religious body; and all others that call themselves Christian societies now, consequently false. "We acknowledge the one and only Catholic and apostolic Church, always inexpugnable, though the whole world should choose to war against it; and victorious over every most profane insurrection of the heterodox" (Alexander). The Council of Sardinia thus salutes the bishops: "To the bishops, in all places, and our co-ministers in the Catholic and apostolic Church." The Church has always opposed its doctrines, as having existed from the beginning, to heresy, which it has condemned for being an innovation. Thus did Irenæus: "This is true knowledge, the doctrine of

the Apostles, and the ancient system of the Church throughout the entire world, and the mark of the body of Christ, according to the succession of bishops, to whom they (the Apostles) delivered that Church, which is in every place." For all these heretics come long after bishops to whom the Apostles delivered the churches. Wherefore those priests must be obeyed who are in the Church, who possess a succession from the Apostles, as we have shown, who, with the succession of the episcopate, have received the unerring grace of truth, according to the will of the Father. But the rest, who depart from the principal succession and gather themselves together in any place whatever, we ought to regard as false and of evil sentiments, or as men who rend the unity of the Church, and as proud men, and men that pursue their own pleasure; or again as hypocrites, that act thus for lucre's sake and vanity. But all these have fallen from the truth. "Where, therefore, the graces or gifts of the Lord are, there it behooves us to learn the truth from those with whom is that succession of the Church which cometh down from the Apostles" (Adv. Hæres 4). The same principles are enunciated by Clement of Alexandria and Tertullian. "This faith (says St. Augustine) the Church possesses, this faith the Church defends, this faith, which she knows to have been delivered through the blessed Apostles. If you could go through all nations in a moment, thou wouldst find, most stupid emperor, that everywhere Christians believe as we do; and that persisting in this our defence, they desire, as we do, to die for the Son of God."

To this character of apostolicity pretensions were made by the Gnostics, who taught that the doctrines of the different Apostles had been preserved in their sect by a secret

tradition. The same claims were asserted by the Paulicians, and other heretical factions. The destructives of the sixteenth century, mis-called Reformers, considered this character as essential to the Church; they acknowledged the necessity of apostolical succession, and if any teacher arose who could not trace this succession in his ministry, they required that he prove his doctrines by miracles. Luther writes: "If he (Munzer) say that God and his Spirit have sent him, as they did the Apostles, let him prove this by signs and wonders, or let him be prevented from preaching; for when God will change the ordinary course of things he always does so by signs and wonders."

The Church is, and remains forever, the Church that was founded upon and by the Apostles. With this one and living fact of the institution and constitution of the Church is connected forever the authority of apostolicity. Whatever was taught and commanded by the Apostles, in the name of Christ, still remains; the power and sacredness that were once imparted to the Church must and do still continue with the Church. From the doctrine and sacredness imparted by the Apostles the Church at the present day exists. An institution which is not apostolical, that is, which has not the Apostles as its foundation and origin, cannot stand by the side of the Church which was founded by the Apostles; it can have no pretensions to the name of a Church. The Church which reposes on the foundation of the Apostles possesses within itself the tradition handed down by them of truth and of grace; it possesses within itself its mission to all nations, extending through all time.

The Sacred Scripture abundantly testifies that our Saviour made St. Peter in particular the foundation

of the Church, and endowed him with a supremacy of authority and jurisdiction. Before the Apostle uttered a word, or performed any action in the presence of his Master, he received a remarkable name, expressive of elevation, firmness, and harmonious unity. The adaptation and meaning of this name (*cephas—rock*) became developed when Christ laid the foundation of his Church on the Apostle. A reason for this exclusive privilege was given in the fact that Peter's faith was protected against alteration by a special prayer; and the good effects intended were exhibited in the obligation imposed on the Apostle, *to confirm his brethren*. To prevent any misunderstanding about the appointment of Peter unto a supremacy in the Church, the Saviour used the language and figures then familiar and customary among nations to signify the conveyance of a vicarial sovereignty, saying, "*I will give to thee the key of the kingdom of heaven.*" He also marked out the extent of the jurisdiction conferred, by a charge over the entire fold, including lambs and sheep, with a power of binding and loosing. All that had been granted to Peter was afterwards carried into execution, and practically illustrated by himself in the exercise of his office, and by the Church in its attention and compliance with his testimony and his government. He confirmed his brethren in the faith, by testifying to the resurrection of our Lord. He held together the parts of the building by putting Matthias in the place vacated by Judas in the apostolic ministry. He fed the lambs and sheep, being the first to preach "salvation in the name of Jesus crucified;" and presented to the Council of Jerusalem the first controverted question. Assuming the supremacy of St. Peter to be thus conclusively established, it is a necessary consequence that the

institution of it was not a mere personal gift, but that it is an inherent and integral portion of the organism of the Church of Christ, and accordingly it abides as the property and mark of apostolicity in the successors of St. Peter. It is a maxim of religious teaching that the Church of the living God was substantially the same before the advent of Christ as it was at the time of his visible mission; such it is in the present, and so it will continue till the end of time. "*God,*" says St. Paul, "*who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all in these days hath spoke to us by his Son.*" So that whatever change may have been effected regarding sacraments and external rites of religion, the substance is the same throughout, becoming more developed, more illustrious. This we are taught by the Saviour, saying, "*Do not think that I came to destroy the law or the prophets, I am come not to destroy but fulfil.*" Whatsoever then we find to be a substantial leading matter in the constitution of the Church under its oldest form, and as such preserved by the sanction of Jesus Christ, it must continue to the end of time; but such is the supremacy conferred on St. Peter, therefore it must continue to the end of time. The first proposition is a self-evident truth, and the second is demonstrated by irresistible evidence. In the 8th chapter of Leviticus we have an account of the consecration of Aaron as the high priest and chief of the Levitical order. In every passage of holy writ where his name occurs, he is mentioned as one holding pre-eminence of position, and a supremacy of jurisdiction in the sacerdotal ranks. The 17th chapter of Deuteronomy informs us that, in the Mosaic dispensation, God appointed one supreme chief in his Church, to be a judge in matters of religion,

and to decide in all doubtful and controverted matters. In the 3d chapter of Numbers, where the different offices are distinctly enumerated, one chief prince of the Church is pointed out to whom all other rulers are subordinate. There it is written: "*And the Prince of the princes of the Levites, Eleazar, the son of Aaron the priest shall be over them that watch for the guard of the sanctuary.*" We have the succession of Eleazar to Aaron placed before us in the 20th chapter of Numbers. This succession is continued in the 20th chapter of Judges, where we read, "*Wherefore all the children of Israel came to the house of God, and sat and wept before the Lord, . . . and Phineas the son of Eleazar the son of Aaron was over the house.*" These few testimonies show us plainly and conclusively that, to preserve peace in the Church, to maintain unity of religious belief and harmony of ritual observance, as well as to set aside all harassing controversy, the Lord ordained and continued under the Jewish dispensation, the office of a High Priest, whose decision was to be obeyed, because it emanated from a supreme and divinely constituted authority. All this continued unto the time of Christ. The Evangelist St. John, recording the truthful statement of Caiaphas, "*that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not;*" says that, "*this he spoke not of himself, but being the High Priest of that year he prophesied that Jesus should die for the nation.*" So that even in a time of great corruption the institution was divinely preserved, and a wicked man like Caiaphas was gifted to announce infallibly a divine truth, because he was the High Priest.

That a supremacy in the Church was not destroyed but included in the fulfilment brought about by our Saviour is manifest by those testimonies which prove the juris-

diction established in St. Peter. Therefore we are forced to conclude that as a supremacy has been appointed by the will of God as a necessary constituent in the organization of his Church, and as such preserved by our blessed Saviour, it must in like manner continue to the end of time. Hence we may infer that all the distinction and authority found in St. Peter passed to his successors precisely as a similar authority passed on from Aaron to Eleazar, from him to Phineas, and thence through numerous links to Caiaphas. Moreover, the same evidence that proves the bestowal of this important office on Peter, proves its continuance and subsistence with his successors, and for the following reasons. Christ, who is the source of all power, most emphatically declared, that the authority with which the ministers of his word were invested was not temporary but permanent; that it was given not only for the erection of his Church, but for its maintenance throughout all ages. "*As the Father sent me, so I send you,*" said the Saviour to his Apostles collectively, therefore whatsoever commission was originally bestowed became authenticated by this declaration, which so very plainly indicates the continuation of the commission to the end of time. If then the right and duty of teaching and baptizing passed on from the other Apostles to their successors, in like manner, and for the same reasons, the right of governing and confirming the brethren passed from Peter to his successors. The rank and authority bestowed on Peter was for the benefit of the Church, or it was not. To say that it was not, would be accusing Christ of doing a useless thing. That it was for the benefit of the universal Church is plain enough, from the fact that its ostensible object was unity of faith and the pastoral care of the fold; therefore as the Church

is of perpetual duration, *always loved and sanctified by the Saviour*, who esteems it as his spouse, the benefit originally conferred must be continued. Christ prayed that Peter's faith might not fail, so that he might confirm his brethren. Now, who were his brethren? Are we to say, merely the members of the Church who lived in his day? Certainly not. All the members of the Church who will ever exist come under this designation; therefore this extensive work of confirming in the faith must be performed by persons contemporary with the brethren who are to be confirmed. The necessity for confirming was not diminished, but increased after the death of Peter, and certainly it cannot be supposed that the benefit in question was withdrawn when the brethren increased from thousands to millions. Not only did the Saviour lay the foundation of his Church on Peter—a rock—but likewise provided for its stability in the same secure position, throughout all ages, as he declares in those words, "*the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*" Now the power of evil, indicated by "*the gates of hell,*" was exercised not only in the lifetime of Peter, but will be so to the end of time, "*the roaring lion always going about seeking whom he may devour.*" Therefore, as the evil always exists, the protection against it is equally durable, and as the protection was provided in the way agreeable to supernal wisdom, namely, in a concentration of authority, a plenitude of jurisdiction, and a supremacy of government in one chief, the very same method of preservation still exists, and is found in a person holding equal rank with St. Peter. Christ is *the same yesterday and to-day, the same forever*, so that his kingdom must be perpetuated to the end of time in the condition of its first existence. In all the descriptions of this kingdom we find

it represented under forms that imply this supremacy. It is called a building, therefore it has a foundation; it is a household, therefore it has a master; it is a vineyard, therefore it has a steward; it is a body, therefore it has a head; it is a sheepfold, therefore it has a pastor; consequently, through a necessity arising out of its perpetual duration, it carries with it those distinctive marks, those essential qualities, manifested in a chief-like Peter—a rock, a pastor, a governor with the keys, a steward binding and loosing, a head, confirming and uniting the members of the body. Christ ordered Peter to feed his lambs and sheep without any exception, and thereby we must admit he gave to him a perpetual office, which must continue till the end of time, because all the sheep were not in the fold when Christ spoke; many nations have been converted since that time: "*Other sheep I have (says Christ) that are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.*" Most assuredly a pastor must be always present to execute the duties of Peter's office in regard to those sheep that are thus being from time to time brought into the fold. Now, we ask, where is this succession found? Who holds the office thus proven to be necessarily existent? Who performs the duties indispensable in the constitution of the Church? Whilst we look to every age and nation, whilst we hearken to the voice of every people, there is no other claimant to be found except the Bishop of Rome. By separatists from the Catholic Church that Pontiff is assailed on account of the possession of this office; he is revered by Catholics, and obeyed, because he is known and believed to perform legitimately its functions. Therefore the divine institution and maintenance of the

office being demonstrated, then the sole and exclusive occupancy of said office being with the Roman Pontiff, he is the inheritor of St. Peter's privileges, and consequently the divinely constituted head of the Church on earth.

WORDS.

WORDS are lighter than the cloud-foam
 Of the restless ocean spray;
 Vainer than the trembling shadow
 That the next hour steals away.
 By the fall of summer raindrops
 Is the air as deeply stirred;
 And the rose-leaf that we tread on
 Will outlive a word.

Yet on the dull silence breaking
 With a lightning flash, a word
 Bearing endless desolation
 On its blighting wings, I heard.
 Earth can forge no keener weapon
 Dealing surer death and pain,
 And the cruel echo answered
 Through long years again.

I have known one word hang star-like
 O'er a dreary waste of years,
 And it only shone the brighter
 Looked at through a mist of tears;
 While a weary wanderer gathered
 Hope and heart on life's dark way,
 By its faithful promise shining
 Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit calmer
 Than the calmest lake, and clear
 As the heavens that gazed upon it,
 With no wave of hope or fear;
 But a storm had swept across it,
 And its deepest depths were stirred
 Never, never more to slumber,
 Only by a word.

- I have known a word more gentle
 Than the breath of summer air,
 In a listening heart it nestled,
 And it lived forever there.
 Not the beating of its prison
 Stirred it ever, night or day:
 Only with the heart's last throbbing
 Could it fade away.

Words are mighty, words are living:
 Serpents with their venomous stings,
 Or bright angels, crowding round us
 With heaven's light upon their wings:
 Every word has its own spirit,
 True or false, that never dies;
 Every word man's lips have uttered
 Echoes in God's skies.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TIGRANES. A tale of the days of Julian the Apostate. Translated and abridged from the Italian of Father John Joseph Franco, S. J. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street 1874.

This beautiful work of the great Jesuit novelist of Italy first appeared, if we are not mistaken, in the great organ of the Papal party of Europe, *La Civiltà Cattolica*, and it now comes from its well-known American publishers as "No. 6" of their "Messenger Series" of Catholic romances, and has, we are happy to add, received already an unusually warm series of greetings from the Catholic press of the United States, to which encomiums we now desire to add a welcome on our own part no less cordial because it comes somewhat late. In the first place, the translation is remarkably good, so, unexceptional, in fact, as to run with the chasteness and fluency of an original composition, and the fine diction and sentiment have afforded the translator a brilliant opportunity, of which he has not failed to avail himself. As a literary effort it possesses the mingled massiveness of an historical work, with the delicate grace of a captivating novel, and if at times the narrative seems somewhat to drag, it redeems itself for the temporary *contretemps* by numerous passages remarkable for brilliancy of description or startling vividness in the plot. Among these we have only space to enumerate the description of ancient Athens, with which the story opens, and the chapter entitled *The Sacred Liturgy*, though there are many others equally worthy of special mention. The historical and saintly personages of the period are finely delineated, while the development of the hypo-

critical character of the great Imperial Apostate is a masterly piece of pen-painting. We feel disposed to regret that the original has been somewhat abridged, though doubtless it has been done judiciously, and this certainly will not materially mar the pleasure in store for those readers whose name we confidently hope will be *LEGION*, not only on account of the interest and pleasure its pages will awaken, but more especially for the admirable lessons of self-repeating history which it teaches the "liberal" Catholics of our own times. The typography is clear and beautiful, and the binding richly chaste.

THE LIFE OF ST. THOMAS OF VILLANOVA, Archbishop Valencia and Augustinian friar, with an introductory sketch of the men, the manners, and the morals of the sixteenth century. First American edition. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street. 1874.

Some years ago there hung in the parlor of what was then the Jesuit College of Philadelphia, but now known as La Salle College of the Christian Brothers, a large picture representing St. Thomas of Villanova distributing alms to the poor. The painting was, we believe, the property of a sister of the late General Meade, U. S. A., residing in New York, but we have often wondered since if the large number of persons who gazed so earnestly upon the beautiful masterpiece of art during its temporary exposition in our city, had failed to take away with them a heartfelt admiration and love for him whose form and character it so graciously portrayed. One of the great galaxy of the **CHURCH'S REFORMERS** in

the sixteenth century; one of the most shining lights of the Church in heroic old Spain; one of the master minds that illuminated her grand intellectual centres of Alcalá and Salamanca; one whose rare combination of all virtues, but especially his charity, not merely towards the professed mendicant, but more especially towards those whose position in life would only permit of their destitution being relieved with the delicacy of thoughtfulness and circumspection of charity which only a refined mind could administer, have merited for him the honor of canonization among the most brilliant saints in the court of heaven. Messrs. Cunningham & Son seem to delight in publishing but two classes of books, Catholic tales and biographies of the saints. We have just reviewed their newest issue of the former series, *TIGRANES*, and we now take up with pleasure a companion publication and their latest addition to the latter class in the life of this glorious son of St. Augustine. The biography itself is simply a republication of the Oratorian life by Father Faber, but it is enriched in this, its first American edition, by the historical introduction referred to on the title-page, and which is from the pen of Rev. T. C. Middleton, O. S. A., of Villanova College, Delaware County, Pa. This introduction is in itself a volume of research and thought, presented in a neat and flowing language, which claims most promptly the attention of the reader, and holds it in a charmed grasp of interest till he finds himself not only through the introduction but almost unconsciously at the end of the entire work. We hope that the publishers will allow us just one word of indirect disapprobation, and that in the form of a suggestion, that in future editions the present pictorial frontispiece be either entirely omitted, or its place supplied by something equally appropriate and decidedly better.

AN ESSAY CONTRIBUTING TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF LITERATURE. By B. A. M. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1874.

Although there are no direct pretensions to Catholicity about this work, yet it bears with it the indisputable characteristics of a Catholic treatise, the aim of which, in the language of the preface, is to embody in a united whole the laws and principles of literature in its most general relations; again, the author properly tells us that his work is too succinct throughout to be anything more than suggestive of thought on the subject treated, while the essay being intended

for young men of advanced classes, he has suited his otherwise attractive style to their comprehension, to the detriment perhaps of the interest of general readers. We confess that when we took up the book we felt somewhat prejudiced against it; closer, though by no means thorough inspection, has decidedly softened our prejudgment. The work is pre-eminently scholastic, and, we believe, thoroughly orthodox. His chapter on Literature and the Reformation will need careful reading, in a class where students are not thoroughly acquainted with the history of that eventful period, for he seems to us as leaning unduly towards the Protestant version of the history of that time. Undoubtedly many if not all the scandals to which he alludes, did exist in the sixteenth century, within the pale of the Church, but that they existed as a *rule* rather than as *exceptions*, which we think he would incautiously lead untutored minds to infer, we most emphatically deny. We regret that lack of time has prevented us from giving the book a more thorough investigation, and nothing but close examination should allow an opinion to be expressed, but from the cursory review we have made of its pages, we would at present draw no harsher inference than that some of its passages might be beneficially toned to a more judicious key, if its author meant it for extensive use in Catholic colleges.

In justice to the writer, we say that the book is evidently not intended for the weak-kneed students to be found in the greater part of our colleges. It is meant for such as have learned to think, by having been taught to study. It is better for our students to learn something which will require real thought, be it ever so little, than any amount of mere memorizing.

To use this essay properly, both teacher and student must be in earnest, and we need more such books, with the improvements, however, that we mention above.

FOR HUSKS, FOOD. By the author of *Lascine*. New York and Montreal: D. J. Sadlier & Co. 1874. Received through Cunningham & Son.

The author of *Lascine* is, as we presume every one knows by this time, an Oxford convert, and a Catholic gentleman of London, now sojourning in this country. In a review of his first work, which we find in our December number, the writer stated, "We can safely say if it does little good, it will do no harm," a sentiment which we must repeat with regard to the present volume. The au-

thor certainly possesses a refined and cultivated mind, which is about the largest meed of compliment we feel like paying him, for when an author gifted with common sense, and possessing as excellent literary abilities, as richly stored and devotional a mind as some of these pages would indicate, wilfully drops his tone of manliness, we cannot excuse him for marring an otherwise praiseworthy effort, by adopting a style of writing indicative only of talents for the art of intellectual simpering. The very nonsensical title is an excellent index of the style. We do not wish to be too severe, but it is absolutely irritating to find some really exquisite word pictures set in such a ridiculous framing, while the "talk" of some of the characters would rather serve to nauseate us with the "husks" of poetical piety, than to strengthen us with the "food" of solid devotion.

SIN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. New York and Montreal: D. J. Sadlier & Co. 1874. Received through Cunningham & Son.

A new volume of Sermons, by Dr. Manning, and if possible better than even their predecessors from the same source. We need not of course recommend them, but we cannot refrain from thinking, that from the practical nature of the themes here presented, they will prove more acceptable to readers generally, than the other works of England's prospective cardinal, which usually savor very strongly of the theological tendency of the author's mind. They are eight in number, six treating of the various kinds and degrees of Sin, Penance, and Temptation, the latter being especially applicable to almost every one who is willing to read it. There are likewise two on *The Dereliction of the Cross*, and *the Joys of the Resurrection*.

THE PIONEER; a poem by William Seton, author of the *Romance of the Charter Oak*, the *Pride of Lexington*, &c. New York: P. O'Shea. 1874.

Any one as capable as Monseigneur Seton of writing good prose ought to be willing to forego the risk of inditing poor poetry. If he be a poet we can find no evidence of the fact in the neat little volume before us, which presents a very brilliant cover as the sole equivalent for the purchaser's money. *The Pioneer* is an exceedingly simple and not uninteresting narrative, told on a few tinted pages of smooth and elevated blank verse. What might have been made of the theme in hands more habituated to handling a poet's pen we are scarcely prepared to say, but certainly not much less could be brought out of it by any writer of reputation.

ADELINE DE CHAZAL; or *Six Months' Experience of the World after Leaving School*. Translated from the French by a Sister of St. Joseph. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son. 1874.

The title of this publication sufficiently indicates its theme, which is treated in a series of letters combined in the form of a plotless narrative. It seems to be much more solid and practical in its dictations than such works usually are, and will be read, we imagine, with much interest. We feel, however, somewhat inclined to take exception to the chapter treating of balls and theatres, which, though quite sound in theory, is, we think, just a little too severe in its application, thereby exciting a tendency to scrupulosity in persons of a position and age peculiarly liable to that unmitigated evil.

CATHARINE HAMILTON; a Tale for Little Girls. By M. F. S., author of *Tom's Crucifix*, and other tales. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1874.

A very creditable little juvenile, which we cordially recommend.

THE
CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. VII, No. 40.—AUGUST, 1874.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

It is an old, old story, yet one ever new with the beauty of truth, that anecdote of Canute, the Danish King of England, sitting upon the seashore at Dover, surrounded by flattering courtiers, who tell him in their deceitful words, that he is lord of all things by his royal power, while he, penetrating the spirit of their lying adulation, confounds their disgusting sycophancy by commanding the ocean to pour its tide no further; yet breaker after breaker, unheeding his royal command, casts, as if in mock submission, its wealth of foam nearer and nearer at his feet, till the king and his company are obliged to retreat to save themselves from the engulfing billows; when he, king in soul as well as in power, turning upon his attendants, reproves them in scathing tones, for that blasphemous and false courtesy which would attribute to a mortal man, albeit a crowned conqueror, the prerogatives which belong alone to Him who is KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.

People do not see things either by mental or optical vision all alike in this world, nor do some of them, unfortunately, "read life's lessons all aright." There is indeed a beauty and utility in diversity, when it is ordained by the divine economy, but when this variety of vision and sentiment is not regulated by that line of beauty traced according to the laws of TRUTH, unfortunate mistakes are made in the calculation, both of present facts or possible results; thus, for instance, almost every man or woman boasting of the smallest amount of education, has read in his or her juvenile days, the aforesaid story of King Canute; and while all have drawn therefrom a beautiful moral, yet not all have applied its teachings rightly. Among these latter, Mr. Thomas Nast, the dubiously celebrated, yet not the less able, cartoonist of *Harper's Weekly*, saw proper, while looking around some months since for new allegories wherewith to recuperate his pencil, exhausted in its active carica-

turing of the Catholic Church and its divinely appointed ministers,—a pencil which its wielder deems as mighty as a sword, in his Quixotic efforts at artistic tilting,—hit upon this fine old anecdote as a capital source of inspiration for his mental photography, from which he reproduced, with some slight changes, the following picture. Our Holy Father, Pope Pius the Ninth, personified as a pontifical Canute, was represented as sitting upon the Tiberian strand, commanding the breakers to approach no further towards his sacred feet. Very fierce were these breakers, according to Mr. Nast's delineation; very mighty in their wrath, lashed by the storm-clouds around and about them. And their respective names were labelled on their foam-crested fronts, "*Italian occupation of Rome, German unification, French republicanism, Spanish liberalism, and all the other ations and isms* they represent, were pouring their yawning billows at his feet, as he sat commandingly in his pontifical rocking-chair. To the right of the picture, the dome of the capitol at Washington, serving as a throne to the sculptured figure of American liberty, shone resplendently through the storm-tossed elements. No flattering courtiers, however, stood about the old mitred man in the rocking-chair; not one insidious fawner was there to soothe his ear, pained by the roarings of the storm, or his mind, supposed to be agonized by its unfettered approach; only one attendant could he boast, and that one a rival in deceit, blasphemy, and villany, to the whole of Canute's court, as with malicious leer he, in the pencilled form of Victor Emmanuel, "King of Italy," reclined with one arm upon the back of the pontiff's chair, and with the hand of the other twirled, with all the *Re galantuomo's* nonchalance, his extensive mustache, while, with far-fetched

ideas of artistic unity, he was pictured as whispering to the Pope, in the language of the well-known English ballad, which has so frequently been screeched out by "performers" in our modern American parlors:

"What are the wild waves saying?
Saying ——— to thee!"

We suggested at the time that Mr. Nast's artistic ambition had overleaped itself. Our prophecy then was privately expressed, as we did not find it convenient just then to adopt the character of a public seer; but now that its realization is seemingly so close at hand, and we consider our prophetic reputation on the point of "getting out of the woods" of doubt, we will study the picture analytically, critically, and prophetically. And although the torrid state of the August atmosphere would seem to prohibit any such intellectual effort at attention, either on our own part, or that of our audience, yet we can assure the latter, that the seaside inspiration and the nature of the subject, will render it very seasonable if they will but lend a brief and kind attention.

We must premise then that of all the pictures which the Harper's *Weakly* sheet has given to the public, from the one which represented the Pope as a woodchuck, about to fall into the hands of his pursuers, by being sawn off with the limb of infallibility from the dogmatic tree, on which limb he had run out as a final refuge, down to its latest reproduction of a photograph from Geneva, which represents Père Hyacinth dancing his infant son on his knee, and informing the public in a footnote, that he would—gracious condescension!—come to terms with the Pope, only when the latter had at his bidding, given up his infallibility, and "blessed the cradle" of Hyacinth, junior. Of all these

pictures, we repeat, this "marine view" of Nast's is the most unfortunate. The allegories are bad throughout, and return to plague the inventor rather than the parties caricatured.

In the first place the ocean of European revolution is not represented as that calm smiling summer sea, which those who sail out so rashly upon its depths would have us believe it to be, but most truthfully as that fierce and turbulent high running sea, which sweeps indiscriminately before it all barriers of law, order, justice, and peace.

Then the second incongruity that strikes us is, that the Pope, unlike King Canute, doesn't get up and run away, although he personally cannot stop the approaching billows; which yet, at the unheard bidding of him who alone sets limits to the sea, and commands the winds and waves to be still, lick, like the raging lions in the ancient forums, the martyr pontiff's feet, but do not devour him; he alone of all surrounding objects sits calm and imperturbable, while that pontifical throne on which he rests, weak and insecure as seems its sandy and sea-girt resting-place, serves not only to support him, but even acts as a barrier against the waves, an unsought-for security to his enemy in the rear, who watches their coming with such a melancholy fascination. Even the massive and beautiful palace of marble representing the home and bulwark of political freedom, to be found in American institutions, is correctly pictured as almost submerged by the flood-tides of European revolution, so rapidly approaching our Western shores, all save the theoretical idea of liberty as conceived by our forefathers, but whose last and only refuge seems to be her native home amid the murky clouds, for unless those angry waves subside, not even the dome-like heights of

American grandeur will serve her as a footstool. Then too the unanswered question which gives the picture its title, reminds us in its voiceless reply of a similar question, put, long years ago, by the enemy of God, in the prætorium of Pilate at Jerusalem, **WHAT IS THE TRUTH?** And the imprisoned lord of truth was silent, because the questioner cared naught, and would not wait for an answer. And so ever through the long, long ages sounding on, has that question gathered new strength by continual repetition from the mouths of the enemies of Jesus Christ and his Church; new moral force, from the fact, that they will not because they dare not wait for an answer, and consistently order their wicked lives therewith, and so it goes rolling on, or rests answerless "at the gate of absent opportunity," responded to for the foes of God only by the logic of speaking events, till that dreadful hour when the fate of the heathen and the publican shall be meted out to those who would not hear it from the mouth of Christ's spokesman, the Church. But we children of the Church, who have heard and believed, we who with the instinct of faith can "see God in cloud or hear him in the wind," need no better interpreter than the lessons of past history, so consonant with the promise of Christ, "*Thou art the rock; upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it.*" We look out upon the tottering ships at sea that represent our hopes, and are reminded of the storm-tossed bark upon the Sea of Galilee, so opportunely saved at the moment when all seemed lost. We watch, too, the little clouds no larger than a man's hand, that overhang the sea of modern revolution, when a favorable wind is blowing over its seemingly calm bosom, and we know them to be as the

little thunder birds that herald the advancing gale; and as when we pick up shells upon the strand and place them to our ears, we hear from their pearly cellules and diminutive caverns, the never-ceasing repetition of the roar of their native element, so from the little incidents around us, the scattered refuse of the bitter brine of revolution, we can catch faint echoes of its noisy upheavings and ceaseless unrest, and from all these things we weave more than a prophecy, we read the story of its fate blazoned beneath the dictating finger of a divine faith, a story that like the illuminated writing upon the walls of Belshazzar's banquet hall, cannot be interpreted by the riotous spirits who haunt the palaces of revolutionary tyrants, but whose fears of overhanging justice are rightly resolved by the prophet of God.

The spirit of our age is in every aspect revolutionary. It may be our misfortune to have our lots cast in such a period, but chastisement of some kind or another must necessarily be the lot of all generations, and if we will but carefully search out for what Tupper calls, "the good in things evil," we will find this one blessing to be concealed beneath all persecutions of the Church, namely, that they possess within themselves, from the very nature of their evil origin, those seeds of stormy disintegration which must bring forth from the womb of political chaos, that calm and rest which is to be the reward of those who have undergone the fierce ordeal of mental punishment and purifying penance.

Vainly will the scoffers at the resolute and persistent faith of Christians look in the pages of history for any other result than confusion for themselves and triumph for the believer. The only wonder is, that these unbelievers will not see this, a wonder which

can only be explained by the fact, that their eyes are wilfully blinded by their own deceits; argument has no effect upon such people, because they, having no knowledge of the essential nature of faith, its logical deductions as well as supernatural reasonings, cannot be brought up to the Christian's standpoint of observation, or hold discussion from the same premises or on a common basis with the divinely illuminated and truth-keeping Christian. This is why all religious discussion is so distasteful to many and so unproductive in results, in comparison with the amount of labor expended. But when in addition to blindness of the intellect, those outside of the Church or even the traitors within her pale, add moral perversity, they become like drunkards beating about in the darkness, until they fall in their blind rage into the bottomless pit, whose lurid and penetrating flames will make them, when too late, both see and feel through all eternity, those truths for which, like the idols of the ancient Gentiles, they had ears that heard not, and eyes that saw not. While, on the contrary, the faithful Christian, adding to the gift of faith the additional grace resulting from a holy life, never fails to touch God's right, even, as the poet says, in the darkness, and feel that he walks securely unto the revelation of his power and his glory, even in their influence on temporal affairs and mundane adversities.

When did Satan's triumph ever appear more complete than in the days of Arianism? Yet for fifteen centuries who has seen or heard of it, save as a historical reminiscence! When was triumph more apparently overwhelming than that of Protestantism in the sixteenth century? Yet what is every effort of the Protestantism of the present day but an endeavor to save what it can of its own fortunes and fair name from the ravages of infidelity,

while the Church which it had apparently crushed out of existence, is as young, fresh, beautiful, powerful, and terrible, to the eyes of her enemies, as though those very enemies had never straitened her about with their secret plots, chained her in prison walls, or bathed her in her own blood.

Philosophers of this world, like the Roman guards on Easter morning, are stunned at the glorious outburst of external splendor, betokening the internal power of Jesus Christ, rising in the person of his Church over the powers of sin, death, and hell, and measuring by the shallow gauge of their own belittled wisdom, vainly ascribe to everything but the true source, the sometimes dormant, but never dead nor dying power of God.

Yet what is all this but divine philosophy, teaching by example in her character of self-repeating history? Just so surely as she has taught of yore, so is she now teaching us again in the story of the nations. Let us read their present histories one by one, beginning with England, which, in point of fact is, after all, the real guardian of Protestantism. Her territory is the cradle of most of its latest offspring; her cash and her cunning counsels are to a large extent the resources from which its sway is extended over the European continent; within her limits alone, of all the Eastern hemisphere, is it fashionable to be a Protestant. There only is the prestige of respectability, aye, even of dignity, accorded to its bar-sinister on her shield. Without her patronage of the Protestant Reformation, the movement of Luther and his associates would in all probability have utterly failed to create more than a passing influence on Germany, whence it took its birth. She of all others has emulated in brutal and almost superhuman ferocity, the persecutions of the heathen emperors

against the early church, without, indeed, the same palliating excuse to which pagan Rome could lay claim, namely, that she knew not what she did; Rome's persecutions were the offspring of the darkness of the heathen mind; England's persecutions were the result of the mad ferocity of a traitor to the truth. Yet what is the result to-day? Just as the Christians conquered the Cæsars, just as the cross replaced the crescent, so England, in the number, the wealth, and the importance of her converts, in the generosity of their piety, which rivals that of the Patrician converts of Greece and Rome, is the foremost apostle of the world's return to the faith. Long centuries ago, when the last of her Saxon kings lay battling with that death which was to give him the crown of sanctity, he prophesied with his failing breath, that after three centuries of apostasy and persecution, England should return to her union and allegiance with the mother Church of Rome. This may be only a legend, but it, in its verification, is as good as actual and inspired prophecy; and the ivy-draped ruins of her ancient abbeys, the magnificent walls of her faith-built cathedrals, stand as witnesses from the grave of the past, eloquent in their silence when a Bute, a Westminster, a Norfolk, a Manning, a Faber, and a Newman, and all the countless scions of her noble houses come guided by the star of faith through the darkness of worldly sneers and anxious doubt, like the treasure-bearing kings of the Orient, to cast their wealth and their intellectuality at the feet of the Infant Jesus, personified in his new-born English Church, and manifesting his glory even through the swathing-bands that yet confine it. What have the wild waves of revolution said to her, what are they still saying, as she struggles to preserve even her mag-

nificent political stability from the inroads of false liberalists? The lesson which her religious movements prove she has taken to heart, **PEACE ONLY THROUGH THE TRUTH.**

Germany, fierce and potent, parent of modern infidelity in all its countless forms, how have her struggles against the Christ and his anointed repaid her? For years she carried on the war of the investitures with the pontifical government, a power which, even in those days of the Church's highest temporal splendor, was but comparatively as weak as a plaything in the hands of the emperors, yet what was the triumph of Germany? Go view its semblance in the celebrated picture which Protestant fancy drew and loves yet to dwell upon,—the Pope placing his heel upon the neck of the prostrate doge of Venice. To what did Luther lead her when he seduced her to apostasy? To the horrors of the thirty years' war, and when that had closed, he bid her seek repose upon the bed of thorns bestrewn with social scandals, moral grossnesses, political factions, and soul-maddening sophistries, under the false name of philosophies; her political supremacy gone, her religion abolished, her very name a synonym for theories and heresies and false lights, that lured the world to ruin. Yet lo! notwithstanding when a Bismarck grasps a tyrant's sceptre, he finds her a united and regenerated empire throughout its broad expanse, and in spite of Lutheranism, the freest home the Church could boast; aye, freer even in the right of education than that accorded to her in our own favored republic, and in that very circumstance he, drunk with sudden fortune and unusual power, saw the worst obstacle to the mad schemes of those minions of infamy, whose idol and representative he is,—the secret societies. Yet in the very crash of the political thunderbolts

he hurls against her, in the wall of her imprisoned bishops and exiled priests and nuns, in the hisses of the people against his ingratitude towards his Catholic subjects, and even to many of his Protestant people themselves, who had built up the oneness and grandeur of his power, in the anathemas of the feeble, old, and imprisoned Pontiff at the Vatican, he hears as the surging of the coming breakers of counter-revolution, **THEY THAT SOW THE WHIRLWIND SHALL REAP THE STORM.**

France, beautiful queen of Europe, when did the sceptre of a long line of resplendent sovereigns drop powerless from her grasp? When was the diadem of beauty first snatched ruthlessly from her imperial brow? Not while she took pride in claiming for herself the sublime title, *First daughter of the Church*. Not while she stood as an amazon with bared breasts and girded loins between the temporal kingdom of God and its enemies. No. Not under the descendants of the Church-crowned Charlemagne, but when she threw off legitimate authority; when, instead of rectifying what was wrong in her governmental polity, she courted what was worse, and murdering her kings, cast herself headlong into the arms of blood-reeking revolutionists, scoffers at all authority, human and divine, mockers even at and outragers of all natural instincts, who flooded with red republicanism the ruins of the altar and the throne. Vainly did she seek a remedy by her weak-kneed compromises with liberalism under the Orleanists, citizen kings and Bonapartism, compromises that degraded the French Church, and only served to demonstrate the real weakness of the government. We put the question directly to almost any thinking man or woman, has there lived any one since the days of Louis the Fourteenth who really

felt that intuitive sense of confidence in any of the forms of government with which France has coquetted since his day, a confidence which is so essential to security? What the wild waves of red republicanism said to her, was exquisitely demonstrated in touching metaphor on that day when the great Corsican conqueror and leader of her regenerating hosts was about to place the self-wrought coronet of her first imperial regime upon his brows, and testifying her joy at the release from the thralldom of revolutionary discord, she sought to astonish the world, and at the same time express her sense of newly-found peace in most witching strains of harmony, by filling the vast choir of her metropolitan cathedral with an orchestra of eighty harps, honoring thus, too, that ever-memorable occasion when the venerable Pontiff Pius VII crossed the Alps in midwinter to crown Napoleon in Notre Dame. But all the harps were hushed and every singer was silent, every soul was thrilled with new revelations of harmony, and the very walls ached with melody at the instant when the Pope, entering the sanctuary, was received with no other than the, to him, accustomed strains of the skilfully trained voices of the papal choir chanting the *Tu es Petrus* of Scarlatti. Surely at that moment, weak as he seemed, and apparently deriving what little right he had to live, much less to rule, from the very man he was about to clothe with the imperial dignity, France recognized in him, as the representative of God's Church on earth, the true ROCK against which the fierce flood-tides of her revolutionary era had temporarily broken. So it is again, not even the external mass of splendor with which the wily and far-seeing third descendant of the first Napoleon concealed the rottenness of the second empire, could disabuse men's minds of its inherent

weakness. Yet who ever believed that weakness to have been as great as the Prussian arms at Worth and Sedan proved it to be, when France had again deserted her pontiff, thrown herself into the hands of her infidel factions, and the victory and glory fell from her grasp as they did long years before at Waterloo; when the coronator pontiff of Notre Dame had been made by the emperor he had crowned, "the prisoner of Fontainebleau?" Learning from the sad experience of the past, where looks she for present relief? Vainly from the anarchy of a Gambetta; vainly from the spurious monarchy of an Orleans; vainly from the velvet-bound despotism of a Bonaparte; vainly from the republic of even her grand soldier-president; but with an instinct of her own nobility, an innate perception of what and where is right, she and the well-balanced minds of the whole world with her are rising gradually but surely to the conviction, that there is but one man who can prove her saviour. One whose lance of knightly honor, whose spirit of Christian truth and chivalry is too sublime for the appreciation of our low-minded age, whose time-honored white oriflamme of the lilies is too pure for our modern fetid breezes, and whose principles are therefore, for the time being, only laughed at as unworthy of deeper scorn, or pitied for their so-called pettishness. One who stands alone as a model of antique and seemingly long-forgotten probity, royal descendant of Charlemagne and St. Louis, Henri de Chambord. And his provincial court is described by even one of his enemies as men like unto himself. We quote from the Paris correspondent of the *London Times*:

"*The Supporters of De Chambord.*—There are around the Comte de Chambord a certain number of men distinguished by birth and possessing honored names, linked

with the most brilliant pages of their country's history, who at any moment, without murmur or hesitation, quit their families where they are the heads, their houses where they are the masters, their country where their presence is welcome, in order to repair to the Prince and render him a service which has neither the attraction of courts, the charm of prospective appointments, nor the compensations claimed by any kind of service. There are few among them whose names are known outside a circle of initiated; there are few also who would play a rôle by the side of the Prince if he acceded to power, and in the distribution of places which was talked of last October, nothing was heard of the names of two of those now forming the Comte de Chambord's court and discharging the functions of chamberlain, secretary, confidential envoy, &c. The men in question, rich, noble, and independent, have formed a guard of honor and fidelity round a Pretender more noble than rich, and, without being shaken by the checks of yesterday and the lost hopes of to-morrow, they set out, arrive, travel, hasten, speak, or keep silence, and serve this platonic king with a devotion rarely extended to reigning princes in all the plenitude of their power. When anybody has the honor of accosting one of these men of robust faith, who is good enough to express his opinion, there is sure to be seen in them the reflection of that almost royal thought which for nearly a year has held in suspense the resolutions of his partisans and, we may add, the destinies of France."

And Spain, heroic old Spain, where went her glories when away went her kings? Where went her power when she compromised her faith? The picture is too sad to dwell upon; the breakers of revolution fairly mock her for her

shame as they yawn to engulf her. And Italy tells in the story of Alaric's invasion, to whom she looked as to a rock of safety against the waters of barbarian incursion let loose through the flood-gates of her own crimes, to her Pontifex Maximus. She repeats it in the lessons of Rienzi's brief career, and in the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, in the countless political scandals and invasions to which Rome has submitted, when at times, her popes being martyrs or prisoners even, her rock of refuge seemed submerged, still she clung not despairing or vainly to her bishop's empty chair, and her confidence was rewarded by its invisible occupant, the Church's lord and founder, whose word had set upon it the seal of security. And so even now, when the tide of revolution seems to roll so mightily within her very streets, and pours its waters of iniquity to the very gates of the Vatican, let us, from the very mouth of one of those champions of wickedness that ride so triumphantly on its waves, learn if there are not indications of happier changes in its tide. *Harper's Weekly*—yes, dear reader, can you credit it? *Harper's Weekly* is our authority:

"*The Pope and Italian Politics.* —We make the following extracts from the letter of a gentleman of great experience and sagacity, and of unusual opportunities of observation. He writes from Germany, after a winter's residence in Italy:

"You know how sincere a friend Mr. — is of the Italian government, and how much he is inclined to see the bright side of the present state of things in that new kingdom, and I was therefore a little surprised to find that he was not free from a good deal of discouragement and of doubt in regard to the future. What most of all made him feel rather uneasy was the unsatisfactory state of the finances,

and the unwillingness of the wealthy classes to contribute to the now very great expenses. The Italian government labors under the usual disadvantage of a new government, which must—or thinks it must—do a great deal in a short time, and which is thereby forced to go beyond its means, and to do things hurriedly and imperfectly. This applies also to the municipality of Rome, which is transforming the city on a scale that seems to be unnecessarily grandiose, the consequence of which is that too many of the public works and improvements remain unfinished, and while in that state become an impediment and a nuisance. But much has been done to modernize the city. The police is efficient; the public carriages are made to observe the tariff, and are clean and nice; the streets are well kept; life and property are well protected; in fact, Rome is in all these respects not much behind other great cities, and in some not a little ahead of Berlin. But the change does not impress you as being of natural growth, and as being secured for all time to come, because the burdens which it imposes upon the poorer classes are very heavy, and are very much felt by them, who do not appreciate the great good that will ultimately result—a good, however, which will of course *not* result if the want of money should suddenly compel the abandonment of what has been begun with such energy.

“The general opinion is that the convents have been suppressed with too much energy; but the government was driven forward by the liberal party to treat the monastic orders in general as enemies. Some of those which were useful in some ways are regretted, but, disregarding the violation of vested and legitimate rights of property, the measure will, on the whole, probably prove to be a good

one, only it would have been more satisfactory if the property thus obtained had been applied more to the improvement of general education, and less for barracks.” (And he might have added theatres, gambling-saloons, and, as in the case of St. Cecilia’s palace and Basilica, training-schools for ballet-dancers.)

* * * * *

“I had a long conversation with the Pope, and found him, as I expected, the most amiable and most venerable of men, but not a man of superior mind; and I now fully understand that he can only stick to his “*non possumus*,” but that he will surely do, because he considers it his sacred duty to protest to the last. He is, I am assured, a most pious and believing Christian, and would meet any fate which might befall him with all the cheerfulness of a true martyr. But to give you an idea of his way of speaking and thinking, I will mention that, having asked me if I knew the United States, he said, laughingly, in response to my reply, “They are a droll people, those Americans! Some of them pretend to be Christians, but will not consent to be baptized! But how can a man be a Christian without baptism?” He readily admitted, however, that the Church was not persecuted in the United States; but when I then made a slight attempt to make him understand that this might be in a great measure owing to the fact that church and state were separated, he shook his head, and said that that would never do in Italy; the rising generation were too much perverted for that. His ideas were in a very narrow circle; but he will remain firm in his “*non possumus*” to the last. Some of the monsignori whom I met in society and in the anti-Camera Pontifica explained to me that the Pope could not leave

the Vatican because in the streets of Rome he would meet a great many *faits accomplis* which he could not and ought not to countenance by quietly passing by; and also that he could not bear to see the Church and all that a good Catholic considers sacred vilified and caricatured in print everywhere upon the walls; hence he is morally a prisoner, although it is admitted on all hands that he would be received everywhere on his way with the utmost veneration and with every demonstration of personal respect. Antonelli I found in good health and spirits, but he impressed me merely as a "*fin diplomate*," probably without any conviction, and for that sort of man I have not much taste."

We can afford to omit as we have from the extract, and to excuse at the same time Mr. —'s lucubrations about the condition of Pius the Ninth's mind, or the next Pope and his policy, in consideration of the valuable information he gives us of the coming change in the tide of Tiberian politics, and feel like supplying his incognito by dubbing him as "Old Certainties," in contradistinction to his American cousin at Washington, whose "probabilities" refer to the aerial tides, and especially in view of the fact that all the lesser figures in the Falstaffian company of journalistic raw recruits, such as the *New York Times*, *et id omne genus*, are beginning to rally round their color-bearer of "civilization" fame.

And America, our own free and thrice beloved America, she nurtured in rugged virtue the sower of the seed of liberty; even she, under the fascination of that wanton siren, public school education, is being led to the very shores of revolution. What are its wild waves saying to her? What are even her Protestant children beginning at length to realize? That

no amount of material prosperity, no schemes of education, however vast, will save from social and political corruptions, but will rather serve to feed them when unaccompanied by the restraints and dictates of the Spirit of God. Where that spirit breatheth there is liberty! Where its voice, soft as the sweet south wind, ceaseth to be heard, there is naught but destructive license! Where is her statesmanship that once shook the world and made the British lion tremble? Surely her boasted system of education should have perfected it, if it were capable of improvement, but lo, instead, it has taken up all the refuse of our social system and injecting into it an overwrought education, has sought, after the fashion of some philosophers, to endow matter with a soul, and has only succeeded in breeding therefrom, like swarms of pestiferous insects from heated mire, a race of political villains and rascals who, under its illuminating influences, being too lazy and too ashamed of their own mean origin, to make themselves an honorable and useful career in their proper spheres, train their wits according to the laws of cunning, work themselves into our legislative chambers, our professional forums, and even our judicial benches, to give forth unmitigated nonsense, under the name of wisdom, and to feed on the public substance under the plea of the common weal, then through their ill-gotten gains to work themselves into high social positions, to defile our society, and even our very drawing-rooms and hearthstones, and to corrupt those who represent the haven of purity in the world by their villanous trickeries and shameless and blasphemous sentiments and deeds.

The political system of our forefathers received the sanction of the Church, who blessed our infant republic, and even assisted at its

birth, proving thereby that she, though she may have her choice, yet displays no preference for any particular form of government, leaving that question to the decision of the people. She only requires that the underlying principles shall be in accord with that truth which, if it make the people free, they shall be free indeed. There were many of her children who could join in the exultant *liberata* of the young kingdom of Italy, and whose ears could tingle with the music of the chimes, when they from the old campanile of San Marco, rang out that Venice was free. She may have rejoiced in the event, though she questioned the policy and deplored the dubious honesty by which it was accomplished. So too she could congratulate Germany on her unification, and the revivification of her ancient power, under the semblance of the awakening of her sleeping Barbarossa, though she was obliged to declare herself the enemy of both nations, when, and inasmuch as, mad with their new success, they did not hesitate to intrude upon her patrimony and rights and privileges. So, too, with our America, inasmuch as she withdrew from her early principles of truth and honor; so does the Church, the guardian of nations, lift up her voice, first in warning, then in anger, and the sons of America, the honest and clear-minded citizens of our great republic, are at length beginning to see and declare that nothing but a return to those principles can save our nation from the vortex of complete destruction.

Thus they stand by the water's brink, the sisterhood of the nations: buckler-girded Germany; England with her wreath of drooping and blood-dyed roses; France with her crushed and broken lily clasped close to her breast; blue-eyed Italy bearing her spoiled and fatal gift of beauty; star-crowned America,

the jewel-orbs of her coronet with lustre dimmed; and behind these, like a train of ruined virgins, stand in the shadowy background, Switzerland and the South American Republics, who, with the folly of their weakness, have emulated their haughtier and more powerful sisters, in dipping their feet on the quicksands, and sipping of the brine of godless revolution. They are listening "to the bar and its moaning," and the burden of its song is PEACE, PEACE! THERE IS NO PEACE FOR THOSE WHO VENTURE ON THIS STRAND OF STORMS.

Close beside them, though not of their company, stand two other figures, one slim and delicate, her bloodless face almost transparent in its whiteness; her flaxen locks, crowned with thorns, are strewn to the storm-winds; her upturned eyes are dimmed with tears, through which breaks, like a rainbow, a smile of trustful peace, as with one of her manacled hands upon her breast, she stands in her robes of lustrous white, like Saint Agnes of old before the Roman Prætor. She scarcely heeds the frowning scowl of the spurred and mail-clad Norse hussar, who rears the whip above her, for her thoughts seem all of heaven, as she clasps with her disengaged hand a bloody cross, while at her sandalled feet there lies a golden crown of fallen royalty. The other is of ruddier type, her countenance blooming with perpetual youth, being almost expressive of joy, though her garments of richest green are sprinkled, like the robes of one who has trodden the wine-press; on her brow there rests a wreath of dew-sprinkled shamrocks, and her hands are engaged in endeavoring to tune to notes of praise the rusted and loosened chords of her golden harp. Through a rift in the clouds a sun-burst throws over her a veil of sheen, and chases away with its ecstatic beams what traces of agony

have sought to dwell in her eyes, turned towards the golden chalice of suffering, whose purple contents have been drank to the dregs ere she cast it from her lips. Poland and Ireland, together they stand; the waters of persecution have come unto their very souls, but the victorious palm of all-conquering faith, which they cast into the Marah of revolution, has sweetened those waters of bitterness, and made them inebriate their souls with a joy all but divine, a peace that is not of earth.

And so is it with all who, in the hour of the Church's sorrow and the world's shame, cling with steadfast faith to the throne of Peter. There he sits, just as Mr. Nast pictured him, the only unmovable and unterrified thing amid the surging tempest. He is morally the king of the nations, the arbiter of the world. He alone holds as truly to-day and to-morrow as he did of yore the real "balance of power." When the people discard him to follow the foamy tracks of unnatural revolution, God, whose vicar he is, will ever mete out to them the disasters that are the heritage of headstrong and rebellious fools.

Centuries ago Chosroes, king of Persia, had with a mighty army laid siege to the city of Nisibis; twice or thrice before had the city defeated the attacks of the Persians, and now Chosroes determined to redeem the disgrace of his predecessors, but under the leadership, the counsel, the prayers and austerities of the saintly Bishop James, the citadel again defied the most potent engines of ancient warfare. Finding that starvation was yet far off from the inhabitants, the besiegers adopted the novel idea of turning the course of the river Mygdon, which flowed by the city, and damming it up into an immense reservoir which they had constructed, and suddenly destroying the barriers, let

the immense flood pour down with the hope of making a breach in the wall. The plan was successful; but, lo! while the Persians had been engaged on the dam, the people of Nisibis had not been idle, but displayed to the astonished enemy, through the breach in the outer wall, a second wall of greater strength which they had hastily built a sufficient distance behind the first to resist the river's torrent, which, checked in its impetus by the first barrier, resumed its natural course after entering the breach.

So is it with us, the inhabitants of the city of God, his Church. The pent-up floods of iniquity will dash harmlessly against it when we build up, from virtuous deeds, at the word of "the bishop and guide of our souls," Jesus Christ, an inner wall of security in God's promises. Then, too, with our great Leader we can look out upon the waters, and though his throne bear seemingly all the weakness of a "rocking-chair," we know it will ride the waves if need be. Then, too, we can feed with our renewed devotion and holiness of life the prayers of the saints that, like beacon fires on the shore, are piercing the heavens and making the black sky rosy with their flame. And above all, amid the clouds of passion and grief, we can see shining that most brilliant polar star, when whose immaculate beams arise, "all danger must up and away." And with trusting looks and fervent sighs, we, children of Mary, now doubly dear to her by the new honor which our father Pius gave her, send up the touching hymn,—

"Dark night hath come down on this rough-spoken world,
And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurled;
And the tempest-tossed Church, all her eyes are on thee,
They look to thy shining, sweet star of the sea.
"Deep night hath come down on us, mother, deep night,
And we need more than ever the guide of thy light;
For the darker the night is the brighter should be
Thy beautiful shining, sweet star of the sea."

LEGEND OF THE SINGING LEPER.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

DEEP in the heart of a solitude,
A huntsman, straying, found
A dying leper in a wood,
Stretched, singing, on the ground.

Yea, singing on a bed of ferns,
In strains so sweet and strong,
That never had the huntsman heard
So ravishing a song :

"I see a glory in the air,
And in the midst thereof,
A radiant face. O grave and fair!
How full of pitying love!"

So ran the words. The strong man stooped
Above the leprous thing;
"God save thee, brother of the worms,
How canst, forsaken, sing?"

Out of the pallid lips, the sweet
Unearthly whisper stole:
"There's nothing save this wall of flesh
'Twixt heaven and my soul;

"This foul corrupted wall of flesh—
Behold! it drops away.
Should not the ransomed captive sing?
I shall be free to-day!"

And even as the huntsman gazed,
Loosed was the singer's soul;
A shower of lilies hid the corse,—
The leper was made whole.

LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

SECOND LETTER.

DEAR SIR: I beg permission to suggest in a brief manner, the conclusions of the historical evidence which was presented in my last letter. Conclusion first. The Protestant religion originated at the so-called Reformation; therefore, it was founded neither by Christ, neither by any of the Apostles. Second. This religion was often a prey to the most unhappy dissensions during the sixteenth century, hence it had nothing of the unity of the spirit, nor of the bond of peace. Third. The doctrine of predestination taught generally by the preachers of the religious revolution, drew some into great impiety of life, and others into desperation. Fourth. The Protestant religion supplanted or opposed the authority established, and gave a license to iniquity and to a voluptuous life, by many of its teachers holding that good works were not necessary, but a hindrance to salvation; therefore, having these two properties, according to Lord Bacon, it quickly spread. "The true religion" (Bacon's Essays), "is built upon the rock; the rest are tossed upon the waves of time. If a new religion has not two properties, fear it not, for it will not spread; the one is the supplanting, or the opposing of authority established; for nothing is more popular than that; the other is the giving license to pleasures and a voluptuous life." Fifth. Many of the leading characters in the Reformation were men entirely under the dominion of their passions; and God, observes Protestant Dr. Jeremy Taylor, never makes use of wicked instruments to reform his Church.

I will commence an inquiry into the origin and progress of that change in religion, which happened in England in the sixteenth century, whence are derived the several Protestant denominations in this country. Let us first receive the name and history of that person, who is the parent of the so-called Reformation in Britain.

PSEUDO-BISHOP BURNET.—"If we consider the great things that were done by Henry VIII, we must acknowledge that there was a signal providence of God (horrible blasphemy), in raising up a king of his temper for clearing away to that '*blessed*' (!) work that followed, and that could hardly have been done, but by a man of his humor; so that I may very well apply to him the witty simile of an ingenious writer, who compares Luther to a postilion in his waxed boots and oiled coat, lashing his horses through thick and thin, and bespattering all about him. This character befits Henry better who, as the postilion of reformation, made way for it through a great deal of mire and filth. He abolished the Pope's power, suppressed the monasteries, and declared that the Church of England, with the authority and concurrence of its head, the king, might examine and reform all errors and corruptions, whether in doctrine or worship. . . . But in the whole progress of these changes, the king's design seemed to have been to terrify the court of Rome, and cudgel the Pope into a compliance with what he desired; for in his heart he continued addicted to some of the most extravagant opinions of that Church;

so that he was to his life's end more a Papist than a Protestant. The three chief periods of Henry the Eighth's reign, in which religion is concerned, are the first, from the beginning of his reign till the process of the divorce with Queen Catherine; the second is from that till the total breaking off from Rome, and setting up his supremacy over all causes and persons; the third is from that to his death." (Hist. of the Refor.)

PERIOD I. COBBETT.—"Henry VIII succeeded his father, Henry VII, 1509. He succeeded to a great and prosperous kingdom, a full treasury, and a happy and contented people, who expected in him the wisdom of his father, without his avarice, which seems to have been that father's only fault. Henry VIII was eighteen years old when his father died. He had had an elder brother, named Arthur, who, at the early age of twelve years, had been betrothed to Catherine, fourth daughter of Ferdinand, King of Castile and Arragon. When Arthur was fourteen years old, the Princess came to England, and the marriage ceremony was performed; but Arthur, who was a weak and sickly boy, died before the year was out." (Hist. of Refor., Letter II.)

HUME.—"Henry VII, desirous to continue the alliance with Spain, and also unwilling to restore Catherine's dowry, which was 200,000 ducats, obliged his second son Henry to be contracted to the infanta. The prince made all the opposition of which a youth of twelve years of age was capable; but as the king persisted in his resolution, the espousals were, at length, by means of the Pope's dispensation, contracted between the parties." (Hist. of England.)

BURNET.—"Henry VII being dead, one of the first things that came under consideration was, that the young king, Henry VIII, must

either break his marriage totally off, or conclude it. Arguments were brought on both hands, but those for it prevailed most with the king. So six weeks after he came to the crown, he was married publicly, and soon after they were crowned." (Hist. of Refor.)

HUME.—"His father, in order to remove him from the knowledge of public business, had hitherto occupied him entirely in pursuits of literature, and the proficiency which he made gave no bad prognostic of his parts and capacity. . . . Henry had been educated in strict attachment to the Church, and he bore a particular prejudice against Luther, who, in his writings, spoke with contempt of Thomas Aquinas, the king's favorite author; he opposed himself, therefore, to the progress of Lutheran tenets, by all the influence which his extensive and almost absolute authority conferred upon him; he even undertook to combat them with weapons not usually employed by monarchs, especially those in the flower of their age and force of their passions. He wrote a book in Latin against the principles of Luther, a performance which, if allowance be made for the subject and the age, does no discredit to his capacity. He sent a copy of it to Leo, who received the present with great testimony of regard, and conferred on him the title of *Defender of the Faith*, an appellation still retained by the kings of England." (Hist. of England, vol. iv.)

SOUTHEY.—"The splendor of Henry's court exceeded anything which had ever been seen in Europe; a succession of feasts and pageants were exhibited there, with so profuse an expenditure, that in less than three years, the whole accumulation of his father's reign, amounting to the then enormous sum of £1,800,000, was consumed. . . . With every advantage of person, Henry united a high degree of

bodily and mental accomplishments; his understanding was quick and vigorous, and his learning such as might have raised him to distinction had he been born in humble life. Had he died before his mind was depraved, and his heart hardened by sensuality and the possession of absolute power, his death would have been regretted as a national calamity." (Book of the Church.)

PERIOD II. COBBETT.—"With his lady, Queen Catherine, who was beautiful in her youth, and whose virtues, of all sorts, seem scarcely ever to have been exceeded, Henry lived in the married state *seventeen years*, before the end of which, he had three sons and two daughters by her, one of whom only, a daughter, was still alive, who afterwards was Mary, Queen of England. But now, at the end of seventeen years, he being thirty-five years of age, and having cast his eyes on a young lady, an attendant on the queen, named Anne Boleyn, he, all of a sudden, affected to believe that he was living in sin, because he was married to the *widow of his brother*, though the marriage between Catherine and the brother had never been consummated, and though the parents of both parties, together with his own council, had unanimously and unhesitatingly approved of his marriage, which had, moreover, been sanctioned by the Pope, the head of the Church, of the faith and observances of which Henry himself had, long since his marriage, been a zealous defender." (Hist. of Reformation.)

SOUTHEY.—"He was desirous of male issue; he was weary of his wife, and he was in love with Anne Boleyn. Queen Catherine was pious and noble-minded; had she possessed his affections as she did his esteem, it is not likely that he would have fallen into scruples concerning the lawfulness of the

marriage, because she had been his brother's widow." (Book of the Church.)

HUME.—"Anne Boleyn, who lately appeared at court, had been appointed maid of honor to the queen, and having had frequent opportunities of being seen by Henry, and of conversing with him, she had acquired an entire ascendant over his affections. . . . This young lady was daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, who had been employed by the king in several embassies, and who was allied to the principal nobility of the kingdom. . . . As every motive of inclination and policy seemed to concur in making the king desirous of a divorce from Catherine, and as his prospect was inviting, he resolved to make application to Clement (the then Pope), and he sent Knight, his secretary, to Rome for that purpose." (Hist. of England.)

LORD HERBERT.—"Sir Francis Bryan, Knight, and Peter Vannes (an Italian, and his secretary for the Latin tongue), were required to discover (in the name of a third person), whether, if the queen entered a religious life, the king might have the Pope's dispensation to marry again, and the children be legitimate, and what precedents were for it? Secondly, whether if the king (for better inducing the queen thereunto), would promise to enter himself into a religious life, the Pope might dispense with his vow, and leave her there? Thirdly, if this may not be done, whether he can dispense with the king to have two wives, and the children of both legitimate? . . . All which to be done with secrecy and circumspection, that the cause might not be published, propounding the king's case always, therefore, as another man's. Lastly, some kind of menaces were to be added." (Life of Henry VIII.)

COBBETT.—"There was no occa-

sion for threats. Henry was a great favorite with the Pope; he was very powerful. There were many strong motives for yielding to his request, but that request was so full of injustice, it would have been so cruel towards the virtuous queen to accede to it, that the Pope could not and did not grant it. He, however, in hopes that time might induce the tyrant to relent, ordered a court to be held by his legate and Wolsey, in England, to hear and determine the case." (*Hist. of Refor.*)

HUME.—"The two legates (Cardinal Campiggiio and Cardinal Wolsey) meanwhile opened their court at London, and cited the king and queen to appear before it. They both presented themselves, and the king answered to his name when called; but the queen, instead of answering to hers, rose from her seat, and throwing herself at the king's feet, made a very pathetic harangue, which her virtue, her dignity, and her misfortunes rendered more affecting. . . . She rose, and making the king a low reverence, she departed from the court, and never would appear again in it. After her departure the king did her the justice to acknowledge that she had ever been a dutiful and affectionate wife, and the whole tenor of her behavior had been conformable to the strictest rules of probity and honor. He only insisted on his own scruples with regard to the lawfulness of their marriage, and he explained the origin, the progress, and the foundation of those doubts by which he had been so long and so violently agitated." (*Hist. of England.*)

SOUTHEY.—"The impediment (because she had been his brother's widow) was not founded upon natural and moral law, therefore it was dispensable by that authority in which the dispensing power was invested; and having been dis-

pensed with it would be manifestly unjust to revoke a dispensation which had been acted upon in good faith. But any case may be perplexed by legal subtleties when law has been made a craft." (*Book of the Church.*)

HUME.—"The evocation (for the case to be tried at Rome), which came a few days after from Rome, put an end to all the hopes of success which the king had so long and so anxiously cherished."

SALMON.—"The king no sooner understood that the Pope was determined to advocate the cause but he dismissed the queen from court, recalled Mrs. Boleyn, . . . and took a journey with that lady to Grafton, in Northamptonshire. . . . The king dined with Mrs. Boleyn in her lodgings. These were thought freedoms which it would be difficult to reconcile with honest behavior." (*Modern Hist.*)

BURNET.—"The king being thus reconciled to Anne Boleyn (for she was offended at being dismissed from court during the trial), and as it is ordinary after some intermission and disorder between lovers, his affection increasing, he was casting about for overtures, how to compass what he so earnestly desired. . . . While his thoughts were thus divided, a new proposition was made to him that seemed the most feasible of them all. There was one Cranmer, who had been a fellow of Cambridge, but having married forfeited his fellowship, yet continued his studies, and was a reader of divinity in Buckingham College. . . . He was at this time forced to fly out of Cambridge from a plague that was there, and went to Waltham, where the king lay for a night. The whole discourse of England being then about the divorce, two courtiers desired to hear his opinion concerning it. He thought that instead of a long fruitless negotiation at Rome it were better to con-

sult all the learned men and the universities of Christendom. The king, so soon as he heard this opinion, said, had he known it sooner it would have saved him a vast expense and much trouble, and would needs have Cranmer sent for to court, saying, in his coarse way of speaking, *That he had now the sow by the right ear.*" (Hist. of Refor.)

HERBERT.—"The king, therefore, sent to the most famous universities to have their opinions concerning the divorce." (Life of Henry.)

SOUTHEY.—"Henry, who had fixed his affections, such as they were, upon Anne Boleyn, was not of a temper to brook delay; and perceiving that nothing was to be looked for from the Pope, but a continuance of procrastination, resolved to act in defiance of him." (Bishop of the Church.)

HUME.—"Henry being now fully determined in his own mind, as well as resolute, to stand all consequences, privately celebrated (on the 14th of November) his marriage with Anne Boleyn, whom he had previously created Marchioness of Pembroke. Rowland Lee, soon afterwards raised to the Bishopric of Coventry, officiated at the marriage. The Duke of Norfolk, uncle to the new queen, her father, mother, and brother, together with Dr. Cranmer, were present at the ceremony."

BURNET.—"Now, therefore, the divorce was to be managed in another method; and Cranmer, after he had discoursed with the king about the proposition which was formerly mentioned, was commanded by him to write a book for his opinion, and confirm it with as much authority as he could. . . . Richard Crook was sent to Italy, and others were sent to France and Germany, to consult the divines, canonists, and other learned men in the universities about the king's business." (Hist. of Refor.)

SIR WM. CAVENDISH.—"The commissioners to solicit the matter were all delegated at the proper costs and charges of the king, which in the whole amounted to a great sum of money; and besides the charge of the embassy to the famous and notable persons of all the universities, especially to such as bore the rule, or had the custody of the university seals, they were fed by the commissioners with such great sums of money that they did easily condescend to their requests and grant their desires." (Modern Hist.)

SALMON.—"But whatever arts were used in procuring the opinion of the universities abroad, it is very evident no stratagem or artifice was neglected to bring over the two universities at home (Oxford and Cambridge) to concur with the court. Archbishop Wareham wrote to Oxford on this subject, and afterwards the Bishop of Lincoln was sent down to them with letters from the king himself, requiring the members to concur with the foreign universities, and not pertinaciously to adhere to any prejudices they might have entertained against the divorce. The heads and men of longer standing in the University of Oxford, who had nearer prospects from the court, came sooner into the measures prescribed them, but the younger members, whose hopes and fears were less influenced by worldly motives, could not readily be brought to concur with the court, so that the convocation broke up without coming to any decision. Whereupon the king wrote to the doctors and bachelors of divinity in the university, acquainting them that he was highly offended at the insolence of the Regents and other Masters who had not, he said, arrived at years of discretion to qualify them to make a judgment in so weighty a case, and declared, if they neglected to conform to the examples of the doctors, and obsti-

nately opposed their authority to that of the sovereign power, they should soon be made sensible what it was to provoke it." (Modern Hist.)

G. G. CUNNINGHAM.—"Cranmer spent nearly two years in Germany in endeavoring to convince the Lutheran divines of the nullity of the king's marriage. He succeeded in gaining over Oslander to his sentiments, with several members also of the emperor's court and council." (Lives of English Archb.)

BURNET.—"Grineus (a German Protestant divine) seemed to be of opinion that though the marriage was ill-made, yet it ought not to be dissolved, and inclined rather to advise that the king should take *another wife*, keeping the queen still. . . . Melancthon advised the king's taking another wife, justifying *polygamy from the Old Testament*." (Hist. of Refor.)

CUNNINGHAM.—"Cranmer's intercourse at this time with the German Protestants, particularly Oslander and Bucer, tended to confirm those views of religion which he had begun to cherish while at Cambridge, and, though yet holding the status of a Catholic clergyman, he was privately married to a niece of his friend Oslander. He was yet in Germany when he received notice of his appointment to the metropolitan See of England. He at first seriously hesitated to accept of this promotion. The marriage had placed him in an awkward dilemma, for Henry, to the day of his death, was a stern enforcer of the celibacy of the clergy. It was also a difficult matter for him, holding the sentiments which he did, to swear canonical obedience to the pontiff. Under these circumstances he adopted a line of conduct which (Parliament) Bishop Burnet has characterized as agreeing better with the maxims of canonists and casuists (*knaves and thieves*) than with sincerity and integrity; he

contented himself with a private protestation to the effect that he did not intend, by his oath to the Pope, to restrain himself from anything to which he was bound by his duty to the king, or from taking any part in any reformation of the English Church which he might judge to be required." (Lives of English Archb.)

HUME.—"This was not very compatible with that strict sincerity, and that scrupulous conscience, of which Cranmer made profession.

"Henry, finding the new queen's pregnancy to advance, publicly owned his marriage, and in order to remove all doubts with regard to its lawfulness, he prepared measures for declaring by a formal sentence the invalidity of his marriage with Catherine, a sentence which ought naturally to have preceded his espousing of Anne.

"The king had always treated Catherine with respect and distinction, and he endeavored by every soft and persuasive art to engage her to depart from her appeal to Rome and her opposition to the divorce. Finding her obstinate in maintaining the justice of her cause, he had totally forborne all visits with her, and desired her to make choice of any one of his palaces in which she should please to reside. She had fixed her abode for some time at Ampthill, near Dunstable, and it was in this latter town that Cranmer was appointed to open his court for examining the validity of her marriage." (Hist. of England.)

CUNNINGHAM.—"The first act of the new archbishop was one in direct opposition to Papal authority, namely, the pronouncing sentence of divorce between Henry and Catherine. It is impossible to acquit Cranmer of blame in this transaction, for although he was only one of several joined in the same commission on this occasion, yet there can be no doubt that his influence was original and decisive

of the question. His misconduct, however, was greatly aggravated, as he had previously assisted at Henry's private marriage with Anne." (*Life of Cranmer.*)

HUME.—"By a subsequent sentence he ratified the marriage with Anne Boleyn, who soon after was crowned queen with all the pomp and dignity suited to that ceremony. To complete the king's satisfaction on the conclusion of this intricate and vexatious affair, she was safely delivered of a daughter, who received the name of Elizabeth. Henry was so much delighted with the birth of this child, that soon after he conferred upon her the title of Princess of Wales, a step somewhat irregular, as she could only be presumptive, not heir-apparent to the crown. But he had during his former marriage thought proper to honor his daughter Mary with that title, and he was determined to bestow on the offspring of his present marriage the same mark of distinction, as well as to exclude the elder princess from all hopes of succession. . . . In order to efface as much as possible all marks of his first marriage, Lord Mountjoy was sent to the unfortunate and divorced queen, to inform her that she was thenceforth to be treated only as Princess-dowager of Wales, and all means were employed to make her acquiesce in that determination. But she continued obstinate in maintaining the validity of her marriage, and she would admit no person to her presence who did not approach her with the accustomed ceremonial. Henry, forgetting his wonted generosity 'to-

ward her, employed menaces against such of her servants as complied with her commands in this particular, but was never able to make her relinquish her title and pretensions." (*Hist. of England.*)

LORD HERBERT.—"The news of Cranmer's sentence and open marriage of Mistress Anne Boleyn being come to the Pope's ears, and together with it an information concerning the book the king had composed against the Pope's authority, the whole College of Cardinals became humble suppliants to the Pope that he would proceed rigorously against the king." (*Life of Henry.*)

HUME.—"Clement proceeded no farther than to declare the nullity of Cranmer's sentence, as well as that of Henry's second marriage, threatening him with excommunication, if before the first of November ensuing he did not replace everything in the condition in which it formerly stood." (*Hist. of England.*)

HERBERT.—"By a final determination (of the Pope and cardinals assembled in consistory), March 29th, 1533, the marriage with Queen Catherine was pronounced good, and Henry commanded to accept her for his wife, and in case of refusal, censures were fulminated against him. . . . This being advertised to the king, he became so sensible of the indignity wherewith he was used in this important affair, that he separated himself from the obedience of the Church, but not from the religion thereof (some few articles only excepted) as shall appear hereafter." (*Life of Henry.*)

HOW MUCH HE LOVED HER.

I.

LILY THORNBURG was "tired of the world." You would not have thought so, if you could have seen her on the morning in question. She certainly did not afford a good study for a picture of a person in that state of mind. The bloom of sixteen asserted itself rosily on her cheeks, and the cherry lips that had just made the cynical declaration, insisted on smiling immediately afterwards. The girlish brow wore upon it an eminently unsuccessful attempt at a frown, and the soft, brown eyes vainly essayed the stern and implacable in expression. She was sauntering along a garden walk, daintily arrayed in the "very latest" among white morning costumes, with just a thought of rose in the way of ribbons. Her slippered feet being small and very airy in their tread, conspired to make the picture still more unsuitable, and though she ruthlessly tore to pieces a beautiful rosebud as she proceeded onward, even that gave the idea of pretty thoughtlessness, rather than deep and misanthropic thought.

All these "appearances were deceitful," however; they were of the kind which, without being "gold," have the impudence to "glitter." Lily Thornburg, just one week deep in the fathomless joys of vacation, no longer found a charm in life. "Tired of the world," expressed her sole view of that "earthly stage."

"Yes, I'm just tired to death of it! That's all!"

"Every word, Lill?"

"Ugh!"

Now I will admit it is not possible to render that exclamation on paper, and that it is equally impossible to describe the accompanying look and gesture. It comes nearer

to the cry and the gesture with which one flings off a spider, or a June bug, or a beetle, than anything else, but this does not entirely present it to the mind. Girls always do it, and exclaim it, when they are pouting and found out, as Lily was now. For, confronting her at a turn in the walk, stood a tall and rather ungainly figure of a man, clad in the linen morning costume, which certainly adds nothing to masculine grace of form. He had a massive, intellectually marked head, and a face, not exactly handsome, but indescribably winning from its kindly smile, and the light of a pair of rare gray eyes. He was past the flush of youth, but still in his prime. He was regarding her with a half anxious, half amused look, and in answer to her exclamation said quietly,

"Walk with me, Lill."

She proceeded to do so, with the air of a captive princess under convoy of a giant. Some such thought must have struck him, as he looked down on her from his height, for he laughed and said,

"Nay, I would be knight in place of captor, and do service if possible. What is the matter? Of what are you tired?"

"I said it, Hugh! The world!"

"Any reason for your fatigue?"

He elevated his eyebrows in a vain attempt to be serious.

"Yes, plenty! We've gone to Cresson ever since I was a little bit of a thing, and I'm tired of it with its wooden walks, and pasteboard cottages, and eternal iron spring! And here, mamma is going there again, and we'll see the very same things, and people, and places."

"Even sky," slyly put in her listener, more to give her a moment's breathing-space, than for any other reason.

"Yes, sky, too! I'm tired even of it. And I'm sixteen this year, and though I am going back to school, I think mamma might let me have a *little* of my way. And I never had such lovely things, either. I'd like to go to some new place with them. It's simply outrageous."

"And the end of it all is, you're tired of the world, dear, poor Lill."

There was deep feeling in the tone, and it turned the words which might have been mockery, into earnest sympathy. The truth was he scarcely knew whether the supreme youthfulness of the complaint, or its entire want of reality as a trouble, touched him most, but touched he was, where any one else would have laughed.

"You're so good, Hugh," said Lily, subdued in an instant, "so very good to me always, but then—you're good to everybody!"

He laughed a mellow, hearty laugh.

"I wish I could be, Lill, that's all. As for you—"

"Do, Hugh—go to mamma for me! Coax her to take us to Atlantic City. So many of the girls will be there, and not one at Cresson."

"This is the place, Pettie."

These words, said in a very musical voice, but with a sigh breathing through every tone, interrupted them. They were walking near a fence separating the garden from the street, and the speaker was outside.

"It is a lovely place—sweet, perfectly lovely."

A little weak voice, the voice of a child, answered,

"When we get home you will tell me about it, Lena, and now, while you're in, I'll pray to Blessed Mother for you, and then I'll sit here and smell the flowers. It's nearly as nice to smell them as to see them, you know."

"My pet—my good, little pet."

Then there was a sound of a kiss. Hugh and Lily exchanged glances; his, touched and solemn; hers, wondering and sympathizing. They watched the gate open. A figure of a girl clothed in deep mourning passed in, passed up the walk to the door, stopping by the way to look at, to inhale the fragrance of, to almost caress the flowers that grew in beds or vases on every side. They could not see her face, and they were very silent. As she passed in the hall door, they, without saying a word, and as if with one impulse, began to gather flowers. When they had enough, they went out where the little voice had indicated the waiting child, "praying to Blessed Mother."

She sat upon a ledge of the stone foundation whereon the iron fence was fixed. She was a tiny thing, not more than seven years old, with face like a fading lily, framed in rings of golden hair, that clung around it like sunlight striving to revive it. She was singing to herself softly,

"And God said, 'Let light be,'—
And so 'twill come to me."

At sound of their footsteps, she raised her eyes. They were blue, and large, and beautiful, but sightless. Lily said softly,

"Did you make that song yourself, my dear?"

The delicate face flushed—

"I did not know any one was listening," was the evasive answer, and the flushed face strove to turn itself away.

Hugh gave a meaning look to Lily. Then the big man came forward, put a protecting arm around the fragile form, and held fresh roses to the averted face. It lit instantly.

"Ah!" in accents of joy, "flowers."

"Yes," said Hugh, in a familiar, kindly tone, "they are like light."

The child immediately nestled to him.

"And they come to you as the light cannot," he continued.

"Are you tired, dear? Shall I carry you into the shade?"

"Lena could not find me," but the tone was faint. "Poor Lena! Oh, kind voice, who are you? Our hearts are breaking."

Then the golden head lay back on the supporting arm quite helpless. He carried the quiet little form into the garden.

"Run for some wine, Lill," said he, "and tell—no, her sister would be frightened—say nothing, but hurry back."

He took off the child's hat, and laid back the motionless head on his shoulder, feeling a strange sense of love and power to protect as he did so. He felt that her form was very fragile, and the tiny hands falling like dead ones on either side were wasted to a painful degree.

"She seems like one starving," he thought. "Poor little blind sufferer."

And with supreme tenderness of heart, he kissed her. At this, the sightless eyes opened, ecstasy on the wan face.

"O dear God!" she cried softly and with a repressed delight in every tone, "did you send me back my papa?"

His heart came to his eyes, and spite of himself, threw a mist there.

"Oh speak!" implored the child's half fainting voice. "I never had a kiss like that but his! Are you papa? Will you keep Lena from going away?"

"I am not papa, dear," he said, the mist increasing for her disappointment, "but maybe I can keep—"

He stopped, for Lily handed him the wine. He put it to her lips; she drank it eagerly, like one famished. It was well he stopped; he thought to himself, how could he keep Lena from going away?

"Tell me," said he gently, "why must your sister go away?"

"The lady wants some one to stay with her, when she goes, and the lady is blind like me, and Lena saw it in the paper, and thought she'd know how to mind her. And she couldn't get anybody to teach music to, and then we'd have no money. And so she has to leave me with Mrs. O'Connor, for, of course, the lady wouldn't have me. And then, you know, the lady will pay Lena, and she'll pay for me, and after awhile she'll get me cured. But I try not to let on, even to Blessed Mother, *how awful* it is for Lena to go, and I beg her to get her the place, for Lena's just breaking her heart because I'm so weak."

Hugh and Lily had exchanged many a look during this simple story, and it was not now very easy for either to speak. At last he broke the silence.

"Have you no one but—but—Lena, my dear?" he said in a voice of very peculiar and sudden hoarseness.

"No, sir. Mamma is dead, and papa is—is—lost!"

"Lost!"

"Yes, sir. He said 'Good-bye, Pettie,' to me that night, and kissed me just like you, and he never came back, and we never could find him. And bad men said bad things about him, but they're not true. And we had a nice house, and plants, and a piano, and somebody took them, for now we haven't got any of them, and Lena works. And if she has to stop working, then she cries, for she says I'll have no bread and butter."

"Would you like to go with Lena?" asked Lily softly, her interest in the world evidently revived.

"Oh!" That was all the answer, but the voice held delight supreme.

"What do you do all day while Lena is working?" asked Hugh,

from us the full meaning of our own designs. And mercifully he translates them to his, without giving us a foreknowledge of what we might dread and grieve over, though, when it comes unannounced, we bear it bravely, and find a crown in the endurance.

"And Hugh," said Lily, whispering in his ear, half roguishly, half seriously, "after awhile tell me how much you love her!"

"What is that?" said Mrs. Thornberg.

Hugh held up a warning finger. "Nothing, mother; she is a little goose; never mind her."

"Oh no," said Lily, mischievously; "not a thing, mamma; it's 'of no consequence' whatsoever."

"Not if you're twitting him about this young lady; Hugh is heart-proof, and will take care of his mother. And your favor, dear, is granted."

III.

THE result of all of which was that they went to Cresson, accompanied by the usual amount of baggage, and amidst a very unusual amount of general rejoicing. The clouds entirely disappeared from the blind child's brow, but the "bear" watching perceived that not even the charms of the spot, nor yet the unexpected delight of having her sister with her, won Lena to any greater demonstration of joy than a sweet smile occasionally breaking over the pale serenity of her face, or a very faint and low and tender snatch of song for the child when she thought none else listened. Watching further he saw that the purity of her countenance, and the nobility of her brow, were but the impress of the soul within; that, upheld by the lofty virtue of that soul, a woman's heart struggled bravely with some deep and uncommon sorrow; that self had no life in it, but it compelled life to stay for

some greater object. It was with a feeling akin to awe he approached this watch, and one chiefly made up of worship that he received these impressions into his mind. Therefore he stood at a distance, not daring, from the very depth of this worship, to venture too near. But from the distance he sent out all of protection and tenderness and anxious jealousy about what concerned her happiness, or even her comfort, that a good and thoroughly honest heart could send. Such is the character of love's awakening in the heart of true manhood; such the dawn of that light which can come but once into the good man's life, but which does not fade even in death.

For her, she walked through life, wearing the charmed veil of sorrow, which shuts us in from the clear view of outer objects so that they affect us but little. To care for the pleasures of the blind lady in the most perfect and sympathetic way; to awaken in the soul of the loving and honest but rather trifling Lily an instinct for higher aims; to fill the dark life of the little child with light created by her love, were all she seemed striving to accomplish. Either from this, or because it was so unobtrusively offered, chiefly revealing itself in little things, she never recognized in Hugh's conduct the homage it held. In her eyes he was the kindest of friends, but as Lily's assertion that he was "good to everybody" was no exaggeration, she included herself as one of the many called "everybody." His manner always bore for her such deep and genuine respect that it covered the hidden motive of his kindness, which she therefore accepted freely and with such gratitude as it deserved.

Though at a fashionable watering-place, they lived very quietly, occupying their own cottage and using their own conveyance for

drives and excursions, of which they had abundance, but never taking part in any of the public or general festivities of the place. Of course in this they were an exception, and, as all exceptions must, had the ins and outs of their motives and doings very extensively cared for by Mrs. Grundy and her innumerable tongues. Every tongue had a different explanation, and the only one circumstance in which they unanimously agreed was their being all—wrong. Mrs. Thornberg simply spent the summer in the country *for the country* as “made” by “God,” and having tried pastoral life as exemplified to the city health-seeker at farmhouses, and found it “wanting”—most especially in the comforts currently believed to be inseparable from life on a farm—adopted the rather difficult expedient of living as here described. Lily was not allowed to go to hops, “dramatic entertainments,” or picnics; neither did she perambulate the “wooden walks” in the evening, escorted by some strange dandy, whose principal qualifications for society lay in his boots and cane; nor yet take long rides with people of the same ilk, returning therefrom after midnight; nor yet rush to “the train” for purposes only known to the unfathomable mind of a “girl” on watering-place delights intent. So in the eyes of society Lily was a martyr, and would never be married unless, indeed, she had the courage to elope. Well, this “martyr” owned not an ungratified wish in the way of viewing beautiful scenery, exploring lovely places, hearing fine music, or reading the best literature. Mrs. Thornberg’s cottage, too, was a hospitable resort for all the finest minds that came to see the far-famed beauties of “the Mountain,” and many a pleasant memory they carried to distant sanctuaries, and studios, and libraries, of the delicious meetings

there, where wit and intellect held supreme sway, but where fashion entered not.

I have said that to society’s discriminating powers Hugh was a “bear.” Did you ever notice the “lady’s man” at home? Because if you did, you would recognize in Hugh Macdonald his complete opposite. Too much wrapped up in care for the lightest wish of her he called mother to let any other care precede it; too intent on preserving fresh and innocent the girlhood of his adopted sister to allow this motive any place but second to that; ready to do either every service; never having “plans” to conflict with theirs; a true “knight” in chivalric devotion to the two amongst women who, of all others, ought to own the privilege. This, of course, occupied the thoughts and the time given by the modern “lady’s man” to every one amongst women but those to whom it is really due. Where society finds him a “fine fellow,” or “an exquisite creature,” or a “perfect gentleman,” home finds him a selfish, exacting brute, which dresses itself up in faultless costume, and goes out to be transformed into an idol. But Hugh is now the object of our attention. He was once a poor little boy, with slender prospects in life. It happened that Mrs. Thornberg’s only son, bathing in water not far from where he lived, got beyond his depth, and would have drowned, but that Hugh plunged in and brought him to the shore. For this she adopted and educated him, treating him in all respects like the son whose life he saved. This son, whom she idolized, grew up extravagant and dissipated, causing her indescribable affliction. She paid his debts several times, crippling herself to such a degree, though her means were large, that it fell to Hugh’s lot to save her from becoming completely penniless, by money advanced in

timely sums, and earned by him in the practice of his profession—medicine. Finally, this son, in whom good qualities existed, but who was carried away by that whirlwind of ruin, bad company, was overcome by shame and remorse on an occasion when his mother had released him from overpowering debt. "Hugh, dear old fellow," said he, "I'll go away. If I become anything worth hearing of, you'll all hear from me; if not, good-bye forever." So he went.

If weeping could bring on blindness, it certainly formed the cause of Mrs. Thornberg's, for she wept incessantly after his departure. Be that as it may, she lost her sight, and then indeed Hugh became the light of her life. It was devotion supreme and undivided that he bestowed upon her, and but for it her affliction would have been intolerable. Naturally of an energetic and busy turn of mind, the inaction consequent upon it would have deprived her of her reason. But he managed to fill the unwillingly idle life by giving up his own to it, and saved her.

"He is truly the life of my very life," said she to Lena, one day. "He is everything to me. And yet—and yet—this should not be!"

"Not be!" was the echo in the voice that ever held a tone of sadness to that ear, rendered all the more acute by the absence of sight.

"No; you do not know, my dear, that I have—I had a son."

"Dead?" inquired Lena, softly.

"Ah!" was the bitter reply, bitterly given, "that would have been a blessing in comparison to the reality! Yes; I have lived to learn that death to those we love is not heaven's severest blow to us who love them. Before my husband's youth had faded, he peacefully laid down life's burden. I thought, as I kissed him in his coffin, that no grief could be so bitter as mine,

and that for him thus early to leave life, and love, and hope, was a fearful dispensation. Ah! I have lived to thank the Divine Dispenser for saving him from the bitter woe of long life, and for leaving me the memory of that still face I kissed, with no mark of pain or wrinkle of time printed on it to change it from what I loved."

"You do not think the love could have changed!" broke from the heart of the girl.

"I did not once;" she spoke even more bitterly than before. "Now I think any change possible in that which is of this life. The grave is changeless, and over it we may weep and pray, and this is peace! Over living treachery and ingratitude we can but curse and rage, and this is—hell!"

The manner, the voice, the gesture were terribly vehement, and the involuntary raising of the sightless eyes added to their tragedy. The girl was overpowered into silence for a few moments. Then said she,

"Nay, over ingratitude and treachery, prayer is more needed, and so more powerful than over a grave, and curses and rage but increase their sting, as thorns might chafe a gaping wound."

"Have you yet experienced treachery and ingratitude?" The tone was a challenge. "If not, then you are not qualified to say this."

"God knows I have."

"And you, so young. Have you prayed over it?"

"If I had not," and the heart of the speaker was evidently in her voice, "I would have taken my own life to avoid its pain."

"But ah!" this passionately, "you were not a mother, and your own child did not desert you. You cannot guess the depth of my sorrow."

"No, but the farther beyond human understanding, the more

surely does it belong to God to fathom it, and prayer brings it to his feet," was the powerful answer, quietly given.

Then the sightless eyes wept, and a trembling hand wandered to the mother's breast, and taking therefrom a locket, handed it to Lena.

"Look," she said in a choking voice; "that is my boy."

She opened it. Light, lovely light leaped over the white calm of her face—her eyes smiled, her cheeks blushed softly, her lips opened to utter some sweet word. She was transformed. The word remained unuttered, but the picture was silently pressed to her lips.

"What do you think of it?" asked the unconscious witness of this strange conduct.

"He is not unworthy," and the tone was triumph and certainty, none of the habitual sadness in the voice, none of the tremor.

"You would not think so," was the sorrowful answer, "from the beautiful and noble face and head."

Lena opened it again softly, with a hush on her face.

"Noble and beautiful" surely; the features chiselled perfectly as a sculptor's dream, the black eyes melting, the mouth full and exquisitely shaped, the brow open and massive, the whole most beautifully framed in curling black beard and hair. Indeed, it was more like an ideal face and head than the picture of a living one.

"But," went on the mother, speaking wistfully, "all the nobility and beauty you see there was in his nature too, and all destroyed by the one characteristic of yielding too easily to the influences around him."

"Such natures, you must remember," answered the girl, speaking in a low and brooding tone, like one just awakening from some happy dream, "are capable of yielding to influence for good as well as evil."

"Yes, yes," and the listener sighed; "my Max's poor life was a mistake."

"Max." It was a cry of joyous recognition.

"Yes, my dear. You seem to like the name."

"I do," and the heart of a blush unfolded itself on her cheek, which the "bear," entering with "Pettie" in his arms, saw and stood spell-bound.

"Why did you stop?" cried the child; "tell me what you see."

"I see, I see," said Hugh abstractedly, "a rose of a very rare kind, Pettie."

"Tell me about it; is it the glad kind that people who can see call red?"

"Yes, the glad kind decidedly, Pettie. A miracle has been worked."

"Bring it to me, let me feel it," she cried eagerly.

"No, I will bring you to it. I could not, if I would, remove it."

There was adoration in his eyes, as he placed the tiny creature on Lena's knee, who, not seeing it, began to caress the golden head offered to her. But the quick ear of the mother detected it in the words just uttered, in the voice that uttered them, so she said to herself smiling, "It is well, and she is worthy of him."

"Where is the rose?" demanded Pettie.

"On—on your sister's cheek; isn't that good news?"

The little hand passed itself over the face above it.

"Oh, her cheek is warm!" cried the child; "it feels like roses ought to, soft—soft and warm." She sung the latter words to herself.

So then the mother listening eagerly, said inwardly,

"And she has read his voice as I have, and this rose they speak of is a blush, so he will be happy."

But Hugh, watching, saw a certain far-off look in the eyes he

adored, and knew the rose was not blooming for him. Then he thought he knew "how much he loved her."

IV.

"Do you think any one ever, ever could see music?" said Pettie to Hugh some days afterwards, as they sat in the pretty vine-covered porch of the cottage at twilight, while Lena played inside.

"Never!" he replied, in a hushed way.

"I'm so sorry, I love it better than anything, and when I wait for God to send me the light, I always hope for it to be the next thing I see after Lena's face. Did no one ever see it?"

"No one."

"O now I know!" after a minute of puzzled thought; "it must be the soul of the light, and we'll see it in heaven."

"Exquisite thought!" he cried.

"Hush! listen!"

They listened, the golden head nestling to his shoulder, as he loved it to do. The fingers of the player trembled at first, softly touching broken chords, and little rippling interludes, that lost themselves in deep low notes, like the echo of some requiem. But, after a few minutes of this kind of playing, she seemed transformed. She ruled the instrument like an autocrat, compelling it to do her bidding, and it wailed, it struggled like a human heart in agony, it spoke all the grandeur of supreme sorrow, it laid softly down to die in one exquisite quivering throb of sweetest treble, fainter, fainter, gone! Then a burst, a very thunder-chorus of triumph, victory, bliss, that no words could ever have embodied. The listeners sat spell-bound when it had ceased, gave it the very soul of genuine applause—silence. When this had had its sway Hugh arose and went in, a spell upon him.

"What is it, Miss Payne?" he said breathlessly.

"The name of it," was the answer, "is 'Life and Death;' life, the wail and the struggle; death, the victory."

"And Lena made it," cried the child; "made it all herself. I hope it went to heaven, so I'll see it there."

"Hush, dear," said Lena, quietly.

"May I ask," he went on, "if that is your personal idea of life, or rather your personal experience?"

"Before I came here, yes."

"And since?" eagerly.

"But for bitter memories, it is—peace."

"And that is all."

"All!"

She went to take the child from his arms, in order to put her to bed. The little one held hers tightly around his neck, kissed him, cried to him, "I love you so! I'll love you in my dreams, and the angels will see. Good night."

With the echoes of the two voices in his soul, he sat down, and Lily, coming in unconscious, went to the piano and sung in low, tender tone,

"The dew sprang silent, and in places lowly.
Its wondrous task wrought out, unmarked of men,
The sun but looked on it—transformed it wholly;
Lo! to a blaze of diamonds turned it then."

"O soul! that, silent, doeth God's work, hidden
Thy humble lot in earth's proud walks. Work on,
God will look on thee! By that love-light bidden,
Thy acts will shine as gems in fadeless dawn."

"Lill!" This from the darkness and the silence.

"Gracious! how you frightened me."

"Where did you get that?"

"From Lena, from whom," and the girlish voice dropped softly, as if wishing to rest in her heart, "I have got more of what takes people to heaven, than I ever did from any other human being. You've been good to me, dear old Hugh, but you don't understand a girl, and she does, there's the difference. Why, I was a miserable little fool,

and she has taught me to prepare myself to be a woman. I'm sure I never thought of being a woman at all before, but only of being a fool."

"And the song?"

"Is her own, music and words. She does these things as easily as I'd crochet—all I'm good for, by the way."

"Poetess and musician," he said gently, more to himself than to her.

"Yes, and unrecognized!" said Lily, indignantly; "and those two little verses tell beautifully the story of her present beautiful life. Oh Hugh!" the tone was almost maniacal in its joy, "there's a ghost, or—Max!"

He turned. In the doorway stood a figure both loved, the figure of the prodigal son, handsomely dressed, manly, erect with the consciousness of truth, altogether transformed since last they saw it. There was some rushing and kissing, and then,

"O Max! how did it come about?"

"An angel crossed my path, little sister, such an angel as every good woman can be, and such a one as I hope you'll prove yet, to some one worthier of it than I."

"But tell the story."

"Let me go to my mother first; let me bring her to listen. No," as they stood up to accompany him, "I must be with her awhile alone."

"But Lena," whispered Lily, when he had gone, "tell me now how much do you love her, Hugh?"

"I cannot, dear." That was all. And it was the echo of the inmost voice of his heart. Ah! he had yet to learn *how* much he loved her.

V.

AFTER awhile, a long while, they came down together, the mother, all bitterness gone from her heart, and the happy, new-found son

leading her tenderly. And this was the story:

"Briefly, I have loved a good woman since I left you, an outcast and a spendthrift. All my remorse, all my penitent resolves, all the energy of my manhood would have gone for nothing, in the difficult task of my reformation, but for the stay of her beautiful influence. I went to her father's house to seek employment. She a school-girl then like Lill there, was sitting with him in his library when I was shown in. I must have looked pretty forlorn, for I remember my principal sensation as I passed her with a bow was, that such a glance of pity as one might bestow on a beggar came to me from the innocent calm of her eyes. Her father was rather stern than otherwise, questioned me pretty closely, wanted reference. Spoiled and lonely as I was, I grew stung to the quick.

"Try me, sir," said I; 'give me any honest employment, no matter how humble; let my conduct answer for reference. I can abide by the test.'

"He reflected; she glided to him, whispered softly in his ear; I could hear the gentle words, though they were not meant for mine.

"Try him, papa; I am sure he is unfortunate."

"He 'tried' me. I was not found wanting, but I may thank her as my good angel. I was often tempted, often ready to yield to old habits, but when I remembered that this must separate me from her pure and lovely presence, which grew to be heaven for me, I resisted, and then, through the privilege of being admitted to it, I learned from her lips, from her life, from her every act, the might of prayer and the truth of religion's power. So I grew to love the ground she walked on; to shape my life so as to be worthy of hers, and all you see me, and more that I am which you cannot see, are

the result of her example and her teaching."

"Oh, Max!" in a breathless whisper from Lily, "I am so glad! Where is she?"

He shook his head, the young, handsome head, with its glory of shining black waves, and said nothing for a moment. Then, with a falling of the voice and a tremor of the lips, answered,

"Dear, I cannot tell, and simple as are these words they are a tragedy to me. I may never see her again, and my life is a blank without her."

Hugh, sitting in the quiet lamplight, his heart full, said earnestly,

"No wonder, Max; God help you, old fellow!"

"So!" ejaculated Max, "you know." Yes, how well he knew!

"But, Max, what happened?" said Lily.

"One of the saddest things I ever knew. Her father was not a wealthy man, but able to keep his family in something more than comfort. He was cashier in one of the prominent banks, and he employed me as his private secretary. She idolized this father, indeed, seemed to live for him alone. Imagine the terrible trial that befell that heart, so tender of the failings of others, that I have known it to shed tears over the woes of some poor little street Arab. He was found murdered in his bed one morning, and the next day five thousand dollars were missing from the safe in the bank. On inquiring into his affairs it was discovered that he was on the verge of bankruptcy. This circumstance set gossiping tongues to work, and he was accused of embezzling the money, and committing suicide to escape detection. It was one of those cases where either theory could be supported by circumstantial evidence, and a dead man cannot defend himself, so the hitherto spotless character went down into

the bloodstained grave blackened. Poor Madeline." He could not go on, and the listeners could not say one word. After some time he turned to his mother.

"It is not easy to tell the rest, mother," he said, as if she of all the world would understand. "All the steadfast truth of her character came forth then and asserted itself. She did not act like a slight and tender girl, but a tried and wonderful woman. She maintained her father's innocence; strove in every way to have it proved; failed. Then, that one cloud should be removed, she had everything sold, their handsome house, their furniture, their books, musical instruments, even her own jewels and other ornaments of value. With the proceeds she paid all her father's debts, and then was penniless! The day after all this I found a note awaiting me, when I called at the poor refuge where she had lodged during the time of trouble, an old servant's house. It said:

"Good-bye, dear Max. I must earn a living now, and I could never do it here. Forgive me for leaving without seeing you once more, but brave though I seem, I could not brave the interview. You know, dear, I could never bring to you a blackened name, and so, for our lost happiness, God's will be done."

"That was all;" the man's voice broke utterly, and the man's heart asserted itself in tears; "she was gone, no one knew where."

There was silence then, something akin to the awed and sorrowful silence we feel in presence of the dead. Its hush was broken by the patter of little bare feet along the hall, and robed in its soft, white night-dress, little hands outstretched, little face shining, Pettie stood in the doorway.

"My God!" exclaimed Max, in a voice altogether indescribable.

"Oh, Max! Oh, Max! I didn't

dream your voice then; it's you." As he held her close, close, Hugh knew, knew *all*; the others wondered, but he turned and went out into the night. He could not stay and see the rest.

Out there in the shadow of night upon the mountain, with God's sky above his head, the gentle and brave and noble heart bared itself before the Creator of all love. In that moment he *knew* completely, loftily, how much he loved her. For, by a strange dispensation of that Providence which compels our designs to his ends, he knew that he could make her happy. Whatever there might have been of temptation or of struggling, God alone saw; he rose with the calm majesty of manhood's resolve upon his brow, and turned to go back to his adopted brother.

But on the way he came to where a figure knelt, sobbing its heart away; a figure he knew, a figure dear beyond words.

"Lena," now the name came quite readily to his lips, "are you then so wretched?"

She raised her head, stood up quivering with agitation from head to foot, could not answer.

He thought of the heroic soul of the woman thus overcome, and did homage to it. He thought of the tender heart, and resolved to heal it. He thought of his own love, and said, "her happiness first."

"Lena," he said, in the quiet, loving tone of a father to a child, "your name is not Payne, and Max Thornberg is your lover!"

She looked out of the serene gray eyes with perfect trust, which shook his soul, but he went on.

"You do not marry him because your lofty heart repels the idea of associating disgrace with an honorable man's name. Go to your lover, my beloved. I can clear your father's name, and *I will*, for *I love you*." He bowed over her hand a moment, the supreme mo-

ment when he gave her up, kissed it with more of homage than tenderness, relinquished it gently.

Then she said, her woman's soul in her eyes,

"O royal heart! what can I give you in return?"

"Free acceptance of that which I offer. This will be honor in itself."

They said no more. He led her to Max; he heard their wondering and tender utterance of each other's names, and then he left them.

VI.

ONE of the "dailies" contained the next week the following paragraph, set in the midst of accounts of dresses, belles, "hops," &c., by a lively "correspondent:"

"A curious romance has just found an end here lately. Your readers will doubtless remember the murder of Mr. Brentford, cashier of the — Bank in P—, about a year ago. He was found dead in his bed, pierced by a bullet, but whether murder or suicide had taken place was never determined. The unfortunate gentleman was suspected of making away with five thousand dollars, which was missing from the bank at the same time, though there was no positive proof. It has come to light, through the agency of Dr. H. MacDonald, of your city, that he was the victim of murder and theft. The Doctor, who is very charitable, has been spending some of his leisure hours 'going about doing good' amongst the poor of this neighborhood. In his rounds he met with a dying man, who had 'fallen by the wayside,' and had him brought to a house and cared for. Partly in delirious ravings, and partly in a confession made during a lucid interval, the man revealed that he was both murderer and thief, and Mr. Brentford guiltless. Rumor says that under this

lies a deeper romance, Miss Madeline Brentford, his daughter, being a beautiful and highly educated young lady, but further deponent saith not."

"Deponent" knew no further. But Max Thornberg knew that his adopted brother had sacrificed the earnings of a lifetime in order to obtain the confession, which nothing but money would wring from the rascal. Hugh had been told just enough by him, before he understood Lena's history, to make him certain the information lay within his grasp, offering for a large sum to give the rest. The villain knew he would die, and had no terror of the law. He merely wanted to leave the bribe to his wife and family, who were in want, and had no part in his crimes. He got it, and died with no regret, save the one that his vicious career had been so unsuccessful.

And the brave heart began life

again, leaving happiness to those for whom he had purchased it. The blind child grew to be the sunshine of that pure and self-denying life, and he devoted himself to her education, making it the end of all his efforts. His is a career of which the world takes no note, but which works marvels of that charity "that passeth understanding."

"Hugh," said Lily, when time had passed, "why are you so much at peace, so different from all the men I know, in your quiet and useful life?"

"My dear," and the calm face lit, and the lips wore a smile not often seen on lips in this world. "be a good true woman, and the man who loves you will have his life ennobled and set apart, even if you do not return his love. He *cannot* become unworthy; though it may be through fiery trial, he will find *how much he loves you!*"

LIFE AND LOVE.

LIFE is a school where all have tasks to learn,
And some seem hard and others wondrous light;
Be sure that God will weigh and judge aright
Each passing thought and action in its turn.

Love is a tune that glideth smooth until
Some hidden chord is touched, and discord wakes,
And the sweet harmony of music breaks,
And dies away with a regretful thrill.

Yet life and love are both sublime, and none
Who look on them with dim untutored eyes
May venture either's beauty to despise;
For how could life be sweet if love were gone?

SUMMER MUSINGS IN THE GARDEN.

SUMMER has been justly named "the manhood of the year." Its powers are developed; its vigor is fresh; its plans are matured; it is in the full flush of beauty and buoyant with the joy and bustle of existence. Turn where we will there are proofs of operations begun and in progress which indicate design, wisdom, and activity; of an infancy and youth spent in preparation and ending in settled purposes, reduced to practice, and useful employments industriously prosecuted. Those who love "the country made by God," find this delightful season suggestive of reflections on the dignified and pleasing pursuit of horticulture.

In looking back to the history of gardening, it is impossible to forget that this was the occupation of the first man. At his creation God provided for him a garden in which, doubtless, was collected all that could charm the eye or gratify the appetite, and set him, as the sacred text says, "to dress it and to keep it." This indicates that, even in his primitive state of innocence and honor, industrious employment, something which might gently stimulate the faculties of his mind, and afford exercise to his bodily powers, was essential to his welfare. It was not simple occupation which became part of his curse at the fall, but severe and incessant toil. His employment must have had some useful aim, and hence we may conclude that, even when creation came first from the hand of the Eternal, there was a tendency in the vegetable world to rise into too luxuriant growth, which it was necessary to restrain by art. We may go further and conjecture that cultivation was rewarded then, as it is still, by forms of beauty, becoming, under the plastic hand of man still

more beautiful, and objects of utility still more useful. It would be easy and delightful to expatiate on a theme so inviting to the imagination, but at present we have to deal with recorded facts.

We hear nothing farther of gardens before the deluge; but very early in the history of the Israelites, and throughout its whole continuance, they are mentioned in such terms as to show that they were not only familiar to that people, but objects of enjoyment. There is nowhere, however, any mention of the productions they contained, nor of the mode of their culture, if we except the very general title which sometimes occurs of "a garden of herbs," and the frequent allusion to the act of watering in connection with the same. It must strike any mind which has been accustomed to turn its attention to Scriptural analogies and contrasts, that as it was in a garden that Adam spent his days of innocence and happiness, so it was in a garden that he who condescended to be called the second Adam experienced the mysterious and amazing agony which formed the prelude to his redeeming sufferings.

In profane history we meet with frequent mention of gardens as existing in very early ages, often, however, mixed up with fable, and seldom accompanied with any circumstantial account which can throw light on the taste of the ancients, or the kinds of produce which they cultivated. The hanging gardens of Babylon form some exception to this remark; but while they convey to us an idea of expensive magnificence and extravagant luxury, the details are far too vague to satisfy the curiosity of an inquirer as to those matters in which he feels the greatest interest.

Nearly the same thing may be observed of the Persians. They are said to have been addicted to gardening from a very early period, but we know nothing of their arts of cultivation, and we hear from historians only of those gardens which were erected to gratify the profuse taste of monarchs, or to contribute to their Oriental splendor.

We learn that the Greeks took pleasure in horticultural pursuits, but we are informed only in general terms of the cultivation of flowers, of which that elegant people were exceedingly fond. They strewed them at their convivial meetings and religious ceremonies; they wore them in garlands and crowns; and they attached to them mythological types and meanings, which gave a peculiar and superstitious interest to their culture, and to the manner in which they were employed. From the Greeks the Romans borrowed many of their habits and tastes, with considerable modifications, however, consequent on their warlike propensities. Their love of gardening may probably be traced to their admiration of the people whom they acknowledged to be their masters in the arts and refinements of civilized society. The productions which they cultivated, however, were perhaps more numerous than those which adorned the gardens of the inhabitants of Greece, because the range of their conquests was more extensive, and this active and observant people never failed to appropriate to themselves whatever was useful in the practices or possessions of the countries they overran, while, with a generosity which, in some degree, compensated for their selfishness, they were eager to communicate to the vanquished the knowledge and the arts of civilized life which they had themselves acquired. Although we have little specific information on the subject, it may well be believed

that they carried with them, wherever they made a permanent settlement, an acquaintance with the pleasant and useful labors of the gardener.

In China it is probable that horticulture was early cultivated, and the inveterate habits of that singular people render it likely that their present modes of garden culture have been handed down from a remote antiquity. The missionary Jesuits who resided a number of years in China, mention in terms of commendation the manner in which gardens are managed in that country, particularly as relates to the raising of culinary vegetables. We possess severable valuable additions to our flower gardens derived from that quarter; among the rest some beautiful varieties of the camellia, pæonia, and rose. We may here remark how generous the Jesuits have been at all times in their "*conspiracy*" to gather up during their severe toils whatever information or productions might be useful to civilized life.

In turning to the state of European horticulture in modern times we shall find that the changes which have taken place in society since the classic ages, have not been less remarkable in this than in other arts. Among the natives of modern Greece and Italy there are few remains of the habits of the ancient inhabitants. They possess gardens, indeed, but they seem to take little interest in their cultivation. An abundance of vegetable productions is to be found in the Italian states, but while the gardens of the peasants are only scantily supplied with gourds and Indian corn, the arts of horticulture are but languidly pursued even by the wealthy, and it is only in the gardens attached to religious houses that we see any remains of the taste of former times. In Russia the practice of gardening was first introduced, along with many other improvements, by Pe-

ter, but it does not seem to have taken deep root, and is indeed almost exclusively confined to the higher classes, with whom it seems to have attained to a high degree of perfection. It is a curious fact that more pineapples are grown in the immediate vicinity of St. Petersburg than in all the other countries of Continental Europe. In the adjoining kingdoms of Poland and Prussia the peasantry have not much more taste for gardening than their less civilized neighbors. Cabbages and potatoes are almost the only vegetables which their little plots produce, but the case is different with the wealthier persons, who raise garden productions in great variety and abundance.

France, particularly in its northern provinces, and the neighborhood of the metropolis, is distinguished by the attention which is frequently paid to the neatness of the garden grounds and the success with which the art is cultivated. But above all the continental nations, the palm must undoubtedly be assigned to the Dutch and the inhabitants of the Netherlands. Throughout these countries gardening has been the common favorite of public and private men—a pleasure of the greatest, and a care of the lowest—and, indeed, an employment and a possession for which no man there is too high or too low.

The early intercourse of Spain with the New World created a taste on this continent for horticultural pursuits, and has been the means of diffusing over Europe many useful plants from Mexico, Chili, and Peru. In Mexico, the natives were remarkable for the ingenuity of their garden cultivation, and their chinampas, or floating gardens, must be considered as one of the greatest curiosities of art ever produced by a semi-barbarous people.

Nowhere, with the exception of

the Low Countries, is the art of horticulture carried on, among all ranks, with so much spirit and success as in Great Britain. The lowest peasant delights in the labors of his garden, and even the inhabitants of towns find enjoyment from the cultivation of a few yards of soil which their circumscribed boundaries have spared them. Alas! little is done in this way nowadays under the desolating rule of England, where a thieving aristocracy deprives the people of every enjoyment. Avarice and debauchery have converted the "merrie England" of Catholic times into a scene of abjection and destitution. So far from flowers being left to deck the poor man's hut, the air and light of heaven are taken away in a great measure from the sons of toil. This is the more painful as we find that a taste for shrubs and flowers is universal, especially in the southern districts of England. "The laborious journeyman mechanic," says Mr. London, "whose residence in large cities is often in the air rather than on the earth, decorates his garret window with a garden of pots. The debtor, deprived of personal liberty, and the pauper in the workhouse, divested of all property in external things, and without any fixed object on which to place their affections, sometimes resort to this symbol of territorial appropriation and enjoyment; so natural it is for all to fancy they have an inherent right in the soil, and so necessary to happiness to exercise the affections by having some object on which to place them."

It is interesting to remark, as a fact in perfect accordance with the ordinary operations of the all-wise, but mysterious, Governor, who "causes the wrath of man to praise him," that the evils of war are generally mitigated, in the earlier stages of society, by the diffusion

of the arts of cultivation. Plutarch, noticing this in the case of Alexander the Great, says, that the communications which that conqueror opened up between distant nations, by his progress into India, had more benefited mankind than all the speculative philosophers of Greece. Another and a milder sway introduced new fruits and flowers into several countries; I mean that of the Church. The monks of Ireland, after the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, appear to have been the only gardeners; and in the agreeable relaxations of this profession, they took great delight, and imparted taste and skill to the hordes of students who crowded their schools from every part of Europe. While the rude nobles and chieftains, and their still ruder dependants, wasted each other by mutual depredations, the sacred ground of the Church was universally respected; and here the gentle arts of peace found shelter, and were successfully pursued. The venerable abbey is almost always found situated in some spot remarkable for its fertility, as well as for the beauty of the surrounding scenery, thanks to the taste and toil of the religious brethren. Even though it has been wholly wrecked by satanical "*reformers*," though its walls be in ruins, covered with ivy and wall-flower, and its area produce but the rankest weeds, there are still the remains of the aged fruit trees, the venerable pears, the delicate little apples, and the luscious black cherries. The chestnuts and walnuts may have yielded to the axe, but sometimes the mulberry is left, and the strawberry and raspberry struggle among the ruins. Much of this we admired, fifty years past, when in Tuscany we fondly noticed the tracks of the Irish religious who assisted their countrymen, St. Donatus, bishop of Fiesole, and St.

Fridian, bishop of Lucca. It was our happy lot to be aroused for matin prayer by the bell in the tower of St. Fridian's church, adjoining our cell, and to pluck a shamrock on the high steep hill of Brancoli (an Augustinian hermitage) from a garden plot, that tradition says was cultivated by the illustrious Irish bishop of Lucca.

The Crusades, by renewing a communication with the countries of the East, again assisted the diffusion of those vegetable treasures which had been neglected after the destruction of the Roman empire. The monastic gardens owed many of their choicest fruits to the care of those ecclesiastics who had accompanied the expeditions to the Holy Land. A similar taste for horticulture, which existed in European monasteries, accompanied the transplantation of those religious establishments to the New World. "In studying the history of the conquest," says Humboldt, "we admire the extraordinary rapidity with which the Spaniards of the sixteenth century spread the cultivation of European vegetables along the ridge of the Cordilleras, from one extremity of the continent to the other; this remarkable effect must be attributed principally to the industry and taste of the religious missionaries."

The recent transportation of fruits and flowers from one region to another has been employed by Hume to prove the comparatively late origin of the human race, and may certainly serve, though he meant it not, as a collateral argument in favor of the Mosaic history of our globe. "Lucullus was the first," he observes, "who brought cherry trees from Asia into Europe; though that tree thrives so well in many European climates, that it grows in the woods without any culture. Is it possible that throughout a whole eternity, no European had ever passed into Asia and

thought of transplanting so delicious a fruit into his own country? Or if the tree was once transplanted and propagated, how could it ever afterward perish?" Hume makes a similar remark as to the vines of France, and the corn and animals which have been transplanted within these three centuries to America; and then he adds, "All these seem convincing proofs of the youth, or rather infancy, of the world, as being founded on the operation of principles more constant and steady than those by which human society is governed and directed. Nothing less than a total convulsion of the elements will ever destroy all the European animals and vegetables which are now to be found in the western world."

This subject cannot be presented with the same precision as the geological inquiries of Cuvier; but, assuredly, the circumstances alluded to have a tendency to confirm his argument in favor of the fact, that the present surface of the earth is not of more ancient origin than the period assigned in the Sacred Scripture to the deluge; and thus, the vegetable and animal productions of our globe speak the same language as the soil on

which they grow, and raise their united voices to confute the skeptical arguments of the infidel.

The ancients ordained divine honors for the man who first used the plough, and in later times praise is given to him who will produce a blade of grass upon neglected soil. It is desirable that a large portion of our citizens should be compelled, by the original legislation of Eden, to honor themselves and assist their fellow-men by adopting the business of horticulture. It would be a real progress of civilization to send into gardens and fields the savage hordes of lawyers, physicians, preachers, politicians, newspapermen, penny-a-liners, and congressmen, who, in these times, cover society with a moral leprosy. If the persons who now crowd upon positions for which they have neither capacity nor vocation would cultivate the soil, instead of *modern thought*, we would have a fair supply of fruits and flowers instead of the thorns and thistles which now fill every highway of life. We respectfully recommend the matter to the attention of the gentlemen who are so thoughtful and eloquent about the good of the people.

If admiration is a source of joy,
 What transport hence! yet this the least in heaven,
 What this to that illustrious robe He wears,
 Who toss'd this mass of wonders from His hand,
 A specimen, an earnest of His power?
 'Tis to that glory, whence all glory flows,
 As the mead's meanest floweret to the sun
 Which gave it birth. But what this Sun of heaven?
 This bliss supreme of the supremely bless'd?
 Death, only Death, the question can resolve
 By Death, cheap-bought, the ideas of our joy;
 The bare ideas! Solid happiness
 So distant from its shadow chased below.

MR. SPECKLES ON HIMSELF.

HEREAFTER, men will tell each other of three poets in a single nation—Shakspeare, Milton, and Speckles: to make the third of whom nature had joined the other two. This is a junction in the line of poetry not recognized at present. That which is Not-I does not understand me, but I understand myself. It may be said, too, that—while four of my six epics are still in manuscript, while two hundred of my tragedies are not only unacted, but also unpublished, and I have issued not more than thirty volumes of my lyric verse—the materials for an estimate of my poetical genius are not yet fully laid before the country. Posterity will, I am convinced, do me justice. Speckles, whose daily diet is humble pie, has had more than a flask of water from the springs of Helicon. It saturates his soul.

It is not only in metaphysics and in poetry that I have proved my strength. I have made in vain some of the greatest mechanical discoveries of the present age. I have planned how to send huge steamers across the Atlantic, sped by a motive power of the simplest kind—a single hen. Instead of the thirty, fifty, or a hundred horses, whose power is commonly applied to engines, and the mules used by some spinners, I am able to show how wheels may be adjusted capable of being set into motion by a hen of ordinary strength. As hens who are tough of muscle would be preferred for this service, there would be none left but tender chickens for the dinner-table; and, on this fact I shall rely, whenever I bring out my plan, for a great deal of popular support. A hen-coop and a bushel of corn will box and feed my engine power. In me, gentlemen, you recover a Watt, a

Milton, and a Bacon; but unluckily, the Watt, Milton, and Bacon, of the twentieth century. By a mistake I have appeared in the nineteenth, and it is only for that reason that I am not fully appreciated.

There are people who say they wish me well; but who say also, that it would be absurd to expect from me a connected narrative, for that I should exalt and bepraise myself till doomsday if I were not stopped. But I appeal to an enlightened public. How can I tell you anything if I know nothing, and how can I know anything if I am blind to my own character. Do you know what the absolute in cognition is? "Object plus subject is the absolute in cognition; matter mecum is the absolute in cognition; thoughts or mental states, together with the self or subject, are the absolute in cognition." I do not say this of myself, but have it from a distinguished professor.

How, then, do I know that there ever was such a man as my uncle Badham, the chemist? He may have existed only in my mind as the idea of a rich uncle who was more desperately offended than anybody, at my having been born a boy; but who nevertheless stood my godfather and my friend. After him I was christened Badham Speckles, and to him, at the age of fourteen, I was apprenticed. I was more certain of the existence of six tragedies and a farce which I had written at that time, than of the existence of my uncle, at whose table I sat, and in whose bed I slept, and at whose counter I served. The tragedies I had created. They were substantive portions of myself; may have been a phantom—an idea of mine. His beef and potatoes were also ideas,

good ideas; his rhubarb and bitter aloes, his pestle and mortar, scammony and Castile soap were bad ideas. Rochester—where we seemed to live—was built out of my own ideas, and peopled by creatures of my own. Hearing, seeing, touching, tasting, feeling, as everybody knows, is quite inadequate to prove the existence of anything or anybody, except only oneself.

Yet the phantoms moving in that dream-figure, the world, complained of me sometimes, for being dreamy. I, a Speckles, a direct descendant, as the slight corruption of the family name proves, from the great Sophocles—myself the then author of six tragedies—was contemned even by the nursemaids of Rochester, who came to me for dill-water and castor-oil. I had a little printing-press, which I kept under my bed; and, by the help of which, I printed many of my own fugitive pieces upon fragments of shop-paper. Many a mixture did I send out folded in immortal verse. My uncle's customers found stanzas in powder-papers, mottoes in bottle caps, poetry even in blisters, genius in everything. They laughed in their phantom way; my uncle groaned, and shook his finger at me, like a warning ghost. On one occasion he caused to sweep upon me the figure of a hairdresser, who forced me into a chair, and cut away the rich, clustering hair that hung over my shoulders. At the same time he declared that he would turn me out of doors if ever I wrote another line of verse. He was in wrath because, having by mischance forgotten to make up a prescription, I had sent to a wealthy customer, a bottle of air corked and capped,—which, by an odd accident, was folded in a favorite poem of mine, on "The Emptiness of Things." My inadvertence gave offence. I wrote privately to the offended customer, a note of apology, of which I can

almost remember the words, explaining what was the fact;—that, by one of those happy concatenations of thought that now and then occur, the mention of cream of tartar in the prescription had suggested to me a poem illustrative of the pastoral condition of life among the Crim Tartars, and while I was preparing my idea, I had forgotten that I was not also preparing the prescription. The customer in question, Mr. Milcan, a pursy man and a cowkeeper, was very unforgiving, and we lost him altogether.

I had an affection for my uncle Badham, and a desire for his goodwill, partly founded on the fact that he entertained thoughts of leaving me the main bulk of his property, together with his shop. I promised faithfully that I would no longer look upon his customers as my public; that I would issue no more verse; and, upon that condition, I obtained leave to write it. My uncle, indeed, took my poetry at that time to be a ferment in young blood, a state of intellectual measles, and thought it advisable that the eruption should not be suppressed.

For a time, however, I wrote no more poetry. My hair had been cut down to mere stubble, and the sudden change made me so cool in the head, that my inventive genius took more practical directions. Many things had for some time been awaiting investigation. I had observed that in every boiled potato placed upon my uncle's table, there were invariably to be seen three small holes in a right line with one another. The same observation I had made in other places, and a question had thus come to assume great prominence in my mind—Why are there always three holes in a boiled potato? I had even so early designed my anthropological treatise (written in later years), on the Material of

Trades, wherein I show why tradesmen absorb and become absorbed in the material by which they live. The butcher, as we all see, becomes fleshy, and consists of prime joints; the baker becomes white and doughy; the shoemaker brown and leathery; the lawyer's skin becomes converted into parchment; usurers turn yellow. The baker's blood, on the other hand, is, in some measure, yielded to his rolls; the lawyer writes on skin that represents a part of his own substance; the gall of the usurer goes with his gold. You will find the essay most important. Hereafter the fact that I wrote it will have its interest for my biographers.

I was at work upon this very subject, setting down thoughts as they occurred to me on one of the last leaves of my uncle's ledger, when one day soon after my hair had been cut, a lovely girl came into the shop. I knew her, of course; for she was no less distinguished a person than Miss Maria Milcan, second daughter of the cowkeeper. She was admired in all the country round about us as the belle of Rochester. She was considered to be a girl of great vivacity and spirit; but I paid little attention to the fair sex, and I knew no more of her than I know of her features and the sound of her voice. Considering how recently I had provoked her father, I feared lest Maria Milcan might not be the bearer to my uncle of some hostile message, which I accordingly made haste to intercept. Maria cast down her eyes when I appeared, and timidly held out to me the wrapper from her father's bottle.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said; "but I thought this poem was too valuable to be destroyed. You might desire its return."

"It is of no importance, miss," I answered; "I have other copies, and if not, so mere a trifle—"

"O Mr. Speckles!" she said;

"sir, may I then keep it? You cannot tell what consolation it has brought me,—how much I do feel the emptiness of things." She folded up the paper carefully, and put it in her bosom. "Indeed, sir," she went on to say, "I wished to consult you as a professional man." She fluttered like a moth in a pill-box, looked full at a red bottle in the window, through which the light streamed in a great flush over her face, and said, "I have felt for some months a strange sense of emptiness in the heart. Could you do anything for me?"

"My uncle, miss—"

"But I think *you* will be more likely to understand my case."

I thought a bit, and remembered that so far as I knew of the ailments of ladies, they occur only in the head, nerves, heart, and chest. The stomach is, out of delicacy, called the heart. I thought that I understood Miss Maria's case, and asked about her appetite. She sighed, and said that it was bad. I at once recommended tripe. That is a digestible kind of food, which is, moreover, calculated to excite a failing appetite. The sense of emptiness could be removed, no doubt, with tripe. She shook her head, and said she wished me to prescribe. If I did not mind, she would call again in a day or two, and tell me how she was. I therefore understood to fill up the void in her heart with medicine; and began with the remedies that seemed most cognate to her case—pectoral lozenges and stomachic pills. She paid me on the spot, and came again after two days; and, in fact, every two days, always complaining of the emptiness at her heart, which I strove always vainly to fill up with lozenges and pills. These were all regularly paid for by Miss Maria, and not entered on our books. She never asked for trust.

This kind of intercourse had gone

on between us for about a month, when one morning Miss Maria seemed unusually thoughtful. The void in her heart ached, she said, more than ever. "And, Mr. Speckles, I don't think you understand my case." She gave me a look straight into my eyes that puzzled me.

"Pardon me, Miss Maria, I will change your lozenges." I looked confused.

She said, "Speak out, if you have anything upon your mind."

"I have, indeed, a serious question, that has long agitated me to the depths of my soul, and I think it is near solution."

"Ask it of me," she said.

"I am afraid," I stammered.

"To do so would be impertinent."

"I promise," she replied, "to take it in good part, whatever it may be. Ask me your question."

"Well," I said, "it is this. Why are there always three holes in a boiled potato?"

She bit her lip, and replied, quietly: "Because the cook progs them in the saucepan with a three-pronged fork. What else have you to ask?"

For the first time in my life I looked at her with admiration. The happiness of the suggestion pleased me. It was indeed far-fetched and improbable. Forks have no place in Epistemology, or the Theory of Knowing. Object plus subject, or matter mecum, is the substantial in cognition. The cook knows by matter mecum when she has boiled her potato; not by help of a three-pronged fork. Nevertheless, I was much struck by the elaborate ingenuity of Miss Maria's reply; and, for the first time, my eye dwelt upon her with admiration.

"O Mr. Speckles!" she said again, looking straight at the red bottle, "how often I think of those beautiful lines in the poem which you generously suffered me to keep:

"To be is not to be. What is to have
But not to have? A hollow mockery
Is man's best prize. O void,
That never will be filled, O vacancy,
Come let me marry thee, since so must be,
And must be must."

But let me be silent. Mr. Speckles, do you understand my case?"

She gave me another of those looks, and the truth flashed upon me. Void—marry: if she had proposed for me in form I could not have understood her better.

From that hour we got on rapidly. I made love as I could, and my suit prospered. Miss Maria made no effort to conceal her visits from my uncle. Uncle Badham smiled upon her when they met; but it was certain that her father would not smile on me. It was, for that reason, agreed upon between us that we should elope. I was to hire a carriage to carry us to D—. On a certain day, when her father, she said, would be out, the milkmaids and cowkeepers all being in her confidence, the carriage might call boldly at her house to take her up, and then drive on. At the foot of Rochester Bridge I was to be in waiting, and there to mount the box, it being further understood that I was to respect her feelings before our marriage by riding outside during all coach journeys.

On the appointed day, at the appointed place and time, I was in waiting; a carriage approached the bridge. It was ours. It stopped. I only glanced in at the window to where Maria sat, in the same leg-horn bonnet and stiff gown of brocaded silk that I had so often seen her wear. I murmured "Bless you!" and leaped upon the box seat; the postboys gave me a good-humored grin of recognition, and drove on. Before we had gone far, a heavy rain set in; but, as I had promised faithfully to ride outside, I kept my seat. In good time, for we drove at a tremendous pace, we arrived at the hotel where we were to dine. Our smoking horses were

at rest; waiters ran in and out; and, as the rain still fell in torrents, I shouted lustily for an umbrella as I leaped down, to hand my lovely prize into the parlor. Landlord and waiters stood in file to receive her; but she seemed to be asleep. I touched her to awaken her. Horrible to relate, she collapsed. Nothing was there but her empty gown of that abominable silk, stiff as a board, that has now happily gone out of fashion. The gown had been seated in the coach, and Maria's bonnet had been pinned to the coach-lining without any head in it at all.

I was befooled, deluded, made the victim of a hollow treachery. The boys knew it—landlord and waiters knew it. Little boys were collecting. I dashed through them, leaving the whole nightmare behind me. In ten minutes I had reached the fields outside the town. I began to think. At Rochester there was my uncle, party to the plot against me—of that I felt sure: kindly, no doubt; but could I face him? Could I face the boys of Rochester, after eloping with Maria Milcan's green brocaded gown?

For some days I wandered restlessly among small towns and villages, uncertain whether to return to Rochester or to go abroad. The next number of the *Kentish Tallyho* decided me. Therein was contained a heartless paragraph to this effect: "Elopement Extraordinary. We understand that a romantic townsman, Mr. Bad—m Spec—s, who made, we think, an exceedingly bad spec on the occasion, eloped on Thursday last with a green silk brocaded gown and leghorn bonnet, lately in the service of our lovely and fascinating townswoman, Miss M—a M—n. The dashing lover sat, we believe, on the box, where the flame of his affection, though unprotected by a great-coat, was not extinguished by a heavy storm of rain. Arrived at his destination

he was about to hand the object of his choice into the Corcoran's Arms, when it suddenly collapsed." (Did the fool mean that the hotel collapsed?) "The disappointed gentleman was heard to recite to the gown these lines, which, we believe, form part of a poem composed by himself:

"To be is not to be. What is to have
But not to have? A hollow mockery
Is man's best prize. O void,
That never will be filled, O vacancy,
Come let me marry thee."

There was more; but I read no more. After all, it was only then that I at last understood completely Maria Milcan's case. Her father was in the secret. The whole town was in the secret. I and my philosophy were mocked. My very name had, for the first time suffered that malicious abbreviation of which I have since heard so much. The boys would be crying at my heels, "Bad Spec." I determined to quit Rochester.

It was in this way that I first became a traveller, and I have been upon my travels ever since. They have not enriched me. My uncle Badham omitted my name from his will. My father died, having forgotten me; and my mother afterwards died blessing me, while I was still abroad. My brothers behaved to me according to my circumstances. Sometimes a speculation made me rich. Then I had letters from them signed Affectionately Mine. Soon afterwards perhaps I was a beggar, and affectionately theirs to no good purpose. In Germany I thrived for a short time by publishing a perfectly new system of metaphysics, which I caused to be translated from my manuscript by a gentleman who, as I found afterwards, had an exceedingly imperfect acquaintance with the English language. The book was, on that account, made perhaps more incomprehensible than I should have desired; but it

achieved a vast success, and was translated into English. By this means I discovered how extremely ill my German friend had done his work; because my book, when translated into English, was a continuous boggle and confusion of my meaning. I never put my own name to it, and I never will; although it is, to this day, a textbook among many students of metaphysics, both in Germany and in England.

As a speculator, I have made some good hits in America; though I have met with too many disasters. I did mean to mention some of the catastrophes I have survived; but I will content myself with naming one idea, that was designed to bring about a terrible catastrophe elsewhere. Grievously insulted by Miss Milcan and her father, I long brooded on a terrible revenge. At last, the method of it dawned upon me. If I could supersede the necessity of cow-keeping—crush Milcan with the milk trade of the country! What was more easy? The idea was suggested to me by a trifling circumstance. A trifling circumstance it generally is by which great thoughts are suggested. I was English teacher at a school in Germany, and had been explaining something to an English boy, who, when I had done, said impudently, "That accounts for the milk in cocoanuts."

Millions of cocoanut trees in all parts of the globe are yielding seas of milk, and no account has yet been rendered of the precious offering. At once I planned a Cocoanut Milk Churning Company. Although it is now too late to ruin Milcan, it is not too late for somebody else to make his fortune. Let him take good offices in the city, raise in shares a capital of two millions sterling; with which send out churns and cocoanut-crackers to the chief cocoanut districts, Labrador, Vancouver's Island, or wherever they may be. Let nuts be obtained by the usual method—throwing stones at monkeys; if necessary, it would be easy to send out pebbles. You see the rest at once. Crack nuts, and pour milk into shallow pans. In due time, skim; churn some of the cream, of which make cheeses, clotting the rest according to the well-known Devonshire process. Bring home the results in tins, with a sufficient quantity of pure milk in unbroken shells, to be supplied every morning fresh from the nut to the entire population. In support of my scheme, I have collected many facts upon the state of the milk now supplied to the metropolis, much of which comes from consumptive cows. Now has ever anybody heard of a consumptive cocoanut?

QUEEN lilies! and ye painted populace
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives;
In morn and evening dew your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun; which gives your cheeks to glow,
And outblush (mine excepted) every fair!
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropped your odors, incense meet
To thought so pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
Coeval race with man! For man you smile;
Why not smile *at* him, too? You share, indeed,
His sudden pass, but not his sudden pain.

ALICE DORMER'S SACRIFICE.

ALICE DORMER stood by the window thinking. She had gazed into the busy street until her eyes ached and her head throbbed. But now it was growing dusk; the lamps were being lighted, and figures seemed very indistinct as they passed by.

She had ceased to notice them, and yet she stood there as she had stood for two weary hours, her mind burdened with one serious thought—"Where was Charlie?"

A year before Alice would not have watched and waited alone—her mother would have been by her side to cheer and comfort her.

But she was dead now, and her last words were always ringing in Alice's ear by day, and haunting her in her dreams by night—"Take care of Charlie."

And she had set herself to that one special work—to be cheerful for his sake, to hide her own loneliness and sorrow, so that it might cast no shadow on his life; but it seemed as if all her efforts were in vain, for her brother was growing estranged from her; and as she stood waiting and thinking at the window of their one small parlor, she was trying to remember how it had first come about.

The Dormers' history was a sad one—the old, old story of changed fortunes, of a comfortable home lost, and a new existence begun, with little money and few friends; then of the greater trouble in their mother's death, and thus Alice Dormer and her brother were left alone with none to help, and scarce any to care what befell them.

They were settled in a suburb, where there were small bits of garden in which flowers tried to grow, and dusty-leaved trees, which gave some little shade in summer. But the constant lumbering of om-

nibusses passing the door, and the street cries, forever echoing, were very wearisome after a life in the country, where the only sounds to break the stillness had been the birds' voices, or the bleating of the sheep and the lowing of the cows.

But this was their second summer in No. 9 Mayfield Terrace, and Alice Dormer was getting more used to the noise, and dust, and heat, and even felt that she could have been very happy there had her mother lived, and if her heart had been free from this one great pressing fear that something was wrong with Charlie.

At the time of Mr. Dormer's death, Charlie was just sixteen years old; his schooldays were drawing to a close; and, as he had shown no particular taste for any profession, his father and mother were thinking a great deal about his future.

Then came the sudden change of fortune; and when a gentleman who had known Mrs. Dormer well for many years offered to take her son into his counting-house as junior clerk, she was forced to accept the opportunity of settling him in some occupation, although it did not quite come up to what she had wished for and dreamed of for Charlie.

There was a prospect before him of rising step by step into a higher position if he tried to please Mr. Vale; but, however bright the future might be, the actual present was commonplace enough, when the lad found himself perched on a high stool in a very dingy office, looking out through dirty windows on to brick walls and chimney-pots, and leads of houses, with a long invoice before him to copy, varied by occasional runs to the post-office, and visits to the bankers to cash

checks or pay in money, and at times going down to the docks with an older clerk to learn how to see after the consignment of goods, and become initiated in the different mysteries of commerce.

It was strangely wearisome after the ball matches and other school sports, which had been Charlie's great delight in college days, but after a few months he found that as knowledge came of what was going on around him, some interest came too, and he grew more satisfied and cheerful, so that Mr. Vale himself called on his mother to tell her he considered Charlie a "very promising young fellow, who would rise to a good position in the world if he was but steady and persevering."

The one bright time in Mrs. Dormer's day was when her boy came home at night, giving her and Alice wonderful, and greatly exaggerated, accounts of his doings during the day—from his journey on the omnibus roof to the sights and sounds of the docks, in which he endeavored to show them all his recently acquired knowledge of business matters. Besides this, there was a great deal to tell of the other clerks in Mr. Vale's office, one of whom, who was not much older, seemed to have become Charlie's fast friend, and "Deane and I" figured in most of the evening stories.

During those few months all seemed going smoothly, although their life was changed. Mrs. Dormer had a small income settled upon her which was sufficient for them to live on in the quiet rooms they had chosen, and even if she often thought longingly of Ashfield and their lost home, she could not be unhappy while her children were spared to her.

But another cloud was gathering over the little family; the slight cough and pale thin face, which did not trouble Alice and Charlie very

much when they looked at their mother, were doing a secret, rapid work, and all suddenly, as it seemed, she was dying, and the knowledge had come to them only at the last.

"You'll watch over Charlie, Alice," Mrs. Dormer would say, many of those sorrowful evenings, when her daughter was forced to believe in their coming separation, when they tried to talk together of the sorrowful future.

"You will be able to stay here just the same, and if Charlie goes on well, I hope in a few years he will get a little home for you. But, oh, Alice! he is young and light-hearted, and I am anxious about him. You'll bear with him, and be cheerful for his sake, won't you, dear? And keep him to his faith, and then all will be well."

All this Alice had promised to do as far as was possible. It seemed a fearful responsibility, though, and far into the night she would lie thinking of what was before them, and of the sad years which seemed to stretch far and far into her future life.

One secret hope, a hope all the sweeter because it was so secret, died in her heart. Her mother little guessed at it, little guessed at the weight of grief and disappointment which burdened Alice's heart in addition to the pain of the inevitable parting.

None but God knew the struggling of soul which passed in that little room at night during her mother's intervals of rest. God, and him who was her only human help in that sad time of her life, who had known of her heart's strong desire, and pitied and prayed for her now that she was called to lay it down.

Alice could scarcely have said how it was, or when first it was that a little trembling mist had fluttered through her heart to be all for God, to know no love but

his, to give herself and all that she could be and do for his service; and it had grown and strengthened until it seemed to grow part of her very life, and she was cherishing it safely and sacredly as something she could not trust to any but God and her confessor, until the time came when he should bid her speak.

Now, it needed all Alice's love and faith to help her to bow to the will of God, and accept the lower path he put before her, but the struggle was paling her cheek, and taking the lightness from her step, even more than the attendance on her dying mother and the distress of the last farewell when it came.

All this had happened nearly a year before the night we see Alice Dormer watching for Charlie's return. The sharpness of her sorrow was softened, and she thought of her thwarted hope more peacefully, but still she did think of it, and now the anxiety had come about Charlie. It caused her many a thrill of pain to feel that she had given up so much for him, and after all it might be in vain.

But that thought was banished; her sacrifices had been for him indeed, but yet more for God, and she knew that nothing done for him, no cross accepted and carried for his sake can ever be in vain. Alice scarcely knew when Charlie began to care a little less for her company in the evenings, to yawn and complain it was "precious slow," and then get a little later in his return home once or twice in the week, or accompany his friend Deane to some place of amusement, until now he nearly always was out, and was not so ready to tell Alice where he had been and what he had done, as once he was.

Then came another change; Charlie did not seem to have so much of his old life and spirit, and he grew silent and reserved, as Alice had never seen him, and she noticed he was thin and pale, and

she sometimes feared that his walks to and fro to the city, and his many errands, were too much for him.

But worse than this, Charlie was growing careless in the practice of his religion. He had gradually dropped his former habit of regularly approaching the Sacraments, always seeking some excuse for waiting until a more convenient time; but now it seemed a hard matter to get him even to mass on Sunday morning, and he would refuse to rise until it was so late that he could only just hurry into church in time, and not unfrequently missed doing so altogether.

Father Kelly was not unaware of all this; he knew all Alice's secret anxieties, and shared in her fear for Charlie, but the lad was beginning to shun even him, to avoid meeting him, and be reserved and almost sullen if they did happen to do so, and all the priest's old influence over him seemed at an end.

Deane's laughter and Deane's sneers had injured Charlie Dormer's faith, and there were times when he shrank from the name of Catholic, and half disowned it lest it should draw upon him the contempt and ridicule of the set of companions he had fallen in with.

On this especial night, when his sister was watching for him in the summer twilight, Charlie was very depressed. Besides the one heavy load always on his mind, he was thinking with unusually softened feelings of his mother, wishing he could undo the past year, and go back to what he had been when she died and left him. And then he recalled her last words, her last beseeching look, which seemed to beg him to remember what her prayers and desires were for him. He remembered, too, how he had promised her to be kind to Alice, a good brother, faithful in his duty to God.

No need to examine how he had

kept those promises—all broken, every one. He knew of the many, many days of anxiety and nights of loneliness Alice had endured through his fault; he knew what no one else did; how he had deceived Mr. Vale, and how discovery sooner or later was inevitable, and then he felt that the root of all his sin and misery was in his forgetfulness of God, because he had neglected the help his holy religion offered him, and, thinking he could stand alone, had fallen away from God and goodness.

It was long since Charlie Dormer had known happiness; his conscience was not dead yet, still, his usual mood was of sullen, dreary despair of ever retrieving the past.

But on this night for the first time there came a great longing to be rid of his wretched load, a wish that he could unburden his mind to one faithful friend, and ease it of its wretchedness. And then he thought he would see Father Kelly, that he would tell out all his fault, and all his danger, and lay down the sin at the foot of the cross of Jesus, and rise once more to begin a better future.

But his resolution failed him; he thought of the difficulty, the humiliation, the pain of getting back into the right path, and Charlie's old habit of procrastination came in to deaden the suggestions of his good anger, and once more he decided he could not do it then—he would, yes, he really would some other time.

However, for once he refused to spend the rest of the evening with Deane, and went home to his sister, looking so ill and wretched that she was quite alarmed about it.

"Charlie, I am certain that you are ill," she said, as she handed him his cup of tea; "you are so pale and thin, so changed from your old merry self, that it makes me quite unhappy."

"I wish you wouldn't bother a fellow, Alice," responded the lad crossly. "I hate people to be noticing how I look, and prating and preaching about it. It's hot weather, and I'm tired, that's all; so you'd best leave me alone."

A look of pain passed across Alice's face, but her voice was unchanged as she said, "I'm sorry I bothered you, Charlie; you must forgive me, dear. Only I can't help feeling anxious, for you are all I have left now our mother is gone."

The words were not much, but something in the tone and in the look of her eyes chimed in with his softened feelings, and brought back the memory of the mother who had loved him so dearly, that all his self-command gave way, and leaning his head down upon his hands he almost groaned as he answered, "For God's sake, Alice, don't. Don't speak to me of my mother, unless you would drive me to despair."

All Alice's fear of offending him was gone then; something seemed to show her that the time had come when she must speak out for the love of God and her brother's soul; she rose up, and passing round to where he sat, knelt down by his side, and would have put her arm round him only he pushed her from him. "Charlie," she began in very low, trembling tones, "listen to me now, if you never do again. Something is wrong with you, something burdens your conscience. It is not without cause that you have been forgetting God, forgetting your mother, shunning Father Kelly, who would help you, and me, your sister, who loves you so. You can hide it from me, but God knows, God sees, and I am sure He is bidding you now return to him. Oh, Charlie, if nothing else move you, think of our mother, how her last prayer for you was that you might be true to your faith. Surely

if anything troubles you you can tell it to me? You used to have no secrets from me, Charlie, and now—now—” and Alice began to falter, “you close your heart to me and I am all alone,” and then she put her head down on his shoulder and—no longer repulsed—sobbed as if her heart would break with grief.

It seemed to Charlie as if no words would come—he was going through a terrible struggle; pride, fear, every unholy feeling against his sense of right, his longing for peace, the striving of the Holy Spirit; but the good triumphed, and hiding his face in his hands, he murmured:

“Oh, Alice, I am very, very miserable. Don’t ask me to tell you what I have done, it would do no good, you could not help me. Nothing is any use.”

But Alice prayed in her secret heart to Jesus and Mary, she begged that dear Mother of Mercy to help her, and to help her brother, and then, after using all her power to induce him to unburden his mind, she got out the tale of wrongdoing which oppressed him so heavily.

Like all falling away from an honest, straightforward path, the history was not long, although the details of how Charlie had got entangled in deceit took some time in telling. He had had money intrusted to him by Mr. Vale, and in course of his pleasure-seeking with his friend Deane, he had been led to use part of this for his own purposes. Again he had done it by his companion’s persuasion, and the sum had mounted up, and he could not restore it, but lived day by day in the dread of shame and disgrace, and the loss of employment, when he was found out.

As Charlie in broken accents told his sister what he had done, she crouched down on the floor in silence by his side, too grieved for

any words to say—perhaps the thought uppermost in her mind was of what her mother would have felt could she have known that her bright, merry boy, whom she had watched over so carefully, and trained so earnestly for good, could fall like this.

Poor Charlie!—his wretchedness she could see, and imagine by her own, but what could she do to help him? That he would never commit such a sin again she felt sure by his present distress and pain, but she was wholly at a loss to think how he could be helped out of his difficulty. Their little income was barely enough for their support, and Charlie’s theft amounted to more than fifty dollars—a sum which she knew she could not save for a long, long time, and meanwhile he was exposed to the risk of discovery any day.

It seemed that the money had been given to Charlie by Mr. Vale to pay several little accounts, many weeks back, that he had made excuses, which were readily accepted, as he was well known; but that before long the bills would be sent in again, and every morning he dreaded a summons to Mr. Vale’s counting-house to be called to explain their non-payment.

The little clock on the mantel-shelf struck many times before the brother and sister separated for the night, but when they did so Alice had extracted a positive promise from Charlie to go to their priest the next morning, and tell him all his misery, resolving to act entirely as he should advise, and to seek first of all God’s pardon for all his wandering from the right way.

It had been no easy task for Alice; at first Charlie had declared it to be “impossible,” he could not and would not humble himself so much. But patiently and gently his sister reasoned with him—she spoke to him of his mother, and

brought back memories which softened his aching heart. She reminded him of the time when, as a child, he had been taken by that dear dead mother, to receive for the first time the Sacrament of grace and forgiveness. She pictured to him the day when he made his First Communion—what a festival it had been in their old happy home, and then when Charlie's eyes ran over with tears, and the return of the innocence and joy he had lost, she spoke to him of his Saviour. She told him how in all his sin, and all his unfaithfulness, Jesus had watched over him with tenderness and compassion, loving him still; longing for his return, waiting for him to come and cast his load of sin at his dear, pierced feet; waiting to wash him from his stains in that precious Blood which could free him from all, however dark, however terrible. Alice was all unconscious of her own earnestness; she only knew that it was a turning-point in Charlie's life, and when she ceased, and drew near enough to hear his whispered promise, she knew that, by God's help, her brother would be saved.

Poor Charlie! When the next night came and he left his office and again made an excuse for avoiding Deane, he felt as if he could not accomplish his purpose, could not go straight to Father Kelly as he had said he would. And yet Alice had assured him there was no other way to rid himself of his wretched secret: and it had grown so intolerable. Sometimes Charlie felt as if he would rather have it all come out than go on from day to day and week to week in this suspense and fear; well, then, he would go, at any rate he would keep his word and seek the priest; perhaps he would be out and then—well, then Alice could not say it was his fault, and it would give him a little longer respite.

That was the frame which Charlie Dormer's thoughts took on his homeward way; it never seemed so short a walk before, and when he reached the priest's house he paced up and down for several minutes before he had courage to ring the bell, and then it was done with the fervent hope that his call might be in vain.

But it was not to be so; Father Kelly was in, and disengaged, so glad to see Charlie, so kind and fatherly in his look and manner, that somehow the poor boy's fears lessened, and he slipped into the old tone of confidence and love almost unconsciously, and so by degrees told out all there was to tell, and even in the telling relief seemed to come.

It was late when he went home to Alice, but she knew at a glance that all was well, that her prayers which she had been offering so earnestly that evening were heard, and that Charlie was her own once more, no longer estranged from her by the consciousness of sin.

There was no easy task before him though. Father Kelly could only say that the one safe course to follow was to acquaint Mr. Vale with his dishonesty and ask him to give time for it to be made right.

"Ah, Alice, I've promised I'd do it, but I can't think how I shall get on," said Charlie. "You see my salary's so small that it will take me more than three months to pay it off. Not that I think Mr. Vale will mind so much about the money—it's the dishonesty he'll care for, as I've heard him say, over and over again, he wouldn't employ any one he could not trust."

"I suppose Deane could not help you," said Alice. "He knows what you have done, and surely as he partly caused it, and as he is your friend, he might do something."

Charlie shook his head.

"He isn't so much my friend

now. I can't cut him, for he's said he'd let it all out if I didn't mind; but I've had enough of him. Oh, if I could only get out of all this bother, I think it would cure me forever in getting thick with fellows like him! You don't know what a set they are, Alice, and how they laughed at me and tempted me to do wrong."

But Alice was so full of one thought which had sprang up in her mind that for once she hardly listened to what her brother said.

"I've got a plan in my head, Charlie," she exclaimed, "I can't tell you now, but I'll tell you tomorrow, I hope; and so we must both trust God to take care of us and bring all this misery right."

And in spite of Charlie's entreaties she would say no more, but bade him good night so cheerfully that he would almost have thought her unfeeling had he not proved so lately her great sympathy and love.

All next day Charlie pondered over his sister's words. Well, whatever plan it was, he did not see how it could help him! He knew she could not give him the money to pay back there and then, and that was all which could save him from the dreadful disclosure to Mr. Vale. But when he went home he saw by her bright face that she was hopeful and glad, and he sat down to tea full of curiosity to know what she had to tell.

But his curiosity grew to unbounded surprise, when Alice counted out fifty dollars on the table before him, laughing gleefully as she had not laughed for many a long day, and shaking her head mischievously as she refused to tell him anything until the twilight came, and they had one of the old loving talks which had grown so rare of late. And then Charlie heard what his sister's love had done.

Hearing of a lady who needed a

governess daily for her three little girls, Alice had sought the situation and gained it. And then she went on to say that she had summoned up all her courage to tell the lady that she wanted to teach because she needed money so badly to avoid a great trouble, and then tremblingly asked whether it would be possible for her to receive any payment in advance.

It was a bold request, and the lady had smiled at it and the ignorance of the customs of the world it betrayed, but Alice did not know this, or know how her own sweet, sad face and earnest eyes pleaded for her, so that she was not so much surprised as she should have been when Mrs. Hudson asked her what sum she wanted, and let her have it immediately.

And then Alice had run to Father Kelly to tell him her news, "And he scolded me a little, Charlie, because I had not gone to him first, and told him what I meant to do; however, he says it was a very good thought, and that I may feel glad I met with a lady who would do me such a great kindness."

Charlie never felt before such a thrill of shame and regret for his forgetfulness and coldness to Alice as then, when he saw her all flushed and happy with the thought of working for him, to save him from fear and disgrace.

For some minutes no words came, and then those that he faltered out were neither refined nor eloquent: "Alice, you're a brick, and I'm ever-so-much obliged to you, you'll see I'll make up for it by and by;" but they were all she wanted, and the look of love and trust in his eyes were more to her than the finest speech would have been.

"There's one thing, dear," she said, after they talked awhile, "Father Kelly says that you must tell Mr. Vale all about it, and give him back the money; it's the only

way you can make up for the past, and besides, unless you do so, you will always be in the power of this Deane, who knows your secret."

Charlie winced at that; there had been one little selfish thought mixed up with his gratitude to Alice, and that was satisfaction that he could go and pay the accounts without his employer getting to know about the affair at all; he was some time before he could recognize the necessity of disclosing his secret; however, he tried to be brave, and to believe Alice's assurance that God would bring all things right if he only trusted him.

It was terrible work to go into that little inner counting-house and ask to speak to Mr. Vale, and then choke and stammer to find that the words were not forthcoming; but Charlie had to go through it and bear the anger and reproaches which he deserved so justly. But when Mr. Vale declared he should dismiss him, that he was unfit to be trusted again, Charlie grew desperate and pleaded so earnestly for another trial for his sister's sake—his sister who was beginning that very day to work for him—that his employer pitied him and at last not only forgave him but promised to keep the matter secret, provided there was no repetition of any similar offence.

"And I shall watch you, sir, you may be certain, so take care of yourself, and if you listen to my advice I would say be very kind to your sister, for she's too good for you," and then Charlie was sent out of the counting-house feeling more humbled and ashamed than ever he had done in his life before.

But God loved him then in his humiliation, better than in all his days of careless happiness, and the fall and its consequent suffering and shame did a work in Charlie Dormer's character which nothing else would have accomplished.

Often enough he thought of Mr. Vale's opinion that Alice was "too good for him." He thought of it at night when he saw her return pale and weary from her teaching, but always cheerful and bright to welcome him; he thought of it in the morning when they parted, he to his business, she to the fatiguing walk along the dusty streets to begin her task—and this was his doing, the consequence of his weakness, his self-indulgence. So three months dragged on—Alice Dormer had just completed the term of teaching for which she was already paid—that was a weight off her mind.

She need not now continue her work, for their small income prevented it being actually necessary, but her little pupils had grown to love her so much that Mrs. Hudson would not let her go, but begged of her to try it for at least another quarter. So Alice went on for three more weeks of work, then she began to flag, and to grow faint and weary when night came, and to go to bed wondering what ailed her, whether she was growing fanciful or whether she was going indeed to be ill. And then one morning, in spite of all her determination, she could not rise, but tossed about feverishly, wishing—ah! how vainly—that her mother was there to speak to her in her gentle voice, and lay her hand upon her burning head; but before night that longing and all others were gone, and Alice was unconscious of everything and every one round her, talking at intervals of her childish days, and then lying half asleep to start up to utter some frightened explanation about "Charlie" and the money and Mr. Vale.

All the anxiety and dread she had gone through had overwrought her mind, and then the daily exertions of teaching which followed proved more than her strength could bear, and this was the result.

The doctor pronounced it nervous fever which would cause a lingering illness, and it was indeed a weary time before poor Alice was herself again, but at last she began to recover and slowly regained her health and strength.

The person in whose house they lived nursed her as tenderly as a mother could have done, but it was Charlie who spent nights in watching by his sister's sick-bed, who devoted every moment that was his own to waiting upon her, and who tried during her recovery to anticipate her slightest wish, and so make some small amends for all she had suffered for his sake.

And Alice's goodness and self-sacrifice had made an impression on her brother's mind which never faded. He went on steadily in business and regained Mr. Vale's confidence so entirely that at the end of the year he rose to a higher post; he learned to resist the temptations which came in his way from the company into which he was sometimes thrown, and became so saving and industrious that his mother's

wish bade fair to be realized, and Charlie was already talking of the time when he shall make a nice little home for Alice, and he dreamed bright visions of prosperity and wealth all to be shared with her, some of which may come true and some of which will be never realized.

But Alice's great happiness is to see Charlie what his mother hoped and prayed he might be—faithful in his duty to others, and although the thought of his temptations and fall can never be anything but sad, she thanks God who has brought so much good out of all the evil.

Her other early hope and desire seems as far as ever from being realized, for Charlie needs her still, and she has learned to see that there lies her work of God, that in her own home in quiet daily duties, all unknown and unnoticed by any human eye, she is best fulfilling the divine will, and so she is content—leaving herself, her future, and all that may give joy or sorrow, in the hands of him who has been so good, so merciful in the past.

THE DIVINE INSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH

EXHIBITED BY THE FAITH AND PRACTICE OF CATHOLICITY IN REGARD TO THE BIBLE.

THE absolute necessity of divine faith is manifestly established by the Apostle in his Epistle to the Hebrews (11:6) where he says, "*Without faith it is impossible to please God;*" and it is inculcated by many other portions of the sacred volume (John 8:24; Eph. 6:16; Mark 16:15). In the Gospel of St. Mark our Divine Master not only declares faith to be essential to salvation, but moreover extends its necessity not merely to one or two articles, but to the

whole of the good tidings, which the apostles were ordered to preach to every creature, adding, "*He that will not believe shall be condemned.*"

The necessity of divine faith being so urgent, and its extent so comprehensive, it is consequently a matter of the most vital importance for those who hope for salvation through Jesus Christ that they should be in possession of some certain rule which may determine, among the almost innumerable con-

tradictory principles circulated by men, as the genuine doctrines of revelation, what are truly the good tidings preached by the apostles, to disbelieving which, condemnation is annexed by the mouth of the Saviour of the world. For *truth can be but one*; and of the multitude of contending religions claiming to possess it, one only can be that religion which Christ came from heaven to reveal, which he enjoined the apostles to teach, and with which he promised that the spirit of *truth should abide forever*.

That it is consonant with the divine wisdom and goodness to furnish with the necessary helps those who are in earnest in their desires of discovering the true doctrines of belief, no one can reasonably doubt. Can we indeed believe that Christ should have attached so much importance to his preaching and instructions as to have devoted thereto three whole years of fatigues and contradictions, that he should have enjoined the ministry of the word on his disciples as one of the most important of their duties, that, following the example and precepts of their Divine Master, his disciples should have exhausted themselves by their labors and travels in dispensing to mankind the doctrines they had received from the Redeemer? Can we believe all this, as we are bound to do, and at the same time entertain such an unworthy idea of the love and power of our Saviour, as to imagine that knowing the obscurity of human judgments, the various situations in which men are placed, the endless varying interpretations which would be hereafter given to his words, he should have been so regardless, whether his doctrines were believed in the same sense taught by him, as not to have appointed some certain means, through the help of which the truth might easily become known to all

who sincerely seek it? No, such things cannot be entertained for a moment even in slight suspicion.

It follows, therefore, from the foregoing considerations, as also from many positive testimonies of the sacred writings which are familiar to all, that God has been pleased to appoint a guide whereby all those who sincerely seek the truth may, amidst the conflicting controversies which perplex mankind, be directed to it; and since faith, to be divine and supernatural, must exclude all doubt, it follows, moreover, that the guide appointed by God must be secure from every error; for if "*the blind lead the blind both fall into the pit.*"

Those outside the Catholic Church, one and all, maintain that the only guide from which we are to learn the doctrines of revelation is the Holy Bible. Scripture, they perpetually exclaim, is the sole rule of faith. It is laid down by them as a primary fundamental principle, that the Scriptures contain every doctrine of belief, to the express exclusion of tradition and a divinely authorized exposition: "*So that (as some express it) whatever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of faith.*" Against such principles we contend as being erroneous, and our object will be adequately accomplished if we shall be able to show,

1st. That the doctrine concerning the sole and exclusive sufficiency of the Scriptures is not substantiated by proofs, either evident or presumptive.

2d. That it is contrary to the express language of Scripture itself.

3d. That it is in contradiction with the general belief and practice of even its abettors, and that it leads to the most dreadful consequences.

In the first place, then, the principle of the sufficiency of Scripture

having been opposed, not much more than three centuries ago, to the universal belief of Christendom, ought to appear manifest by the most unexceptionable proofs, and those too from the written word of God. So demonstrative ought to be those proofs as to admit of no solution. For, as Protestants acknowledge no visible authority whereby the true meaning of the Scripture may be determined, the very fact that the meaning of the texts, urged in support of the exclusive sufficiency of Scripture, can be shown to be inapplicable to the point, cuts away from Protestants the foundation on which their proof stands. Now where are those manifest passages of Scripture in their favor? Not one can be produced! Some texts of the Bible are brought forward for this purpose, but they have been solved triumphantly over and over again by Catholics. I beg the sincere inquirer after truth to weigh, without partiality, the passages from the Scripture which Protestants usually allege on this question, and he will, I am confident, be convinced that not one of them goes far enough to establish the position which it is intended to prove; they merely recommend the study and practice of the lessons of faith and morality that are taught by the Church, but do not make the Bible the only and perfect rule of faith.

As an evidence of what I affirm I will direct attention to a few texts. In the fifth chapter of St. John it is related that Christ said to the Jews, "*Search the Scriptures, for you think in them to have life everlasting, and the same are they that give testimony of me; and you will not come to me that you may have life.*" It is, at least, doubtful whether Christ spoke imperatively, ordering them to search, or whether he merely stated what they did, saying, "*You search.*" St. John Chrysostom, Beza, with

many of the best biblical scholars, are of opinion that the latter is the correct translation of the Greek original. But supposing, not admitting, that Christ directed them to search, are we thence to conclude that he referred to the Scriptures as the sole and exclusive rule of faith? Not at all; to do so would be downright blasphemy. For he was *the way, the truth, and the life*, and having called on all the flock to hear his voice as the good shepherd, he could not have referred to the Scriptures from himself. It is plain that he rebuked them, for (like many modern Bible readers) whilst they thought to have life everlasting in the Scriptures, they would not come to Christ that they might have life; and although the Scriptures gave testimony of the Redeemer, so graceless, so blind, were those self-sufficient, all-sufficient, and insufficient Bible readers, that they put the holy one to death. In the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we find the Bereans praised because "*they received the word with all eagerness, daily searching the Scriptures whether the things were so.*" Here there is not a word in favor of the Protestant position. We are told that these men received the word with all eagerness. Whence did they receive it? Was it from Scripture? No, but from Paul and Silas, who were preaching amongst them. They afterwards searched the Scriptures; and why? Because they were told to do so; because they were referred to particular portions by their teachers, otherwise they would not know what particular portion should be read. He would be a senseless man who would pretend to say that Paul, after giving them the word, yes, the word of life, would afterwards praise them for searching for motives of assent or dissent. Another passage which I will notice has been boastingly produced, al-

though it is an evidence against the very system which it was supposed to uphold. This passage is found in the Second Epistle to Timothy, third chapter, fifteenth verse: "*From thy infancy thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which can instruct thee to salvation by the faith which is in Christ Jesus.*" Timothy was brought up from his infancy in the fear and love of God; accordingly he knew the Scriptures, not by his own independent reading, not by his own exposition, but like the other Hebrew youths who were taught in the synagogue, as St. Paul had been, who says, in the twenty-second chapter of Acts, third verse, "*At the feet of Gamaliel he was taught according to the truth of the law of the fathers.*" Did Timothy form his creed through his own interpretation of what he had thus learned? No, but by "*the faith which he had in Jesus Christ.*" How did he obtain that faith? By the instruction of Paul, who had told him in the preceding verse, "*Continue thou in those things which thou hast learned, and which have been committed to thee, knowing of whom thou hast learned them.*" So, Bible or no Bible, Timothy was to continue in the things he had heard, and he was to apply his scriptural knowledge according to the standard "*of faith in Christ Jesus.*"

But if evident proofs from the inspired writings in support of the exclusive sufficiency of Scripture are wanting, *presumptive* proofs, supposing, not admitting such to exist, are of no service. For, though ever so cogent, they cannot alone suffice to show that the doctrine they uphold is an object of *divine faith*; since divine faith cannot rest on probability or presumption, but only on the clear testimony of God.

On the other hand, we have the strongest reason for believing that

the divine founder of the Christian religion did not intend that the Scriptures should be *the exclusive rule of faith*. For had he so designed, had he thought that it was impossible for tradition to preserve in their purity his divine revelations, it is quite improbable that he would have omitted to charge his disciples with the important obligation of committing to writing a full exposition of all the truths which he communicated to them for the information of mankind. Now our opponents ought to show that Christ did issue such a charge to his disciples. But neither the language of Christ nor that of the inspired writers, nor the conduct observed by the latter in publishing the New Testament, nor any testimony of the primitive Church, afford the least probability for such a conclusion. Nay, it appears that the very contrary is the case.

As it was by *preaching* that Christ communicated his divine doctrines, so by *preaching* did he commission his followers to manifest them to the world. St. Paul, instead of referring to any commands that he should write the revelations he had received, declares in the following terms the nature of the obligation to which he was held: "*If I preach the Gospel, it is no glory to me; for woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel.*" In like manner it is rather to his preaching that in many places he makes reference, than to his written epistles, or the written gospels of Matthew and Mark, which were then published.

Moreover, had the apostles received an order from Jesus Christ to commit to writing all the doctrines which mankind were to believe, would any of them have delayed its fulfilment, as St. John did, until *upwards of sixty years* after the ascension of Christ? Would only five out of the twelve

apostles have been exact in their obedience? Would not all have exhibited their compliance by at least a formal and public testimony of their approbation of those writings which others had penned? Besides, if the apostles had been ordered, or even if they had designed to leave in writing, the whole of the truths which Christ taught, and men were to believe, "*so that whatever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith,*" is it too much to expect that agreeably to the suggestions of human prudence they would have rendered their exposition of revealed truths *so methodical, so clear, and so ample* that it could not easily be mistaken, even by the ignorant part of mankind?

Now it is notorious that between the different books which compose the New Testament there is little or no professed connection; that in the same book the transitions are frequently so abrupt as to render the meaning almost unintelligible; that the most sublime matters are frequently discussed with a conciseness, an obscurity, and an elevation in the style, sentiments, and diction, which have oftentimes been a stumbling-block to the most learned. So far are we from meeting with any proof of their having been the consequence of a divine command, or the result of a common design, we find several years elapsed before even the gospel of St. Matthew was published, and we learn from Eusebius, an early writer of the fourth century, that we are indebted for each of the four gospels to fortuitous occurrences. Thus he informs us (Hist., l. 3, E. 24) that St. MATTHEW, after having preached in Judea, and being about to undertake the conversion of the Gentiles, penned his gospel that he might leave to the Jews a perpetual memorial of

his preaching. The same author relates, on the authority of Papias and St. Clement of Alexandria, that St. MARK wrote his gospel neither by his own free choice nor at the command of St. Peter, but at the earnest solicitation of the Roman converts. St. LUKE himself tells us, at the beginning of his first chapter, that he published his gospel to refute the false narrations of the actions of Jesus Christ which many ignorant and presumptuous persons had published. St. JOHN, we are informed by Eusebius and St. John Chrysostom, preached the Gospel almost to the end of his life without writing; and St. Irenæus and Jerome mention that at length, when almost worn out by extreme old age, he was compelled by the entreaties of the bishops of Asia to compose his gospel against the rising heresy of the Ebionites, who denied the divinity of Christ; whence it is probable that had no such heresy sprung up, we should not have had this work of the beloved disciple. To accidental events we are also indebted for the epistles of St. Paul and of the other canonical writers. Most of them display internal evidence that they owe their origin to the necessities of one or the other of the newly established churches. They are designed *sometimes* to put a stop to the contests between the Jews and Gentiles concerning their respective superiority; *sometimes* to regulate the conduct which should be observed towards a scandalous brother; *sometimes* to correct those who gloried in the exterior works of the law and in mere ceremonial observances; *sometimes* to combat the abuses or vices into which certain congregations or individuals had fallen; *sometimes* to return thanks for the relief afforded to their needy brethren; *to gratify their zeal* by an account of the progress of the Gospel; and *to encourage them* amidst the peculiar

necessities under which they labored. But nowhere do we find any of the inspired writers proposing to furnish the church which he addresses with a written record of all the doctrines and duties inculcated by our divine Redeemer for belief and practice, or insinuating any commission from Christ for that purpose.

Neither from the conduct of the primitive Christians does the doctrine of the exclusive sufficiency of Scripture receive any authority. Had, indeed, the disciples of the apostles been taught by them to hold "*that whatever is not written in the Bible, or proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith,*" they would have been bound to adopt precautions for securing the advantages of the written word to themselves, and for transmitting them to future ages, similar to those which in these days some persons deem of such importance. They should have provided a vast collection of copies of the Holy Scripture; they should have established societies for the dissemination of the divine word; they should have everywhere instituted schools wherein children and adults might learn to acquaint themselves with the sole rule of faith; they should have produced translations of the Bible into the language of every nation to which the faith was carried. The neglect of such precautions (whereby alone, supposing the truth of the Protestant system, they could have insured the faith committed to them against human corruption) would have been unaccountable. Do facts, however, demonstrate that any such precautions were adopted? No, not one. We know from the works of ancient Christian writers that ST. ANDREW preached the faith of Christ to the Scythians; that ST. THOMAS announced it by word to the Indus, the Medes, the Parthians, the Hyr-

canians, Hindoos, and various savage tribes; that ST. PHILIP, ST. BARTHOLOMEW, and other apostles, spread the doctrines of their divine Master among remote and barbarous countries; but we do not read that they wrote themselves or took pains to teach to the multitude of their converts the writings of others. We know, moreover, that prior to the discovery of printing the labor of transcribing books was long and tedious; that the copies of each work were consequently very limited; that their cost was very high; that hence the number of those who were able to procure the Holy Scriptures, and, when procured, to read them, especially at the early period of Christianity, was very small.

Finally, earlier than the fifth century we discover no traces of a translation of the Bible into the African, Illyrian, Scythian, Celtic, Irish, or Spanish languages; yet we have positive evidence that in the *fourth century* there existed Christian churches in nations where such were the vernacular tongues. Now if nothing was to be believed except what could "*be proved by the Scriptures,*" an immense majority of Christian converts, having been totally unable to read the Scriptures, or even to procure a copy of them in a language which they could understand, would have been excluded from the only means of acquiring and transmitting a knowledge of the true faith. Is it at all probable that our wise and indulgent Redeemer would have instituted for the "*only rule of faith*" a method involving so many difficulties?

The difficulties which I have brought forward are not imaginary; they actually existed universally in the times succeeding the apostles, and continued in some degree until the fifteenth century, in which the art of printing was invented. Accordingly, St. Iren-

fabric then seems to ignite, and to burst forth into a splendid conflagration.

A flood of vivid light soon spreads itself over surrounding objects. At a distance, not unlike an aerial phenomenon, spangled with stars, the fiery dome seems to be agitated by a mysterious hand, and to hang suspended from the vast canopy of heaven.

The Vatican home of Christ's Vicar upon earth suggests some discursive, and not uninteresting, reflections did time and space now permit to turn over the wide pages of its history.

Chattard confesses that his (three octavo volumes) description of the Vatican cost him sixteen years'

labor. This will, perhaps, not astonish when one reflects that, besides the Basilica fifteen-fold larger than Solomon's temple, he had also two church-like chapels, twenty-two court-yards, twelve assembly halls, 11,000 chambers, several galleries, twenty-two immense staircases, not to mention other minor avenues, to measure and survey.

To form an adequate idea of the Vatican's extent and size, an observer should survey its churches, chapels, piazzas, colonnades, galleries, libraries, museums, offices, gardens. Let him also bear in mind that the site of all these irregular buildings is said to cover a space as large in circumference as the old city of Turin.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A HISTORY OF THE IRISH BRIGADES IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE from the Revolution in Great Britain and Ireland under James II to the Revolution in France under Louis XIV. By John Cornelius O'Callaghan. New York: P. O'Shea, Publisher. 1874.

We regret that our space is not sufficient to enable us to give a thorough and more complimentary criticism to the splendid work, rich and massive in its exterior adornments, but far more valuable in its intrinsic wealth of historical lore and soul-stirring sentiment. In there be one thing that more than any other proves the patriotism of the Irish race it is their zeal in preserving as monuments of former glories the records of her national existence, and though they perpetuate many a tale of sadness, the very earnestness with which they are collated and preserved prove that they can never cover a tale of shame. There is a quaint old rhyme which says:

If I were King of France,
Or what's better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad,
No weeping maids at home.

This certainly was never the spirit that actuated the English government in its policy towards Ireland, for while in time of peace England's cruelties drove her Irish subjects from their homes by thou-

sands to seek relief in emigration, so in time of war she, through the same tyrannical conduct, lost their services as soldiers. The mistake she made was like all the mistakes and selfish shortsightedness of meanness, and rebounded to her own disadvantage. The "weeping maids" of Ireland became, in the lands of their exile, the mothers that reared a foeman host to weaken Britain's power, while the Irish "fighting men abroad" proved the most valiant heroes of the country that adopted them, and the most irresistible of the champions in the foreign armies against which England had to contend.

We need not pause upon this old, old story of Irish valor in war. Every student of history knows it, every poet has sung it, every orator has grown eloquent over it, every modern battlefield of both continents has given the proof of it, but Mr. O'Callaghan has, following up the example of so many of his own race who, as we suggested above, love to repeat the story of Erin's glory, selected this special portion of it, as exhibited in the armies of France, as his theme, devoting to it twenty-five years of labor and research, in order that the treatment might be full, copious, and every way worthy of the subject. Such labors of love could not be and have not been in vain. **THE AUTHOR HAS SUCCEEDED.** Where now

is the Irish heart who will not respond in gratitude; where the son or daughter of Erin, or even the historical student of any nationality who can pass by with merely a cold glance of commendation this elegant work? Not by any means a minor feature is a collection of portraits and maps, with which the book is embellished, while the binding and general typographical features are notably praiseworthy.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Mgr. Gaume, Prothonotary Apostolic. Translated from the French. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street. 1878.

The publication of *The Christian Cemetery in the Nineteenth Century*, which we reviewed in the June number of **THE RECORD**, has drawn our attention to this companion work of the same author, and we hope some of these days in the near future to be able to direct our critical notice to the third sister volume, *The Angelus in the Nineteenth Century*, which has as yet failed to appear in English dress. All these books of Monseigneur Gaume are beautiful in style, exhaustive, and original in research. They open up new pathways of charming, instructive, and impressive thought, on subjects which, from close familiarity, have become commonplace to our minds, if we may apply such a term to sacred themes. Moreover, they come upon the literary world at a moment when their religious truths are especially necessary of inculcation as a counteracting influence to the persisting tendencies of modern infidelity and uncontrolled immorality. The all-conquering banner of the cross is the symbol of Christ's triumphant march in every period of ecclesiastical history. Through it the Church was established. Under it the soldiers of the Christian warfare must ever rally to the perpetuation and extension of Christ's temporal kingdom. Soldiers do not rally round a cold standard, emblem of grief and distress; therefore, to inspire the combatants of the present era, Monseigneur Gaume has, as it were, unfolded anew, in the strong sunlight of beautiful inspiration, this labarum of the heavenly hosts. His reasons for undertaking this noble effort, and the occasion which first called it forth, he gives us succinctly in the preface, and in proof of the admirable effect of his work, Our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX, has crowned it with a commendatory brief, and enriched, at the suggestion of Monseigneur Gaume,

the Sign of the Cross itself with a special indulgence.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SAINT CATHERINE OF GENOA. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1874.

Mystical works, we are well aware, are not to the taste of a large majority of secular readers, yet they have their appointed place and mission in the economy of the Church, serving to raise many souls even from amidst the distractions and temptations of mundane affairs to a high degree of spirituality, and it is only because, by indiscriminate and injudicious use, they affect badly balanced or unoccupied minds, and sometimes intoxicate even strong ones, that their perusal should be at least undertaken with great caution and very sparingly. It is somewhat strange, however, that this saintly daughter of Genoa *la superba*, should present in her own career all the vicissitudes of a life, ranging from the extremes of worldliness to that of spiritual sublimity, a checkered career as daughter, wife, and widow, displaying in its phases how temptation, under the insidious form of worldliness, may at times fascinate even the most devout and sober minds, yet how in the end, conformity to the inspirations of grace will snatch the weakened soul like a brand from the burning.

St. Catherine of Genoa was no silly ecstatic, no New England transcendentalist; her practical experience and knowledge of the horizon shades of the spiritual life was sufficiently extensive to neutralize with a tinge of sobriety its zenith splendor of mysticism, and prevent it from reducing her soul's activity to a state of balmy noonday lassitude. Thus, it was her all-conquering patience in the hour of trial that merited for her the grace of being caught up like St. Paul, and to be allowed to tranquilly revel, not as a natural effect, but as a special reward, in the illuminating centre of celestial light.

Rev. Father Hecker contributes a fine preface to the work, which we gladly recommend to those whose tastes run in the line of reading it represents.

GERALD MARSDALE, or the Outquarters of Saint Andrew's Priory; a tale of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. By Mrs. Stanley Carey. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co. 1874.

A well-written and interesting story, although a hasty perusal leads us to infer that the language and mannerisms of the characters are perhaps too much modern-

ized to be suitable to the period in which the plot is laid, which, however, is but one fault amid many merits.

THE HISTORY OF PEDAGOGY. By W. N. Hailman. Cincinnati and New York: Wilson, Hinkle & Co. 1874.

Twelve lectures delivered before the Teachers' Institute of the "Queen City of the West," and serving to sketch in a concise form the gradual growth of the leading principles of modern education, and by the example of the labors of the most prominent thinkers and workers in the field of Pedagogy, to revive the spirit and instruct the minds of modern teachers in regard to the noble aims of their profession.

THE READING CLUB.

THE COLUMBIAN SPEAKER.

These are the titles of two excellent little books, devoted to the compilation of selections in prose and poetry, humorous, serious, pathetic, patriotic, and dramatic, suitable for declamations, readings, and recitations. The former edited by Geo. M. Baker, the latter by Loomis J. Campbell and Oren Root, Jr. They are from the publishing house of Lee & Shepard, Boston, and are well arranged and carefully edited, the collections including some of the newest and most popular pieces for reading, and very convenient in the size of the volumes. We miss, however, from both the very popular farm ballad of Will Carlton. *Betsy and I Are Out*. Perhaps we shall find it in a new edition.

THE PEOPLE'S MARTYR; a legend of Canterbury, by Elizabeth M. Stewart. One vol., 16mo. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co. 1874.

CLOISTER LEGENDS; or Convents and Monasteries of the Olden Time. By Elizabeth M. Stewart. One vol., 16mo., cloth. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co. 1874.

THE KING AND THE CLOISTER; or Legends of the Dissolution. By Elizabeth M. Stewart. One vol., 16mo., cloth. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co. 1874. All received through Cunningham & Son.

Three beautiful volumes of stories illustrative of English history in the days that tried the souls of the children of the English Church. We know not why, but somehow themes of story which are cast in "merrie Englande of ye olden time" are peculiarly grateful, but when they delineate in addition the struggles of that unhappy land ere she surrendered

her faith, they fire the imagination and heart with electric brilliancy and fervor. These three books may be most appropriately classed together, for though the historic epochs they intend to portray were wide apart, yet the theme of which they treat, namely, the contest between the Church and the throne, which resulted in the terrors of the Reformation and monastic dissolution, that crown with culminated horror the days of the Eighth Henry, was but the natural result of the conflict begun by the second monarch of that name, which was temporarily stayed by the firmness of the great Chancellor A'Becket, whose self-sacrificing devotion and crying martyr-blood procured for his unhappy land this respite from the accumulating wrath of heaven. We cannot too deeply impress upon our readers the worth of these little volumes; rich in correct historical lore, as fascinating in style and as exciting in plot as any of Walter Scott's more pretentious tomes. In descriptions of sunset effects, ruined abbeys, and scenic climaxes, the authoress seems to possess a charmed potency of grace and versatility. The only possible objection which can be brought against these stories being that some of the plots may be too tragic. Let the young be trained in the lessons of history and in the glorious inspirations of faith from such books, while adult readers will find in them a refreshing exhalation of pure literature which cannot fail to revive minds enervated by the deteriorating influences of most modern publications. *The People's Martyr* deserves special mention for its handsome cover, adorned with a gilded vignette, representing the martyrdom of the saintly Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE AMATEUR ACTOR. A collection of plays for school and home. By W. H. Venable, author of *June on the Miami*, and other poems; *A School History of the United States*, &c. New York and Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle & Co.

Just the book for these days of the ever popular and delightful style of entertainment known as "amateur theatricals." Such domestic efforts at "stage business" are frequently accompanied by many drawbacks in the details of scenery, dresses, and all the countless little minor arrangements. Such difficulties it is the aim of this book to remove, besides furnishing a short selection of brief parlor and school plays. It is replete with numerous fine woodcuts explanatory of the instructions it gives, and on the whole we gladly recommend it.

THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. VII, No. 41.—SEPTEMBER, 1874.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"This effect defective comes by cause."—SHAKESPEARE.

It is not the mission of a monthly periodical to report the incidents and accidents of the time, and to discuss their merit with some active and well-informed contemporary. These offices belong to the daily and weekly papers, and it must be confessed that they are not deficient in detail nor backward in the discussion. If they find no idea, or a contemporary that they may oppose, or no fact that they may deny, they reassert and correct their former statements, and discuss in a new light or from another standpoint the principle involved, or its moral effects. This seems approved by the reader, and is hence profitable to publishers.

The public mind has been for some time agitated by certain disclosures in the city of Brooklyn, Long Island, and as that city is really a part not an appanage of New York, the sensations were pulsated in the great commercial metropolis, and communicated throughout the whole body of the

country. About the facts of that case it is neither our duty nor our purpose to speak. Of the actors in the drama we have nothing to say personally. They are human beings, and with those of them who have suffered wrong we sympathize. For those of them who have done wrong we grieve. They are before the world, and endure the judgment of the time, and feel that public censure is a terrible affliction, and public approval is so often mingled with and directed by personal interest, that it is itself too often a dangerous result. As condemnations are sometimes reconsidered upon a reviewal of testimony, so acquittal may come to be regarded as the favorable results of friendly interference and the fruits of convenient circumstances. The public may have little interest in the facts or persons of an event, while important general principles are involved in the cause or the procedure, and it is only in their effects upon society that we now

notice the events to which we have alluded.

A great scandal has been disturbing the public mind, and the friends of sound morality feel that the exposure of the offence and the punishment of the offenders are very weak barriers against future assault. If the cause exists, if the inclination to do and to receive that which produces the scandal abounds, the detection and punishment are of only temporary effect.

Those who look back to exciting movements in the city of New York four or five years ago, and to the extension of the wave of agitation into other parts of the country, which seem to echo all that is disturbing in the American metropolis, will see how easy it is to connect the scandals of this year with the movements of those times. Nay, how evidently all these scandals are the natural fruits of those occurrences.

Spiritualism and the miserable branches of that shameful deception, "Free Love," and the half-restrained indulgencies that are connected with that abomination, "Liberal Christianity," and the abuses that result from that heresy, are among the proximate causes of what religion and morals have been called to suffer; and while it is not pretended that *all* those who may have suffered most by the impoisonment of public opinion have most distinctly participated in all the promulgations of the doctrines or shared in the abominations to which those doctrines lead, yet it cannot be denied that the public mind has been so debauched, that men of learning, position, and popular talents have been appealed to to sustain the doctrine, by argument or endurance, and have suffered to an extent that reaches beyond individuals into societies, and, if not to the extent of poisoning general public opinion, at least to the dilu-

tion of that spirit of morality that is necessary to political existence.

Above we have said that the bad doctrines of certain persons have led to abominable practices. We might, without exaggeration, extend that idea, and say, that the general promulgation of the doctrines has been the result of private practice of the errors, and the offenders have formulated a creed that will justify their acts. In that lies a part of the secret of success. Thousands who err feel that their acts are offensive to the laws of morality, but they trust with grateful feelings to the talented and the learned, who can show that the indulgence which they loved is not only consistent with propriety, but is a right of their own and a duty to others.

Until the advent among us of Fanny Wright and one other, the idea that the bands of matrimony were to be dissolved at the pleasure and for the pleasure of the parties was scarcely known, never publicly promulgated; yet the success that followed their mission of vice shows not only their power of argument and the ignorance that prevailed among people as to the nature of the marital relation, but also and especially an extent of the vitiation of the principle of domestic life: they were ready to receive and practice the new commandment, which seemed to abrogate the old law, that a man should leave father and mother and cleave to the wife, and substitute therefor a rule that a man should leave his wife and cleave to his mistresses. Now, taking this cited example and connecting it with the scandal in Brooklyn, we find how dangerous is a bad doctrine, especially if ably espoused.

But it is said, and often urged as a triumphant argument, that, closely viewed, society fifty years ago exhibited a vast number of instances of marital infidelity on

both sides, and that what is done now is not much worse than were the practices of other times, while the present customs have at least the negative credit of freedom from hypocrisy and deceit.

We are not prepared now to say that there is not some truth in the above semblance of argument. We agree that bad practices are imputable to the past generation, but we are not prepared to say that the vices of the present day are more excusable because they prevail without attempt to conceal them, without that homage which it is said vice pays to virtue, by the very hypocrisy with which it attempts to hide its deformity. We are ready to bear testimony against the impurities that are discoverable in the society of other times, and to agree that they deserve the deep condemnation of the virtuous. But we wish to distinguish between the character of the vice of those times and the same offence of the present day.

We must distinguish between a bad act which the performer would hide, though he would repeat it, and a bad deed which the actor would legitimize by public argument and labored defence.

He who persists in doing that which is contrary to the laws of the country, or of what is admitted as the law of sound morality, certainly commits a grave offence. He injures individuals in their rights, he disturbs public order, and he places himself in a dangerous position as regards the penalty. But, while it is admitted that his acts are bad examples, yet they are not greatly operative, because law and public sentiment are against them; and while they shock contemporaries, they exercise little influence on the coming race.

But he who promulges a doctrine that not only excuses crime, but declares crime to be consistent with individual peace—promotive of per-

sonal comfort and ministrant to social happiness—is worse than a traitor to this generation, and a felon as it regards the coming age.

Crimes, bad *deeds*, are evils to be condemned and punished. A false *doctrine*, with regard to social or domestic relations, is a curse that is felt at once, and threatens extensive and increasing evil consequences.

We do not deny that some men, distinguished by their political, social, and even religious positions, have been found violating the commandment that enjoins purity of life. Such persons, while what they were and what they did of good may have been duly honored, suffered a diminution of respect so far as their error was known, and they felt the error and mourned it; at least, mourned the consequences to themselves.

But we are now called upon to contemplate actors who publicly practice what is condemned in preceding years, and have neither compunction for their act nor mortification at the exposure of their proceedings; and they have created a social criterion that has no condemnation for their proceedings; and they have spread abroad a doctrine that satisfies one class that the passions must be gratified, and leads another class, if not to approve, at least not to condemn a *creed* that is so consistent with human wishes, and in which so many may find their way out of one great misfortune into several of larger dimensions.

The bad acts, the immoral habits of some to whom we have alluded, are less injurious than are the openly proclaimed theories, the widely promulgated doctrines, that have led to the great evil that now disturbs society. The vicious man condemns the very vice he practices, and his attempts at concealment is a testimony against the deed, which in part prevents injury

therefrom, while the fault that springs from a wrong conviction, and is sustained by early instruction, is certain to be augmented in the individual and to multiply in the community.

Bad doctrines are far more dangerous than bad deeds. In his acts Julian the Apostate was a better man than Constantine, but Julian's good deeds affected only his own circle and age. The bad deeds of Constantine were inoperative in their example beyond his own time, while the great Christian doctrines which he favored and assisted to promulgate permeated society and influenced for good all succeeding generations. It is not necessary to inquire what would have been the condition of the world had the apostasy of Julian served to subvert entirely the doctrine which Constantine embraced.*

We are contemplating, at present, a state of things that owes its existence far less to the evil practices which we condemn than to the promulgation of doctrines that excuse, authorize, promote, and perpetuate what, though it be now a scandal, may soon, from its extent, be tolerated and approved.

The promulgation of the moral heresy through the press and from the rostrum first seemed to be received with a sort of permission that implied the probability that its fallacious doctrines needed only the light to insure condemnation. But, unfortunately, there were so many whose practices were so inconsistent with Christian morality, that they gladly adopted a doctrine which, if it did not place them in the right, served marvellously to justify to themselves the wrong,

and so to increase the number of open professors of the creed, that there should be less necessity for concealing the practice. Vice loves companionship, and the more there are to adopt a certain course, the less is the difficulty of pursuing it.

There is in every human being a disposition to err. Some, by favorable circumstances and religious education, escape important aberration from the line of rectitude, but all seem disposed to listen to suggestions that *may* lead to great evil, especially when those suggestions are apposite to their peculiar circumstances. But all do not embrace, though, by their endurance, they facilitate the progress of, the bad doctrine which they do not mean to adopt.

More than fifty years ago, men and women preached the doctrine touching the sanctity of the marriage contract, which is now developed into the creed and practice of free love. Thousands before, of both sexes, had violated their marriage contract, and were condemned by nearly all, less, perhaps, by public outcry than by that suppressed tone of recognition which is the quiet, efficient condemnation which virtue passes on vice. The evils continued and increased with the increased population, but it was only when there arose those who openly propounded, advocated, and justified the wrong, that it was found that the doctrine had fixed the practice, and had worked out in those who knew and ought to have done better, a development of what must destroy the peace of a family, that unit of society, and by the destruction of the peace of the unit, the whole sum of social happiness must be jeopardized.

At the present moment the polygamy of the Mormons is bringing the morals of Utah into a bad repute, and calling for national interference. There is a law

* The illustration of the idea, perhaps the idea itself, is certainly expressed, and perhaps bitterly expressed, by some other writer. Who, it is not recollected, but it certainly sounds like Bulwer, who was fond of illustrations that showed extensive reading, and none of the writers of the present generation have been able to enrich their pages and illustrate their views from ancient authors with the success that is manifested by Lord Lytton.

of Congress, indeed, which declares ineligible to the place of delegate to the national legislature any man who practices polygamy. It is often asked whether the two houses of Congress do not contain members who live irregular lives, and outrage the decency of domestic relations by entertaining some female besides the lawful wife. No doubt the question could be answered affirmatively, and all those who do the wrong deserve censure. But note the difference: the immoral man at Washington, while he has no idea of correcting his course, has no idea of defending it. The impurity of the Mormon habit is a public evil, augmented by the fact that it is sustained by the creed as well as the practice of the people of Utah. This is an instance to sustain our theory, that the bad acts of people are not so generally and permanently injurious as are bad doctrines.

We have asserted that the scandal which has disturbed society in New York, whatever may be the innocence of some of the parties implicated, owes its extent, if not its existence, to the tenderness with which a part of the press treated the doctrine of those who advocated free love. The failure to denounce, in clear and explicit terms, the theory that really was created to excuse or sanction the practice of impurity, was treason to morals and to good government.

Meetings were called under pretence of promoting female suffrage, and speeches were made advocating female licentiousness, and over these meetings presided, and at these meetings spake, men whose callings should have taught them prudence, at least in such matters. These and private meetings, soroses, and combinations of mixed genders, vitiated public taste, deadened public sensibility, and led to what we now see, and to what

every virtuous observer of the times must greatly fear.

Is there no remedy? Must this moral disease go on and increase?

There is a remedy, but will it be applied? Sterner voices must be raised; something more than ridicule, more than half-condemnation is required. The demands of society should be listened to, and reformation be commenced in earnest. No half way measures will answer, but the doctrine and the practice must be put down, whoever may be personally reached. Those it is likely are to suffer most who have scarcely gone beyond *toleration*, because the very feeling of virtue which kept them from open practice and approval, will make them more sensitive to the condemnation that is now to be pronounced against the frightful doctrines which have by practice disturbed society.

The work of reformation must be thorough. It must include the actors and it must involve their surroundings. Men and women must be taught to keep clear, not only of the doctrines which have proved so injurious, but they must avoid all those foolish discussions, those delicate propositions, and those unusual affections and friendships, and that miserable toleration of error that allows it to grow into crime, that nurtures it into the means of public calamity.

When the fire desolated such a large portion of the business part of Boston, a few years ago, a resolution was adopted that, as ordinary fires would not crumble granite into dust, and melt hard bricks into solid masses, and, as they had such phenomena in the ruins of their warehouses, they would remove the means of such conflagrations. The business part of the city was rebuilt with none of the surroundings of combustible buildings that served to kindle and conduct the fire that took hold and

melted down their fireproof stores. And as they carried out their purposes of safety no conflagration has since marked the burnt district.

Chicago had an even worse fire than that of Boston. It began in a frame building, and the flames fed upon the wooden tenements around till, gathering power, they licked up the finest and richest portions of that great city. But the energy that built could rebuild, and Chicago rose with new claim to the admiration of the world at the enterprise of the people, but with equal power to astonish at the thoughtless way which allowed of almost innumerable small frame buildings, shanties, and shops that seemed to insure another conflagration. That insurance proved safer than the policies against fire. Another conflagration came, and the former cause produced like effect.

Had the cause been removed, certainly the effect would not have been felt. Chicago owed the extent of the second conflagration to a toleration, an encouragement of that which made or greatly aggravated the first.

Will the people learn from the scandal that has disturbed society for some months past to avoid the persons, connections, and opinions that have caused all the disturbance? Probably not.

People seem to think that by changing the name of the cause they are to lessen the effect. But after all, perhaps, it is proper to say that it is not the same people that cause one *esclandre* who are accountable for another. Different temperaments and different views and intentions are variously affected. One day somebody wakes up to the danger of foreigners, and a certain class of people are terribly excited over the assertion that arbitrary governments are sending hither their population to undermine our republican institutions, and

forthwith the cry is, "Americans must rule America;" and to the excited clique that promulges that political apothegm immediately gathers fragmentary portions of citizens with various other curious ideas, and on the nucleus of Nativism is wound all manner of heresies, and to "the Natives" are gathered the foolishly ambitious, who hope to share in a triumph which they could not expect to achieve alone.

It would not be difficult to collect a goodly array of experiments like Nativism, and its grand result, Knownothingism; but that instance shows how heresies arise, and how the heretics strengthen their ranks.

Could any reasoning man have imagined that in "Christian United States" the doctrine of "free love" could have acquired a promulgation and defence that could have reached the interest, and persons, which it is now seen it has influenced? We believe that nakedly and primarily proposed it never would have gone beyond the "nasty" and ridiculous circle in which it appeared to originate. But there was a sentiment that had long been operating in various parts of the country, and which was operating in promoting those infamous laws in some of the Western States, that allowed of the divorce of man and wife upon the most trivial plea; so that a woman, at home in the Eastern city, awaiting the return of her husband from a collecting tour in the West, was startled almost into insanity by a notice that within a few weeks the man whom she had married, had lawfully slipped his neck out of the matrimonial yoke which rested in part upon her shoulders, and had shown his love of domestic happiness by getting married to another woman.

It has more than once happened that a wife has taken the lead in this mode of procedure, and in two months would assume her maiden

name and be endowed with another by a second marriage.

Now this is not "free love," but it is one mode of promoting it. They have lately, by some legislative enactments, made it a little more difficult to procure divorces in the West. Parties of either sex, to save time and money, have found a means of gratifying their feelings without divorce. They adopt the doctrine, or, at any rate, they adopt the practice of the doctrine of free love, and try to make society confess that the affections and passions, being the gift of God, they are right in using those gifts. With them "to enjoy is to obey."

It is not our object to present the doctrine of the Catholic Church as it regards the indissoluble character of the marriage contract. We hold it, of course; but we place our objection to the doctrines which have led to the Brooklyn scandals upon the opinion and practice of most all Christendom. The glory and beauty of womanhood are found in its purity. The honors and dignity of the wife are in the chastity with which she makes her household the home of undivided affection. She who pauses to calculate the danger or the reward of infidelity is unfaithful; and the woman who sits in counsel upon the question of female purity exposes her cause, even if she advocates the right. The participation in such a contest, however it may result to the *wrong*, will not close without injury to the opponents of that wrong. There are certain animals so offensive that a victory over them is almost death to the victor.

Two or three women openly espoused the doctrine of "free love." Others, who had ideas of woman's wrongs and woman's rights, came to hear the argument; few ventured to avow themselves converts, but many were not unwilling to submit themselves to the influence of the

doctrine. Morbid desire for notoriety, unbalanced minds, prurient appetites, but mostly a love of immediate personal flattery, led many persons of learning and influence to give these convocations of infamy the benefit of their presence, and the disease which had been lurking in their system for a long time was made apparent and operative, and our country receives the infliction and disgrace which, considering the object, the location, and the character of its influence, is one of the worst visitations that it has ever endured.

Will not somebody see, in what has been presented in the case to which we have referred, motives for avoiding associations which have for their end and means something that good sense must condemn; a sort of attempt to improve society by means that are proclaimed to be a little better than those allowed by God, or which are recommended by Christianity? Will not people hesitate to embrace liberty that is inconsistent with what the Church has taught and generations approved? Will people never see that the efforts to change sexual relations without a change of sexual circumstances is so contrary to nature that it can be productive only of evil, and that continually? Because a part of those who advocate a change in the relations of man or woman do not, from some cause, otherwise grossly violate the proprieties of social life, and have art to conceal their aberration, it does not follow that the heresy does not lead directly to the abomination, and it is painful evidence that the abominations, which are preached and practiced by some, and more than tolerated by all of them, are either the direct motives, or the natural consequence of their doctrine.

Some people, indeed, will say that they have listened to the public defence of the doctrines and works

of the strongminded women and their male advocates, and they have also heard the less public exposition and defence of its practices, and yet have felt no inclination to rank themselves as professors of the creed. Perhaps not; but has not their tolerance towards these admitted disturbances of public morals assisted to check the hostility of the virtuous, and prepare the minds of the weak to entertain the heresy? There are times when the forbearance of censure is treason to virtue.

"Freedom of thought" and "liberty of expression," advanced ideas in social relation, and "enlargement of domestic proprieties," are phrases which cover up a multitude of heresies; and if people who depend on the public press or the public pulpit for guidance were to hear certain new doctrines announced by *titles* which their inevitable consequences suggest, we should hear less of free love, less of spiritualism, less of woman's rights; we should learn that "their paths lead down to death and their feet take hold on hell."

Let the young and the susceptible of both sexes avoid the associations, secret or public, that seem in any way to weaken the established habits of society; habits that are founded on the wisdom of God, who directed them at first, and are chastened and strengthened by Christian doctrines and Christian practices. In the arcana of that association is found the secret of the means to lessen the love and destroy the practice of social order and domestic purity and peace. The young man or young woman who hears of these soroses, these communities, should at once avoid their members and defenders, and while each looks away to the Church, the pillar and ground of truth, the asserter and supporter of purity and piety, let the cry be, "Oh my soul, come not thou unto their

secrets, and unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united."

It is scarcely necessary, though perhaps not inappropriate, to say that it is not the object of this paper nor the wish of the writer to take any part in the opinions that divide so many people, as it regards the individual criminality of persons whose names have been the most involved in the unhappy affair that has occupied so much of public attention, centring in Brooklyn and New York, but extending in all directions, gratifying the prurient tastes of some, affording pleasure to many who see in the errors of professed Christians some excuse for the faults of those who neither profess nor possess religion, and everywhere and among all correct persons occasioning deep regret and mortification. Our business is rather with the proximate cause of this terrible scandal than with those now most distinctly and personally involved in it. It should be the duty of the good everywhere, it should be the office of the pulpit and the press, to denounce the beginning of the miserable work of disturbing society by corrupting doctrines. Without some terrible results, some great exposures, it is not easy to bring the public mind to a proper judgment of these impure and impolitic doctrines. Why await the convulsion? Why not openly condemn at once and boldly, the teachers and their teachings, and stop both the promulgation and the practice? Stop them at once. Stop them in the beginning.

"Principiis obata, sero medicina paratur,
Cum mala per longas invaluere moras."

The advice of the author of the above classical quotation is good—good *morally*, physically, as it was first intended; good *morally* and politically as it is generally applied. Had the promulgation of "free love" doctrines and the exhibition of pretended spiritualism been

frowned down when first the moral sentiment was insulted by them, such a disgrace as that in Brooklyn could not have occurred. But "*Principiis obsta*" is not enough; the evil cannot exist, cannot be presented without injury to friends, and even to foes. The Scriptures tell us that if we touch filth we

shall be defiled therewith, and Hippocrates, as presented in our quotation from Ovid, tells us that we should meet the disorder at its outset. But the evil to which we have referred is of that kind which the Holy Scriptures say should be "let alone before it be meddled with."

MUSIC.

No music now delights my ear
Save only that which flows to God,
Unconsciously, from tree or sod,
Or consciously from man in love and fear.

The praise of war, the praise of wine,
The praise of wealth and vanity,
Is but a sad inanity
In which the spirit cannot choose but pine.

The lovely flute notes of the dove,
Or wild bee's hum is pleasing still;
The rushing of the limpid rill,
The fitful song of wind-swept pines above.

Praises of earthly love by those
Who never felt a throb grow stale;
Dearer the linnet's simple tale,
Or what the bluebird and the thrush compose.

But, oh! the thrill and tremor wan
When from the human soul arise
Those strains that pierce the azure skies,
And God is listening to the heart of man!

BLISS! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of heaven!
I clasped the phantoms, and I found them air;
O had I weighed it ere my fond embrace,
What darts of agony had missed my heart!

THE BASILICA OF ST. PETRONILLA AND THE AMERICAN PILGRIMS.

BETWEEN the Via Ardeatina and the Ostian Way, with a labyrinth of galleries and cross-passages, lies one of the vastest subterranean necropolises of Rome or the vicinity. Bosius used to style it the Cemetery of St. Callixtus; but the discovery in 1854 of the veritable Catacombs of St. Callixtus, with its crypts, wherein were entombed the popes and martyrs of the primitive church, and which are visited daily by strangers from every land, has confirmed the great archæologist, John Baptist de Rossi, in the opinion he had long ago formed, that these were the Catacombs of St. Domitilla, niece of the Emperors Domitian and Titus. Long before recent discoveries had made the world familiar with this necropolis, De Rossi wrote: "The vast Cemetery of Tor Marancia (that tract of land in which the cemetery lies) has an existence, a history, and a development of its own; and both on account of its ancient origin, and the magnificence of its original conception in the excavation, it surpasses that of Callixtus." Topographers and the acts of the martyrs leave no doubt as to the real name and history of that gigantic underground city. Here they evidently point out to us Petronilla, Nereus, and Achilleus, buried in the land of Flavia Domitilla, niece of Domitian, a mile and a half from Rome, near the Via Ardeatina; and, in fact, the ancient index of cemeteries has a record of one called "Domitillæ, Nerei et Achillei, ad S. Petronillam, Via Ardeatina." (Of Domitilla, Nereus, and Achilleus, at St. Petronilla's, on the Via Ardeatina.) The principal entrance to the cemetery was discovered in 1865, and though the archæologist suspected from the beginning that

he was in the vicinity of the tombs of Saints Petronilla, Nereus, and Achilleus, still his doubts were not solved on the matter until later. St. Petronilla, by the way, is called in her acts the *spiritual daughter* of St. Peter, and called Petronilla from Petro, an ancestor of the Flavio-Augusti, whence she also sprang. Her family name was Aurelia. History tells us that her tomb was in a basilica called after her, but other than that nothing was known of her tomb. In 1854, the Archæological Society of Rome, under the patronage of Pius IX, who may well be styled another Damasus, came upon some solid walls of masonry in the Cemetery of St. Domitilla, which seemed to be incorporated with the cemetery itself. It was supposed that this was the nucleus of the cemetery, and nothing more was thought about it, as the attention of the archæologists was just then called to the Catacombs of St. Callixtus. The excavations were therewith suspended, nor did an opportunity of resuming them present itself before the November of 1873, when Monsignor de Merode, becoming the proprietor of the premises, the work of excavating near the walls, already spoken of, was recommenced at the expense of that generous patron of art, whose name shall be held in benediction. They had not proceeded far in the excavations, when they discovered, not a nucleus of the Cemetery of Domitilla, as was first supposed, not a crypt, but a vast edifice, or basilica, about the size of that of St. Lawrence, *extra muros*. But three hypotheses could be formed regarding this basilica. The first, that it was the Church of St. Damasus, in which were buried his mother and sister,

and, later, himself. The second hypothesis was, that it might be the Church of Saints Mark and Marcellinus, M. M. The third, that it was the Basilica of St. Petronilla. The first hypothesis not only has no foundation to sustain it, but there are positive arguments against it, of which one will suffice for our purpose. To construct this basilica it was necessary to remove a great many bodies of the blessed dead, who reposed in that part of the cemetery wherein the church was built, to make place for the building. But we know, on the other hand, that the blessed Damasus, in his reverential love for the dead, was utterly averse to disturbing their ashes. In substantiation of this, it is sufficient to cite an inscription found in the papal crypt of the Catacombs of St. Callixtus, and of which Damasus himself is the author. The inscription reads in this wise: "Hic fateor, Damasus, volin mea condere membra; sed cineres tinui sanctos vexare piorenu." (Here, I confess, I, Damasus, have wished to lay my bones; but I feared to disturb the holy ashes of the blessed.) It could not be the Basilica of Saints Mark and Marcellinus, martyrs of the third century, because the inscriptions on some of the sarcophagi under the church are anterior to their time. It remains to choose the last hypothesis, viz., that the basilica is that of St. Petronilla; and against this hypothesis not only no difficulties can be raised, but there are positive, unanswerable arguments to sustain it. Bosius cites the testimony of Francis Albertinus, who, in his book of the wonderful things of Rome, in the times of Julius II, A.D. 1510, wrote: "Cœmeterium Domitillæ Via Ardeatina apud Ecclesiam Sanctæ Petronillæ." (The Cemetery of Domitilla, on the Via Ardeatina, at the Church of St. Petronilla.) The same author, Bosius, also quotes the "Liber

Pontificalis," in the life of Gregory III (715-741), in which these words occur: "In Cœmeterio Sanctæ Petronillæ Stationem annuam dari instituit, ubi obtulit coronam auream, calicem et patenam argenteam, seu alia diversa ad ornamentum ecclesiæ pertinentia." (He ordered a yearly Station to be given in the Cemetery of St. Petronilla, whither he brought a golden crown, a chalice, and silver paten, or divers other things belonging to the ornament of the church.) It is also recorded of St. Gregory the Great, that he delivered one of his most celebrated extemporaneous homilies in this very basilica: "Habita ad populum in Cœmeterio Nerei et Achillei, die natali eorum." (Delivered before the people, in the Cemetery of Nereus and Achilleus, on their feast.) This was not at their basilica inside the walls, but precisely at their tomb, for the great saint says: "Isti sancti ad quorum tumbam consistimus." (These saints at whose tomb we stand.) But this was in that same basilica of which Francis Albertinus spoke, as above cited: "Cœmeterium Domitillæ, Nerei et Achillei, ad Sanctam Petronillam, Via Ardeatina." (The Cemetery of Domitilla, Nereus, and Achilleus, at St. Petronilla, on the Via Ardeatina.) In the apsis of the basilica were found the fragments of a large marble slab, on which was engraven an inscription in Damasine letters. There was no name mentioned in the inscription, a poetical inspiration of Damasus, as the last line of the verse testifies. But the inscription corresponds exactly with another found in four celebrated codices in Germany. First, with that of Heidelberg; but on this there is no name. Secondly, with that of Einsiedeln, in which the place of the original inscription is indicated, for above the inscription is written: "In sepulchro Nerei et Achillei, Via Appia. Nereus et Achilleus,

martyres." (In the tomb of Nereus and Achilleus, on the Appian Way. Nereus and Achilleus, martyrs.) The inscription coincides *ad litteram* with the codices of Closterenberg and Göttwei, and in both these the names of the martyrs, in whose honor it was written, are mentioned. An explanation of this coincidence is found in the fact, that in the seventh century pilgrims from Gaul, Germany, and even Great Britain, were wont to visit this sanctuary, when, as was the custom, they copied the inscriptions on the tombs of the saints and martyrs whose shrines they visited, and carried them home with them. In their itineraries we find mention made of a basilica identical with the one in question: "*Juxta Viam Ardeatinam Ecclesia est Sanctæ Petronillæ; ibi quoque Sanctus Nereus et Sanctus Achilleus sunt et ipsi Sancta Petronilla sepulti.*" (Near the Via Ardeatina is the Church of St. Petronilla; there also St. Nereus, and St. Achilleus, and St. Petronilla herself are buried.) Here is the inscription in its entirety. The letters in small capitals are the only fragment of the ancient slab found in the basilica. For the rest we are indebted to the ingenuity of the archæologist, De Rossi, who suggested what was wanting, and afterwards found full confirmation in the codices above mentioned.

Militiæ nomen dederant sævum q̄ yerebant
Officiū pariter spectantes jussa TYRANNI
Præceptis pulsante metu servire PARATI
Mira fides rerum subito posuere FVROREM
Conversi fugiunt ducis impia castra RELINQVUNT
Prouciunt clypeos faleras telaq̄ CAVENTA
Confessi gaudent Christi portare TRIUMFOS
Credite per Damasum possit quid GLORIA CHRISTI.

The following is a running translation: "They gave their names to warfare, and, moreover, obeying the mandates of the tyrant, performed a cruel duty; actuated by fear they were ready to obey the (impious) commands. Wonderful

to believe, they lay aside their fury, and, being converted, they desert the impious ranks of their leader, and fly, casting away their shields, their trophies, and bloody javelins. Confessing (their faith) they rejoice in winning the victories of Christ. Through Damasus believe what the glory of Christ can effect."

Having established now by the authority of four unimpeachable exemplars the text, the place, and the subject of this eulogium of Pope Damasus, it may not be out of place to stop, and review in detail the verse just cited. Damasus says that Nereus and Achilleus were soldiers, or, rather, we would gather from the context, ministers of a cruel tyrant. Illuminated afterwards with the light of faith, they fled from such a cruel service, and confessing the name of Christ, they suffered martyrdom. The last line of the verse is addressed to the readers by St. Damasus, the author of the verse, and is nearly identical with that which he wrote on the conversion of St. Paul:

"Sensit posset quid gloria Christi
Auribus ut Domini vocem lucemque recepit."

(He perceived what the glory of Christ could do as soon as he received the voice and the light of the Lord.) The conversion, then, of Nereus and Achilleus is set forth in these lines as a glorious victory won by the power of Christ. A question here arises, whether Nereus and Achilleus were veritable soldiers, whose duty it was to fight in battle, or only servants or men-at-arms, who officiated at the tribunals of the tyrants. The first lines of the verse would seem to intimate the latter, if we bear also in mind that a true Roman soldier was never called upon to fulfil the office of gaoler or executioner. It was beneath the dignity of a Roman soldier to slay any one save in battle. Add to this, that in those days it was customary to call the officials in attend-

ance at the tribunals by the name of "milites," or soldiers. Still the words of Damasus, that "militiæ nomen dederunt," are to be understood in the literal sense, and this interpretation is confirmed in the sixth line of the verse above cited, wherein it is narrated how they threw down their shields, and especially the trophies, "faleras," which are military decorations awarded only to soldiers who fight and have fought in battle. How they came to be discharging the exceptional duty of being ministers to the rage of tyrants against Christians is very easily explained, when we reflect that the Roman emperors, and Nero in particular, in their persecution of the Christians, violated every military tradition in the Roman discipline. A case in point is cited by Josephus Flavius, who narrates of a soldier, one Che-reas, who, haranguing his fellow-soldiers on this very point, observed, that instead of being soldiers, an honorable title, they had degenerated into ignominious executioners. This was one of the motives he adduced for the assassination of the tyrant Caligula. Beyond doubt, then, Nereus and Achilleus were Roman soldiers, and we find further confirmation of the fact in the words of the inscription, which narrate how they fled the camp, "castra," of the tyrant; for the word *castrum* or *castra* is antonomastically characteristic of military quarters. It is not my purpose here to refute the opinion of some hypercritics, who maintain that the acts of Nereus and Achilleus, and especially Petronilla, are merely a pious legend. I will merely observe, in passing, that the acts have been substantiated to the full by the discovery of their resting place, in the very spot and manner narrated; and with such palpable arguments before our eyes, to deny the authenticity or veracity of the acts would be unscholarlike, not to

say absurd. The inscription goes on to say, that "conversi confugunt," being converted, they fly, abandoning the camp of the tyrant. This harmonizes perfectly with the narration in some martyrologies, that they lived in exile with Domitilla, and suffering martyrdom with that holy heroine, they were buried with her in a cemetery situated in her land, on the Via Ardeatina.

Having established the identity of the Basilica of St. Nereus and Achilleus, it only remains for us to give a history of its construction, and to account for its ultimate destruction, or, rather, abandonment. It was thought by some archæologists that the basilica was built by Pope John I (A. 523-526); because the "Liber Pontificalis" observes, that "Renovavit cœmeterium beatorum martyrum Nerei et Achillei. (He restored the cemetery of Nereus and Achilleus.) But there are other codices which, in place of *renovavit*, restored, read *perfectit*, and also *fecit*, completed, built. But from an inscription on a tomb near the altar, it appears that the building was already completed in the year 395. The tomb is sacred to the memory of Beatus and Vincentia, two Christians, who died in the same month of May, A.D. 395.

The inscription is as follows :

BEATVS DIFVNCTVS
EST. III. IDVS MAIAS
DIES SATVRNIS. AN. XXVII.
ANICIO OLYBRIO ET
PROBINO VVCCCONSS.
VINCENTIA DIFVNCTA
EST. XII. KAL. IVNIAS
DIES LVNIS. ANN. XXVII.
IN PACE.

Translation : Beatus died on the 12th of May, on Saturday, at twenty-seven years, Anicius, Olybrius, and Probinus consuls. Vincentia died on the 21st of May, on Monday, twenty-seven years, in peace. In-

stead of III Idus Maias, it should read IIII Idus Maias, to get Saturday, *dies Saturnis* (Saturni). In the second part of the inscription, we have "*dies lunæ*," Monday, the 21st of May. Now, according to the ancient method of counting time, to have the 21st of May fall on Monday, the Dominical letter of the solar cycle should be G. But, on the other hand, the Dominical letter G was proper to the year of grace, 395. Therefore, we conclude, that the basilica was barely completed at that date. I say *barely* completed, because the position of the tomb, near the altar, being the most desirable according to the custom of the time, of burying, if possible, near the altar, convinces us that the altar had not been erected long before that date, as it would be impossible to have a tomb in such close contiguity. The blessed Siniacus was Pope at that time, and the worthy successor of Damasus. It was his great ambition to carry into effect all the constructions projected by St. Damasus. The metrical inscription, eulogistic of Nereus and Achilleus, and which was written by Damasus, suggests the not improbable conjecture, that the idea of erecting the basilica originated with Pope Damasus. As we have already seen, the basilica was restored by John I, between the years 523 and 526. At the end of that same century, the sixth, the ruthless Lombards, who ravaged Italy, brought death and desolation to Rome and the vicinity. It was on the occasion of these evils that Gregory the Great, having gathered his flock around him, delivered in this very basilica one of his most beautiful homilies, in which he draws a saddening picture of the misery which then oppressed the people. "Ubique mors, ubique luctus, ubique desolatio; undique percutrinur, undique amaritudinibus replemur, . . . aliquando nos mundus delec-

tatione sihi tenuit, nunc tantis plagis plenus est, ut ipse nos mundus mittat ad Deum." A few years later, the queen of those same barbarous Lombards, the pious Theodolinda, sent a holy man to Rome, who was to visit the shrines of the saints, and carry back as many relics as he could procure. Taking some oil from the lamps which burned at the sepulchres of Petronilla, Nereus, and Achilleus, he carried it home in a vial, which is preserved to this day in Mouza, with the ancient inscription, the autograph of "John the Abbot," who was the messenger of the queen. This was in accordance with an old custom among pilgrims and pious people, who always carried a small vial with them in which to put the oil, blessed by burning before the shrines of God's saints. In the excavations, the fragments of a large marble vase or plate were found, in which the oil was kept, after the manner of a holy-water fount. The oil was consumed by little wicks or dips, which were lit, and which floated on the surface. In the seventh century, the Basilica of St. Petronilla was frequented by numberless pilgrims from beyond the Alps, whose itineraries speak of the Basilica of St. Petronilla, and lead us to believe that the original name of the church was St. Petronilla. "*Juxta Viam Ardeatinam Ecclesia est Sanctæ Petronillæ; ibi quoque S. Nereus et S. Achilleus, sunt et ipsa Petronilla sepulti.*" (Near the Via Ardeatina is the Church of St. Petronilla; there also St. Nereus, St. Achilleus, and Petronilla herself are buried.) In the year 755, the Lombards, under King Aistulphus, made another descent upon Rome; and this time they destroyed the cemeteries and basilicas which were situated outside the walls. As soon as peace was restored, Pope Paul I, with pious solicitude, began to gather the relics of the saints within the

walls, where they would not be subject to the profanations of the hordes of marauders who made periodical incursions in the vicinity of Rome. One of the most solemn and imposing translations was that of the body of St. Petronilla, sarcophagus, inscription, and all, to the Vatican Basilica, where it now reposes. This explains why, in the excavations, no trace of any monument dedicated to St. Petronilla has been discovered; though De Rossi is not without hopes of finding something in his ulterior researches. The date of the translation of the relics of Saints Nereus and Achilleus is unknown. We only know that in the year 1213 they were deposited in the Church of St. Adrian, in the Roman forum, whence, at the request of Cardinal Baronius, the great annalist, made to Pope Clement VIII, they were carried to the magnificent church, erected to the two saints, inside the walls, and of which Baronius was titular cardinal. Towards the end of the eighth, and the beginning of the ninth century, the church was abandoned, partly because of its ruinous state, but more especially because during a great part of the year it was unfit for divine service, owing to the excessive rains of October, November, and December, which completely inundated it; for, as we have already observed, the structure was altogether built below the surface, nay, incorporated with the catacombs. This was in the pontificate of Leo III (A. 795, 816), as we gather from his biography, in which we read as follows: "Hic præclarus Pontifex, conspicuus Ecclesiam beatorum martyrum Nerei et Achillei præ nimia jam retustate deficere, atque aquarum inundantia repleri, juxta eandem ecclesiam, noviter a fundamentis in loco superiore ecclesiam construxit, miræ magnitudinis et pulchritudinis decoratam; in qua etiam hæc obtulit dona," &c. (This

glorious Pontiff, beholding the Church of the blessed martyrs, Nereus and Achilleus, falling into ruin on account of its great antiquity and the inundation of the rains, built a church of wonderful magnificence, in a more elevated position near the same church, to which, moreover, he brought these gifts, &c.) The new church spoken of stands on the Appian Way, not far from the old edifice, whither everything appertaining to the divine service was brought. The columns which supported the arches soon gave way, the roof collapsed, the inclosure was soon buried beneath its own ruins, and the earth falling into and about it. For ten centuries the ploughshare has been passing and repassing over the once celebrated sanctuary of the blessed martyrs. Its history passed away with its contemporaries, and nothing was left to enlighten posterity but the few fragments already cited, and—ah yes! the providence of God, which in these later days has given the Church a genius like De Rossi, and an encouraging patron like Pius IX; and thus, under the auspices of the latter, the former delves down in the bowels of the earth, and after years of patient labor and deep research, brings to our gaze the church of the primitive ages, the sight of which quickens our faith, and sends a thrill of holy admiration and love tingling through our veins. Perhaps there never was a title so well merited, so apt, and so beautifully suggestive of the sacred character of his labors, as that which an admiring age has bestowed upon Giovanni Battista de Rossi, "*Columba catacubarum*," the dove of the catacombs! How expressive of that eye which penetrated into the bewildering recesses of those quiet caverns, of the quick, solicitous flight from one holy discovery to another, and, above all, how beautifully suggestive of that tender, loving, simple, and rever-

ential faith, which, like that of Damasus of old, is ever alive with a holy veneration for the martyrs, and reverentially fearful "*cineres sanctos vexandi piorum*" (of disturbing the holy ashes of the blessed).

'Tis a beautiful Sunday morning is that of the 14th day of June of this year of grace, and thanks to Divine Providence, the labors of De Rossi, and the generous, great-souled Monsignor de Merode, rest him God, we are again kneeling in the sacred inclosure of St. Petronilla, lately dishumed from the dust of centuries. A large awning is stretched over the inclosure, through which a delicious odor of the bay, and the box, and roses, is wafted by the morning breeze. In the apsis of the basilica, there is a throne erected, and over it the inscription, "*Corpora sanctorum in pace sepultra sunt; nomina eorum vivent in æternum.*" (The bodies of the saints are buried in peace; their names shall live for evermore.) And as the eye wanders from the apsis towards the vestibule, it rests on an altar, and at it stands a bishop who is offering up the holy sacrifice. Around the altar, and extending to the end of the inclosure, kneeling on broken capitals, and behind columns, stunted, as it were, in their growth, or lying prostrate among fragments of ancient sarcophagi, is a pious assemblage of pilgrims who come from afar, farther even than the transalpine pilgrims, who erst visited this very sanctuary, and carried home with them the holy oil which burned at the tomb of the martyrs, and copies of the metrical inscriptions of Pope Damasus, which once more grace the vestibule. In front of the altar there is a large basket of flowers, and in the midst of these there is a number of little lamps, lit as of yore in honor of the martyrs. On the whole it is a beautiful feast, in which a strong faith is blended with a revival of the sacred

memories of the past. No one seems to give greater evidence of this than the directing spirit of all, Monsignor de Merode, who is wrapt in silent prayer in a corner beside the altar. It is a feast of revival, a going back, as it were, to other days, when the vaults of the basilica resounded with the eloquence of Gregory the Great, and pious stations were performed in the true penitential spirit. But, unlike other festivals of memory, there is a reality about this which gives it a form, a character, irrespective of the past. In other festivals commemorative of the past, there is no other reality, no entity, save in memory. But in this there is all that, and the real identical sacrifice, the same Blessed-Victim, without whom there would not be even the pious memory of the past to dwell upon. Add to this that the Church, only true guardian and cherisher of all that is good in the past, puts in the mouth of the priest who now officiates the very words of her saints of old, which she had hoarded away for centuries with a mother's tender care. Hence, when the cardinal who celebrated mass praised the faith of the American pilgrims, and placed it in a glorious contrast with the increasing incredulity of the world, he took occasion therefrom to touch upon the persecutions which afflict the Church in all her members, beginning with the visible head, the suffering Pius. What words could be more appropriate than those of Gregory the Great? The Church had preserved them, and now after centuries had rolled by since they were addressed to the faithful in this inclosure, behold, we hear them again: "*Ubique mors, ubique luctus, ubique desolatio; undique percutrinur, undique amaritudinibus replemur. Aliquando nos mundus delectatione sibi tenuit, nunc tantis plagis plenus est, ut ipse nos mundus mittat ad Deum.*" (Death everywhere, grief every-

where, desolation everywhere. We are stricken on all sides; on all sides we are filled with anguish. Sometimes the world with its pleasure draws us to itself, but now it is so full of afflictions, that the world itself sends us to God.) These pathetic words did not fail to suggest many other sentiments proper to the occasion, which were expressed by the good cardinal with much tenderness. Even in this there was a reality not unlike that which the pilgrims of the seventh century met here. In those days, too, the Church suffered, now from the inroads of the Goths, now from the sacrilegious rapacity of the Longobardi, and anon, factious parties within the very bosom of the Church filled her with sorrow and affliction of spirit. In these days, too, she has her troubles, as hard to bear, nay, harder than those of the seventh and eighth centuries, and the afflicted Spouse of Christ finds a sympathy and a consolation in the hearts of her transatlantic children to-day, as she did in those of the transalpine pilgrims centuries ago;

and as the pilgrims of the seventh century took some of the oil from the lamps which burned before the tomb of the martyrs, so did those of the nineteenth, with equal simplicity of faith—and simplicity, by the way, is the life of faith—take the oil, and the flowers, and the maiden's fern, and the hay, and the box, as sweet memorials of Petronilla's shrine. All this, together with copies of the Damatine inscription, was prepared for the pilgrims by the thoughtful and generous De Merode, whose heart clung fondly to the memories of the past, and who was indescribably happy in being the means of reviving them. He has passed from earth since that happy, happy Sunday morning, and his remains rest in the little Swiss churchyard at St. Peter's. His memory is dear to all, but his name shall be especially held in benediction by every American Catholic who loves to dwell on the events of that happy pilgrimage which left America, and the visit to the Basilica of St. Petronilla.

THE SHADOW UNDER THE YEW.

THERE sits a shadow under the yew,
 Who, sun or moon, or light or dark,
 Waits with a cruel gibber and grin
 In the blind night or by the star-spark;
 Or whether it rain with lashing rage,
 Or whether it blow with a devil's force,
 Sitting and counting the fresh grassed graves,
 And the lying stones, each one o'er a corse.

Under the shade of the churchyard yew
 The dark thing sits and counts the graves,
 That Dead Sea, lulled in a treacherous calm
 That billows around him in grass-green waves;
 And when I see him I tread so soft,
 And I scarcely dare to draw my breath,
 For hearse-plume black is the yew-tree's shade,
 And the name of that terrible shape is DEATH.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

I.

It was recounted in so many different ways, and they were all such poor ones, and it was, and is, to me, such a surpassingly beautiful story of tender and simple truth of soul, that I would like to tell it here "as 'twas told to me."

For instance, the world, of which I do not know much, for I have been a cripple all my life, chained to one little spot in it, told it in this wise: "Ethel Esmond is not worth a cent now! Just think." And the truth was just the opposite, for she was indeed worth more than all the world's wealth could represent.

Then the newspapers told it in this wise: "Miss E. E., a beauty and heiress of this city, has suddenly, and without obvious reasons, left her home. No one knows where she has gone, but doubtless Time, the great solver of all such problems, will unravel the mystery. The unfortunate young lady has no near relative."

Now the truth was exactly the opposite of this too. She not only had "reasons," but reasons lofty beyond all words, and, instead of being "unfortunate," she was amongst the most fortunate of the earth, viz., those who keep their souls beyond its power.

The most matter-of-fact people told it in this wise,—the sort of people who neither add to nor diminish a story, and to whom, personally, the story is nothing: "Ethel Esmond, old Henry Esmond's heiress, has disappeared, and left her house and money to a stranger. The will was all right, and could not be broken. Very queer, but no matter what the cause, she'll be sorry, for it's plain she needn't have done it!"

She need not, indeed. There

comes in how 'twas told to me. God, who saw it all, knows she need not, and she will never "be sorry."

There were many other versions of it, for everybody where it occurred knew Ethel Esmond, and everybody talked about it, but these will serve to show you what I mean by saying all their ways of telling it were so poor. This you will see even better, when I have shown you how " 'twas told to me." And to do this properly, I must begin with the first time I ever saw her, or rather a little while before that. You must remember, I do not, as I said before, know much of the world, so can only speak of it very simply. But I love the words in which I tell it. Simple though they have to be, they are the truth, so very proud and so very beautiful, I think it needs no artifice of language to make it more so. I put it here, hoping that from my little prisoned spot, my voice in it may have the power to turn some heart, young and untried, heavenwards, seeing how the constant looking there can make us superior to everything, even the loftiest here.

Now this is the story, "as 'twas told to me."

II.

It was one of those fair days in spring, when, I am told—though I have never seen it myself—the earth seems like Eden; when infant buds begin to unfold, and balm and warmth are breathed in the air, and you hear the birds singing their little love-songs, and the forms of children are seen bounding and dancing before you wherever you go. In that spot, often described to me eloquently by a dear friend, and called the Park by our citizens, and which I have

dreamed about, and longed to look upon, till I can almost say I know it quite as well as those who have done so, all these signs of spring were very plain. And it appears everybody turned out to do honor to them. The Park could not have been more crowded than it was that day of which I speak, when the earth wore the likeness of Heaven for the lookers-on. They said—those two who used to tell me all about outside things (of course I mean things outside my little prisoned spot), my mother and Eugene, my friend—they said that beautiful ladies, and handsome men paying court to them, walked, and rode, and sat in this place, and children, graceful and lovely as pictures, played under the trees. I have often shut my eyes and thought I saw them, and, chained down inexorably to my bed of pain, imagined what happiness must be theirs who need never long in vain to be out in the sunshine. I supposed they never could feel weary of life, or impatient, or loath to smile and speak, every one of which feelings were so often mine. They said, too, that the poor were in this spot, enjoying the light and air; some, indeed, in rags, and begging. But even those I could not imagine otherwise than smiling, for were they not free? Ah! well, all this is but wandering from my story.

The reason I pick out that day to speak of here is, it was then the story properly began. For Ethel Esmond, happening to be riding in the Park amongst the happy ones there, and being watched by many eyes, and amongst the rest by those of a poor washerwoman carrying home her week's work, all that brought about the story came from this. The woman stood back in the shadow of some trees, her heavy basket laid down beside her, and I have been told by Eugene, who saw her, unseen by her, that she stood shading her eyes with her

hand, and gazing on the young lady with a hungering and earnest look, very much to be wondered at by any one who might have noticed it. While she stood thus, a little beggar girl, whose pinched face alone implored charity, held out a wan hand to Ethel Esmond, passing in her elegant open carriage. I understand it is not usual for ladies in her position to even see such a little hand held out, at which I am much astonished, but she saw it, and with tender pity on her face dropped into it a piece of money. Immediately a boy, much larger than the little girl, darted forward and snapped it from her, running away then as fast as he could. I often see the picture Eugene's words made for me of the little girl then. He said she did not scream, nor run after him, but stood a silent and very touching picture of childish despair, clasping her hands, her face turned towards where he had gone, that face eloquent with silent and profound woe, her slight and ragged little figure drooping in every line, her very helplessness about pursuing her defrauder adding to the simple pathos of the whole. Eugene is a poet. I think I cannot say it in a better place than at this point of my story.

The world, of which I am so ignorant, must not be near so beautiful as the earth, that keeps itself as God made it. For it appears that to the eyes of the world it was now a very eccentric thing that Ethel Esmond stopped her carriage, and stood up, with indignant crimson dyeing her cheeks, pointing after the retreating boy, with a gesture so queenly in its command, that to see it might alone have arrested his steps, and saying to her footman,

"Go, bring him here!"

Eugene said that no princess, on whose word hung the lives of a thousand criminals, could have

spoken with a more royal grace, or no judge, dispensing to them their deserts, with more severe determination, yet, as the man went to do her bidding, she bent down to the now silently weeping child with the sweetest and most womanly pity, saying,

"Dear, you shall have your right! There," as the tears fell faster at the kind voice, "do not—you shall have your right."

All this time the woman in the shadow of the trees watched with steady and eager eyes, watched as if on the issue depended something greater than appeared to any others looking on, so Eugene said, and those anxious hungering eyes were fixed on Ethel Esmond, not on any other actor in the scene. Their gaze on her was so intense it really might have drawn her to the side of the gazer, if there be anything at all in magnetism.

Well, the stalwart footman returned in a few minutes with the delinquent boy, kicking and struggling as they came. By this time a little crowd had collected, mostly of boys, and from many carriages and buggies heads were turned to find out the end. Ethel Esmond did not seem to see any one, however, but the weeping child and the author of her tears. So absorbed was she in her object, that, unmindful of any witness, she stepped from the carriage, and stood beside the little girl, awaiting his coming. When the footman succeeded in bringing him to the spot, she took that little hand, so thin and wan, from which he had snatched the coin, and held it out towards the now shrinking and blubbering coward.

"There," she said in ringing tones; "put that money exactly where you got it!"

He laid it in the poor little palm.

"Now, go!"

The footman released him, and

he ran away faster than he had done before.

"Because," she spoke to herself, but others heard her, "I could have easily given her a half a dollar instead, but that would not have been seeing justice done. I hate injustice!"

The crowd—the boys most loudly—gave a cheer. She then looked, and amazed, perceived how many eyes were upon her, but by the time a second cheer had gone up to the sky—I am sure such cheers go there—she turned, and with a lady's winning manner bowed an acknowledgment. And while the third answered the act, she stooped blushing over the little child.

"Where is your home, dear?" she asked.

"What is home? I don't know," said the child.

"Where your mother is. I think, dear, you will know it best that way."

"But I—I have no mother. I have nobody."

Eugene said he saw tears then fall from her eyes upon the tangled, dirty little head of the child, and she answered quietly,

"Come home with me then. So have I nobody. We will be somebody to each other I hope."

She took her into the carriage and another cheer went up as it drove away, and showers of young leaves and flower-buds torn hastily from the shrubbery were cast upon it, till it reached the Park gate. Covered by them, she went out of sight, all the time bending over the ragged little stranger in apparently earnest talk.

Then Eugene said a hubbub ensued in the Park. For the policemen began to pursue those who had plucked the branches of the shrubbery; indeed, the boys and the poor people. But I understand it is the way of the world to punish such

excitement as that which caused the act, though the uncomplaining earth so freely gave its blossoms for a tribute to her. And the eyes which had watched from fine vehicles the whole scene, smiled sarcastically, and such of their owners as were near enough to each other to speak said, "How odd of her! How *outré*!"

That was all, and they drove on then, laughing mockingly. For that is the world's estimate of such acts, it seems, which puzzles me beyond measure. It is as if it believed no one could possibly do anything from pure charity, when even so far off a motive as the distinction of being odd is given to a deed like Ethel Esmond's, but surely it ought to remember that our dear Lord's words, making love the rule of his law, could not fail to take root in some human hearts; the world cannot have all.

The woman, still watching under the shadow of the trees, drew a long breath, as if of intense relief, when Ethel Esmond had performed her kind act, and the anxiety, at least, died out of her eyes as she said, like some one who had been watching in fear, and from whom the fear was now removed, "Thank God!"

Then, taking up her heavy basket, she cast a loving, yearning look after Ethel Esmond's retreating carriage, and any one very near her might have heard her say, in a broken and sorrowing whisper,

"I'll tell her; oh! I'll tell her; so quick to do justice. But not yet, not till the last!"

It was not Eugene who told me this part of my story. It was the woman herself, the tried, and worn, and anxious, and long-suffering woman, for she was my mother.

III.

WE were very poor, hopelessly and unchangingly poor, as long as

I could remember. There was no touch of concealment or palliation for our poverty in our one bare and shadowed room; there could not be; it was too real to admit of any graceful subterfuge; and our meagre allowance of food and drink was quite as palpable a fact as our unadorned, nay, I might almost say, unfurnished attic; for our whole subsistence was derived from the labor of my mother's hands, poor hands, now nearly worn out, nearly ready to fold themselves in a clasp of eternal rest. If I could have helped her it might have been different, but I was a heavy burden on her instead, lying helpless there always. I used to think, as evening drew near, and I looked round the comfortless room, what a golden blessing I would deem it if I had the power of motion for even that one half hour of the twenty-four. I used to shut my eyes—I always ~~shut~~ my eyes when I am going to make pictures for myself—and imagine her, at that moment, bending over the steaming tub, wringing out the last pieces of her weary work, wet and half blind with weakness, and aching from head to foot. And then I used to conjure up a scene; to you it will seem a very poor little attempt at happiness I am sure, but to me it wore all the unattainable attributes of a castle in the air; it was only myself awaiting her, with floor clean swept and fire brightly burning, the little teakettle hissing on the hob, and our humble supper-table spread. It seemed to me I would bear all the pain and monotony of the rest of my days to purchase this. Ah! in the midst of my dream she would come wearily up-stairs. I could hear each tired step of her feet from the lowest landing, and each fell on my heart, I am sure, with all the pain she felt in them. And she would enter the room white and almost breathless, not speaking at first, because she could not from

exhaustion. I would say, "Poor mother!" or oftener stretch my hands towards her in silent sorrow. And in a moment then she would say, trying to speak cheerily: "Don't mind, love; the day is over now."

Nearly always that simple and touching thanksgiving, "the day is over," the one boon her toiling hours could bring! And I would say, perhaps, "But you are so tired, and I am so sorry nothing is ready for you here." Then she would answer, with a very patient sigh, "My honey, when you say that, it only reminds me of One who came to us in the night, and the cold, and found nothing ready for him, though the whole world could have made ready if he but wished it."

Then she would set about arranging the comfortless room, always first coming over to my bed and kissing me, and saying, "Thank God for you, my honey, through all!"

I would be silent then, my heart chaining my voice. And because I was silent I would think all the more earnestly how true and beautiful was the love that so thanked God for a useless cripple, and how real the heroism that could make her endure her hard life with the saintly patience I saw every day, and which, without any words, taught me the way to bear my one cross. What was it to her numberless ones after all? And she was poor and uneducated, my dear mother, but I am sure no sublimer sentiments ever passed the lips of the most learned, than I have often heard from hers, brought there by the lofty power of her continual union with God; for that elevates and refines the soul, I am sure, beyond any words of mine to say. Gazing continually on the divine image, it grows more and more like it, which is infinitely noble and beautiful.

But, apart from this, some awful shadow seemed to rest upon my mother's life. Some shadow no one could see, but which to herself was a constant presence. Even her sleep seemed haunted by it, for while she slept, she moaned always, and she would often come when she thought I slept, and passing her hand over my forehead, say, with inexpressible longing in her voice, "My honey, do I make up to her for it?" And then she would kneel and pray.

I can still often feel that light and tender touch on my forehead, and hear that longing voice, and the memory of them is dearer to me than all that my life has brought to me, since the hand and the voice can come no more. Indeed, I would give all back to be again in the desolate room, and know she was coming home to it once more. But then she would not be at rest as she is now.

I have written this principally to show you what manner of mother she was, who watched over my helpless and darkened life at this period. And I wish to add to it, that no sunshine ever came to me afterwards half so fair as that which went out with her life.

IV.

EUGENE was very poor too. If he had not been, I do not suppose we would ever have come to know him. It was through a simple act of kindness on his part that we did so at all. My mother, carrying her heavy basket one evening, stumbled, and would have fallen, had not a gentleman passing put out his hand to break the fall. Then he took the basket from her, laying it down. As she strove to lift it again, it was found a strain on her wrist rendered it powerless. So he said, "I will carry it home for you." And my mother, who had been accustomed to serve ladies

and gentlemen, said he addressed her with as much politeness as if she were in a drawing-room, the finest lady there. She thanked him, and he carried it home for her. That gentleman was Eugene Woodruff, whom I now call my friend Eugene.

When they came up-stairs that day, he looked around the room at the bare discolored floor, at the worn furniture, at the broken, stained walls, finally at me, lying motionless on my poor bed with its faded coverlet. I do not know why, but it went to my heart, that he then turned away, putting up his hand before his eyes. It was more to me than if he had said all the kind and compassionate words in the language. In a moment after, he was busily binding up my mother's wrist, and pouring cold water over it. When the pain was relieved, she said, with a gentle way she had,

"You have been very kind, sir, and I thank you. Gertrude," and she turned her dear, pale face to me, "help me to thank him, my honey."

"I thank you, sir, with all my heart," said I, from my little prisoned spot; "my mother is all I have."

He came over near me, and looked. His face was the handsomest it had ever been my lot to see, though, to be sure, I had not seen many. He was very young, and had soft hazel eyes, full of light, and a high white forehead, and beautiful, curling, brown hair. I remember, as I saw his look of wondering pity, I wished he was my brother. He said gently,

"Have you been sick long?"

"Always," I replied; "I can never get up."

"So young! My God! how dare I!"— There he stopped. Then, as if he could bear to look no longer, he turned away, and walked to the window.

"She was born a cripple, sir," said my mother; "yet she is the one blessing of my life."

He turned to her in amazement, very plain to see.

"Yes!" she clasped her hands, "I have to live for her as she is. If she could help herself one bit, she would not be so entirely the life of my life."

"And as it is?" said he, looking on her reverently I thought.

"As it is, sir, a hard life is made easy to bear, because, thank God! I bear it for her, not myself."

"What a lesson!" he said, as if to himself; "what a sight!"

Then he came back to me.

"And you cannot move?" he asked, in a half whisper.

"No, sir, except my hands and head."

"And what do you do all day? you cannot sit up?"

"Never; I lie, and think, and"— Here I grew ashamed.

"Tell me," he said, coaxingly; "it will teach me a lesson perhaps."

Then I took out a little slate and pencil I had hidden by me.

"Do not laugh, sir," I said, "for I know this is not writing, but the time is so long in passing, and I comfort myself pretending it is."

He looked at it in silence. I had covered it with an imitation of what I had seen written on such stray scraps of paper as my mother sometimes brought to me, knowing my passion for writing.

"How beautifully it is done!" he said then; "it seems to me like some perfect writing in an unknown language! Ah! poor child, it goes to my heart, this lovely writing without words, or even letters. What a story is in it! What a story! Do you spend all your time, when you are not thinking, in this?"

Then I took out, with much secret hesitation and embarrassment, another little thing I had hidden beside me. It was a bit of rag, on

which I was trying to make flowers and scallops, in imitation of the embroidery on some of the clothes my mother washed for ladies. I worked with ravellings from another bit of rag, which I twisted together instead of cotton; but it was not embroidery, though it was flowers done in a way of my own, and though it looked very nice, my object was not attained when it failed in being of the kind I imitated.

"What is this for?" said he, in a gentle tone I already liked to hear; "tell me all about it."

"I wanted to embroider, sir," I answered; "and that is the way I tried."

"And why did you want to embroider; to pass away the heavy time?"

"No; mother told me people paid very high for real embroidery, and I know, if I knew how, it would take me a long time to do even a small piece of it, for I cannot hold up my hands many minutes. But even if it took years, I wanted to do it, to get her a thing she longs for"—I stopped; I could not tell him then.

"Can you not tell me?" he asked very gently.

"No, sir; please don't ask."

"Now, how long were you doing this?" then said he.

"Nearly six months."

He laid it on the palm of his hand, viewing it all over.

"It is beautiful, exquisite, this flower made of ravellings so patiently and wonderfully. When it is finished—I see it is not quite finished—let me know. I will find a buyer."

"Not for this rag, sir. It must be done on fine muslin, with real cotton, to be sold!"

"No; that—just as it is." He laid it down like something very valuable, but I thought if he had been a lady instead of a gentleman, he would not have admired it so.

"Why did it take you so long?"

"I can only hold it up such a little while, and then I often have to rip it, from putting the needle in the wrong place, and then these threads break so often, and it takes me so long to thread the needle."

"Great heavens! So much for so little, and I!"—He stopped as once before.

"It is not little, sir, what I want to do by it," I said then; "and if I ever do it!"

"You shall do it," he broke out; "only finish that little miraculous flower made so perfectly out of such materials. And this is all your recreation?"

I turned my eyes to the window. An old pitcher stood there, with a bunch of green growing in it, my pet and my pride.

"I watch that," said I; "it will have flowers some day."

He went over and examined it.

"Queer! A potato plant!" Now he laughed. So did I.

"Where did you get it?"

"A little child in the court below brought it to me. She had planted it herself. I am very fond of it, sir—next to my mother, I think I am fond of it. The leaves are so perfect and so beautiful to me, I could examine them all day, and never think I had then seen half how wonderful they are."

"And then?"

"Well, of course thinking who made them so has to come next, and I feel myself bowing down before Him; I cannot help it."

"Well?"

"I cannot just put it into words," said I, "but after that bowing down, I feel myself raised. Indeed, I feel as I were not a cripple at all."

"And you are not," said he, in a hushed way; "you are a princess ignobly chained here, and through this," touching lightly the poor common plant, "you have been enchanted into seeing a glimpse of your country, so your royalty rises

up and makes you cease for awhile to feel your chains."

Then he looked at the plant with eyes full of feeling, and I know, if they had not been those of a man, they would have melted to tears, but, though he did not let that happen, I felt they were ready to come. And a moment after I heard them in his voice, as he turned to go.

"May I come back?" said he to my mother; "it is indeed good for me to be here."

"You may, sir; and thank you."

After that, he became to me Eugene, my friend, and he said I saved him, but just then would not tell how. I know he was dearer to me than any one on earth except my mother, and his coming was happiness and sunlight to me. He taught me to read, and by that created a new world for me. He fixed from the ceiling a support for my book, so I need not tire my arms holding it. He showed me how to write really, and I created a world for myself by that quite as wonderful as the one I found in reading. Of course all this happened by degrees, and if I told it as slowly as it happened, and all its beautiful and cherished incidents, it would take a volume, not in place just here. But from what I have told, I think you will understand what Eugene became to us, and we to him. What we grew to be to each other was, I think, all the more precious and unchanging too, because it had its origin in the soul and heart, not affected by outward things at all, unless, indeed, that our mutual poverty made it more pure and intense. He ministered to the needs of my lonely, craving mind, filling it with what it had unconsciously missed since I could think,—knowledge. He said I ministered to his equally, though I could not make out what it needed, royal as it seemed to me.

At first it appeared very strange

to me, to know that he, with his youth, and his talent, and his fine appearance, should be as poor as I, lying helpless on my bed always, and owning no gift of all those I knew God gave to others around me. But I found out such things are quite common in the world from which I am shut out; that it does not give its riches to those whom I might look upon as being made for them. And I thought often, if I could only have the power of action, I would compel success to crown my toil for them—I wanted them for my mother, you know. But I am told the will is not enough to compel success, and many who strive, and toil, and endure suffering for weary years, lie down at the end in a poor man's grave, and others by one sudden "stroke of luck," without any effort or merit of theirs, are made wealthy. So I said one day to Eugene, "Why did God make it so?"

And he curled his lips, that could smile so exquisitely in pity or tenderness, into a bitter laugh, and said,

"That is the galling problem of my life—I cannot answer it." Then I asked my dear mother, and she said,

"It is because he does not consider riches a gift needful for our getting to Heaven, my honey. Don't you know, if he did, he would always place them at least within the reach of honest labor, and never, as they often are, within the reach of cheatery and crime."

"Then they are not really worth our thoughts or our strivings, are they, mother?" said I.

"No, my honey; you see the only thing on earth worth our strivings he has placed within the reach of all."

"What, mother?"

"The right to Heaven. Every one can gain that."

I told Eugene, and he was silent a long while after, sitting leaning

his head on his hands. Then he stood quite as long at the foot of my bed, looking down at me. I will never forget that look; it was so completely and touchingly full of sorrow that seemed to me to hold in it something grander than common grief. So it did, for then said he,

"I think you understand all that tells to one whose life has been a lie upon such mercy. I stand nobly reproached, my Picciola. But I can say no more. There are things in the heart which words spoil, and this is one of them."

"Yes." Words would have spoiled what was in mine then. I think he saw it, for he was silent for some time, and I was glad to be. In a book he had brought me was this beautiful thought, "Silence followed the song like a tear." Such seemed that silence to me. It was delicious; it was more, it was heavenly, for within it God's presence deigned to veil itself, making ecstasy.

After awhile said he,

"I have never told you my story. I am now going to tell it to you and mother"—for a long time he had called her thus—"that you may see what you have done for me."

"I am glad. What is Picciola? You called me that just now. Why did you call me it?"

In beautiful language, peculiar to him when he narrated anything, he then told me Saintine's exquisite story, saying at the end,

"And you are to me in a captivity, not of bolts or bars, to be sure, but worse, what Picciola was to the poor prisoner."

"A very withered Picciola," said I, smiling, to hide the fact that my heart was weeping for joy to hear such touching words of my poor, crippled self. But he saw through the smile.

"Nay, dear Picciola, God keeps you here with his mighty hand from that which might wither your

wonderful bloom. Not withered, indeed, but still fresh from the miracle of his touch, because untouched by the world."

It went to my heart—that is all I can say of it here, and in that moment I could say nothing.

V.

AFTER a few moments more he told us his story. I cannot put it exactly in his words, but I will as nearly as I can, for they are so much better than my own.

"I do not know," he said, "that I could tell you *all* my unworthiness, but I see you so patient and so unconscious of the grand mission your patience has fulfilled in my regard, I know of no other way to let *you* see what you have done, obscurely working for your Master here, and I would have you see it. I liken it often in my own mind to the miracle achieved by an humble violet, hidden in the shades of a forest, where man was not supposed to penetrate, and yet the perfection of its beauty converted an infidel idly roaming there to the faith that won his salvation.

"I was not always as you see me. I was brought up to believe myself rich, kept at the best colleges, and surrounded by all those advantages consequent upon the possession of wealth. I am now twenty-one; two years ago—I was a mere boy then—the bitter trial came to my life, which made me—I will not say what—less than a man certainly.

"I do not remember my mother; if I had any word or look of hers to consecrate my heart, it might have striven to keep white, in order to be worthy of holding that memory. My father was one of those men who do not impress a child with the idea of father at all. He was to me the banker who liberally provided my funds; the arbiter who decided upon laws for my movements; the judge who sentenced

me if I infringed on those laws; that was about all. Wrapped up in business and in grief for my mother, the cause of whose death was my life, he and I lived our lives as far apart as if oceans divided us. He ordered things with the object of making me worthy to bear his name, but it never seemed to me I held any place in his heart.

"I was at college, and had just achieved its highest honors; laden with them, I was about to return home, when a telegram brought me the news of my father's sudden death, nothing more.

"I see you wonder at those words, used in connection with what, it seems to your good hearts, should form the record of an overwhelming trial. If nothing more really remained, it might have seemed so to me too.

"We learn the true measure of a grief by encountering a greater. Hard as was my father's indifference to me, his death might have come as a heavy blow if it had come alone. But when, penetrating through the shadow enshrouding the telegraphic message, I found its dread mystery to be not merely death, but dishonor and suicide, I felt not *its* weight, but theirs.

"He was one of your wonderful business men, whose ability might almost be called genius, at whom the others gaze in envying amazement, as from below a height not theirs to climb; a daring speculator, and a successful calculator of the ups and downs of money transactions. But often such men are suddenly thrown from the height to which they have climbed by its giving way, and in its very ruins they themselves are crushed beyond help.

"This was his fate. In plain words, he failed. But failure is not dishonor, and I could have borne it if it were all. The speculation was a mighty one though, and when it began to totter he used money to

build it up—it is terrible to repeat it, even in the simplest way—money intrusted to him by poor and struggling and honest men and women in his employ. They had trusted him thus because he was their employer, and 'a safe business man.' This money, too, was buried with the crash when it came, and he escaped their execrations by suicide.

"So they were poured on me. I was surrounded by wailing women and infuriated men, whose all had been robbed from them. My heart was alike stung by the woful disgrace heaped upon me, and torn by their grief. I cursed my fate, I hid my name, vowing never to bear it again, and left the place, only saved from being lynched by the furious mob, of whose injury I was so innocent, by escaping secretly in the night.

"That was not all. I gave up the practice of religion, impiously deciding to myself, that if there were a God at all, he was neither just nor merciful, since, if he were just, I should not have been visited with the punishment of another's crime, and if he were merciful, he would have shown some mercy to my youth and hitherto unblemished name. Yes, turn aside those pure shocked eyes, my Picciola; despise me as I deserve. Then you will feel more intensely how great has been your mission to my degraded, almost ruined soul.

"According to this miserable code I resolved to live. I did not seek for any honorable situation, feeling myself a sort of outcast on earth. I assumed the name of Woodruff, and contented myself by writing 'items' for a third-class daily paper, lived in the poverty which was the only remuneration it afforded me, and gave myself up to the sins which a young, semi-idle, and wholly irreligious man cannot escape. For temptation is everywhere, and there is but one thing

in all the wide world to overcome it. I do not care how noble or great a man's mind may be; how much he may naturally feel inclined to keep his soul spotless; how strong his will, or how sincere his intention, it is simply impossible without that one thing. It is the grace of God. I had it not, and I would indeed be showing you a sight you must never even dream of, if I described to you my career. Ah! how frightened you look, my Picciola; but it is only thus I could show you what you have done for me.

"I cannot answer for others, but that life would eventually have led me to the refuge my father had taken. The very morning of the day I met mother, I had been gazing down into the river, thinking audaciously that it would only be an experiment after all, to try if the other life was any more satisfactory than this, and wondering if it hurt much to die by drowning. I walked away, determined to come back—indeed, to tell the truth, thinking I would wait until the darkness of night came to favor me. It used to be said long ago, at college—it seems so long ago now—that I had a good heart. Perhaps some vestiges of this remained to me, that moved me to assist poor mother, and offer to carry her basket home. Perhaps the tiny gem of charity, nearly defaced there, found a faint lustre from the act that caught some angel's eye, some angel of the numbers who, we are told, weep at the sinner's fall, and seeing it there, he pleaded it might be offered a chance of increase. Indeed, the angel might have been my mother's spirit—that it was some celestial guide led me here I feel certain.

"On that first day I saw you I could not find words to express how shocked I was, how utterly overwhelmed by the pathos of the scene, nor can I now find words

to express its effect on me. Just as the exquisite, all-pervading sense of a delicious odor comes over you, as you enter where flowers are breathing their lives away, so the sense of holiness and purity comes over my heart when I enter this room even now, and it did so that day, compelling it to a feeling it had not known since my trial. And when I saw your terrible captivity, which you could not have done anything to deserve; when I looked upon your young face, beautiful with a purity coming from your entire ignorance of, or contact with, what tarnishes the spirit's robe of white; when I found out the patient work of the half-helpless hands, pursued with a perseverance and resolution that amounted to heroism in my eyes; when I contemplated the youth shining from those wistful eyes, its light not all quenched by the shadow of your fate; when I stood touched and well-nigh weeping, before the unanswered longing for the beautiful, which found solace in cherishing the commonest of plants; when, in the midst of all this, I looked mentally beyond it, imagining the dower of maiden bloom, and grace, and hope that your years naturally owned, my very manhood blushed within me. I condemned myself. I, with that manhood, its power, its heritage of freedom, its wealth of endurance, was outdone by a motionless, suffering girl. The work of those wan fingers was a greater undertaking for them than the wiping out of my poor father's debts would have been to a man endowed with strength to labor, and yet I had not attempted this, and they had accomplished that. The burden laid upon that patient heart was more woful than mine, since I could lighten mine thus, and it must only grow heavier and heavier to the end, yet it was borne nobly. The trial to that soul's faith in God was greater than that offered me,

since he seemed to withhold from it every earthly gift, and on me he had bestowed many; yet it could seek his hand in the homely plant, and touching it by that faith, be raised above its sorrows. All this I could see notwithstanding the fact that I had reduced myself to so complete a state of spiritual blindness. I thought no more of the river. I set about acting like a man. I laid a plan for paying off my father's debts; it will take half an ordinary lifetime, unless some sudden turn of fortune comes to me, as it often does to other men. But, dear Picciola, if I ever feel like drawing back or failing by the way, I will look at your flower of ravellings, for it is I who will be its purchaser, and when I get it I will hold it as one of my most valued treasures."

Here Eugene stopped a moment, looking at me thoughtfully, and like one that searched for something. Then with his voice toned to indescribable sweetness, he added,

"Perhaps my Picciola may not quite understand this, but mother will; it is that my story holds one more leaf, little to tell, but most of all to me. In the happy time that seems so far away in the past now, there was one who held my heart in the hollow of her gentle hand, for there it laid itself unknown to her. I do not know if she would have thought it worth the keeping, for before I could tell her it waited there, the disgrace came, and with that for a bitter heritage I would not offer it in words. As I became lost in the mazes of a life that defied God, I did not dare to let my thoughts dwell on this one. To keep them from doing so was a hard and woful piece of penance, but I could not bring a memory of her into a heart so blackened; it seemed sacrilege." Now he folded his hands quietly, like one about to rest, and a lovely look of peace came over his face. "I can take the

sweet thoughts in, when, like birds from heaven's own garden, I hear the fluttering of their wings at my heart. Even to be fit to think of her is a priceless privilege, and that too you have brought to me, my Picciola, with the rest. And though I know it must come, that she will be the light and blessing of some more worthy life than mine, long before I can be free to offer her my love, still do I prize this privilege as dearest to me on earth."

When he had gone home that night, my mother said,

"What a fine talker he is, Gertrude. A body would think he was reading it all out of a book."

And I, who had been reading books, and often compared his way of telling things with the way I found them told there, always thinking his as beautiful as any—I wish I could exactly reproduce it here, but I cannot—said,

"Indeed, that is just the truth, mother. Only you know, Eugene imagines most of that about me. I scarcely know myself, or my rag flower, or the plant, or the room, the way he talks about us."

"But he's right about my honey's goodness!" Her dear eyes filled.

"No, mother, I am not so patient as I seem to him and to you. I wildly long for what others have, often—often! And at those times it takes all the strength of my will, and all the memories of what you have taught me, to say even a few words of prayer. If I were what you both think, I could pray without an effort."

My mother shook her head. I knew there was no use in pursuing the subject. It was clear that her mind was fixed on it. And after a little silence, said I,

"Why did he think I wouldn't understand about the one he loves, and you would? Tell me, mother."

"He knew I had loved that way, my honey, and you"—

"What, mother?"

"God has put such love out of your reach."

"But I love you, mother."

"It is not like you love me."

"Well, I love Eugene, then."

"Not like that either."

"Like what, then?"

Those dear eyes filled once more, and the heavy drops gathered in a moment and fell, a great sorrow and a look that spoke worship for some one unnamed in words, creeping over her face.

"Like I loved James," she said simply, and stood up and left me for awhile. I knew James meant my father; I knew she went to let more tears fall, where no one could watch them; I knew all the answer meant, knowing how really her heart buried itself in his grave.

I thought about it most of the night; I seldom slept much at night.

And I thought, at the end, of these words:

"Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for another."

I would have laid down my life for Eugene. It would have seemed very little to me if I could have made him happy by it. I wondered who was the one he loved so dearly, and thought to myself, if she loved him right, she would not mind his disgrace, since he was working so hard to retrieve it, and had never deserved it. I thought if I could only find her I would tell her how brave and noble he was, and if I persuaded her to stay with him and help him, what joy I could bring him, and what a full return it would be for all his goodness to me.

That was my sweet castle in the air.

(To be concluded.)

LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

THIRD LETTER.

DEAR SIR: "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, and the evil tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can an evil tree bring forth good fruit." Matt. 7. If this principle cannot be called in question by any person sound in mind, what kind of company does common prudence require us to expect in the train of such a postilion as Henry VIII; of such "a postilion," says Burnet, "in his waxed boots and oiled coat, lashing his horses through thick and thin, and bespattering all about him?" The Holy Scriptures

answer, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Mr. Richard Baxter, the author of the *Saint's Everlasting Rest*, in his historical discourse of apparitions and witches, applies the principle just mentioned in the following bold manner: "There hath been many enthusiasts that Satan hath notoriously deluded by pretended angelical revelation for some increase of knowledge. You may find many sad instances in Epiphanius, and other histories of old heretics. And few ages since have been without such. The madness of John of Leyden's rebels showed it. Satan's hand was notorious in

the delusions of David George in Holland, and of Hacket, Coppinger, and Arthington here (in England). The horrid wickedness of the Ranters here proclaimed him to be their teacher. When the Quakers first arose here their societies began like witches with quaking and vomiting, and infecting others with breathing on them, and tying ribbons on their hands. And their actions as well as their doctrine showed their master. When some, as prophesying, walked through the streets naked, and some vainly undertook to raise the dead (as Susan Pierson, of Worcester), and usually they disturbed and publicly reviled the most godly ministers worse than the most debauched of the rabble did."

It is my intention to place before you the tree of the Reformation in full bearing, that you may judge of it by its fruits, and that by its fruit you may know it. "We shall come to hear of occurrences that have been matter of talk to this day, whereof the like have never been seen, and will hardly be believed when they are heard. A marriage dissolved after twenty years' consummation! Houses built in piety under pretence of piety dissolved! Queens taken out of love, put to death out of loathing! And the Church itself so shaken, that it has stood in distraction ever since!" (Baker's Chron.)

There are some facts which I could not state without interrupting the recital of the divorce. I will now mention them before I resume the history of Henry's separation from the Church.

LORD HERBERT.—"In 1530 the Scriptures were translated into divers languages, and into English by Tindal, Joy, and others, though as not having been warranted by the king's authority, they were publicly burnt, and a new translation promised to be set forth and allowed to the people. Not a few incon-

veniences were observed to follow; for as the people did not sufficiently separate the more clear and necessary parts thereof from the obscure and accessory, and as again, taking the several authors to be equally inspired, they did equally apply themselves to all; they fell into many dangerous opinions, little caring how they lived, so they understood well, bringing religion into much irresolution and controversy. While few men agreeing on the same interpretation of the harder places, vexed each other's consciences, appropriating to themselves the gift of the Spirit. Because divers, not content with this or any moderate reformation, did (through the violence of their spirits) run into those extremities, as they labored to draw all the doctrine of the Church into a perverse sense, much occasion of controversy was given; while they who endeavored a peace so little prevailed as (for the most part) like those who part affrays, they bore blows on either side. In which doubtful times Henry put in execution all former laws against heretical books and persons; whereby one Thomas Bilney, declaring himself with great vehemency against the Catholic Church, was condemned to be burnt, and shortly after, for the same cause, Bayfield, a priest, and Baynham, a lawyer." (Hist. of Henry.)

COBBETT.—"Having provided himself with so famous a judge (Cranmer) in ecclesiastical matters, the king lost, of course, no time in bringing the hard case before him, and demanding justice at his hands! What I am going to relate of Cranmer and the other parties concerned in the transaction, is calculated to make us shudder with horror, to make our bowels heave with loathing, to make us turn our eyes from the paper, and to resolve to read no further. But we must not give way to these feelings, if we have a mind to know the true his-

tory of the Protestant 'reformation.' We must keep ourselves cool; we must reason ourselves out of our ordinary impulses; we must beseech nature to be quiet within us for awhile; for from first to last, we have to contemplate nothing that is not of a kind to fill us with horror and disgust. . . . The king had had Anne Boleyn about three years 'under his protection,' when she became for the first time with child. There was now, therefore, no time to be lost in order to 'make an honest woman of her.' A private marriage took place in January, 1533. As Anne's pregnancy could not be long disguised, it became necessary to avow her marriage; and consequently to press onward the trial for divorce." (Hist. of Refor.)

BURNET.—"First, Cranmer wrote to the king that the world had been long scandalized with his marriage, and that it lay on him as his duty to see it tried and determined; therefore he craved his royal leave to proceed in it." (Hist. of Refor.)

COBBETT.—"Matchless, astonishing hypocrite! He knew, and the king knew that he knew, and he knew that the king knew that he knew, that the king had been actually married to Anne three months before! The king graciously condescended to listen to this ghostly advice of his pious primate, who was so anxious about the safety of his royal soul; and without delay, he, as Head of the Church, granted the ghostly father, Cranmer, who, in violation of his clerical vows, had, in private, a woman of his own; to this ghostly father the king granted a license to hold a spiritual court for the trial of the divorce. Queen Catherine, who had been ordered to retire from the court, resided at this time at Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, a little distance from Dunstable. At this latter place Cranmer opened his court, and sent a citation to the

queen to appear before him, which citation she treated with the scorn it deserved." (Hist. of Refor.)

COLLIER.—"Dr. Heylin mentions a letter of Cranmer's to Cromwell on this occasion. The letter, transcribed from the Cotton library, imports a resolution of Cranmer's coming to a final sentence on the 18th of May. And here Cranmer conjures Cromwell and the king not to divulge so great a *secret*; for he was afraid such a discovery might bring the Princess-dowager (he means Queen Catherine) to Dunstable, and that her appearing in court either at or before the time of sentence, might perplex the affair, and put them all to a stand; but by her not appearing this danger was over, and the matter went as the king would have it." (Hist.)

COBBETT.—"When he had kept his 'court' open the number of days required by law, he pronounced sentence against the queen, declaring her marriage *null from the beginning*; and having done this, he closed his farcical court. We shall see him doing more jobs in the divorcing line, but this he finished the first. The result of this *trial* was, by this incomparable *judge*, made known to the king, whom this wonderful hypocrite gravely besought to *submit himself with resignation to the will of God*, as declared to him in this decision of the *spiritual court*, acting according to the laws of the Holy Church! The *pious* and *resigned* king yielded to the admonition; and then Cranmer held another court at London, at which he declared that the king had been lawfully married to Anne Boleyn, and that he now confirmed the marriage by his *paternal* and *judicial* authority, which he derived from the successors of the *Apostles*! We shall see him by and by, exercising the same authority to declare the new marriage *null and void from the beginning*." (Hist. of Refor.)

COLLIER.—“By the Act of Succession the king's marriage with the Lady Catherine, who is now styled only princess-dowager, is declared void, the marriage with Queen Anne affirmed, and her issue made inheritable to the crown. And for the establishment of the succession thus established, all persons of full age are bound to swear to maintain this act. And the refusing this oath is made misprision of treason. . . . Upon the rising of the Parliament, commissioners were appointed to require the oath of succession in their respective counties. They met with a general compliance; but when it was tendered to Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas Moore, late Lord-Chancellor, they refused to go the whole length of what was demanded. They were ready to swear to the *succession*, but not to the whole act. The offensive passages in this statute seem to be these, viz.: The Parliament pronouncing against the dispensation with the first marriage; secondly, their declaring for the legality of Cranmer's proceedings in the divorce; and, thirdly, there were some broad satirical expressions against the Pope's supremacy. . . . Some of the religious went farther in their opposition to the second marriage.” (Eccles. Hist.)

COBBETT.—“There were many of the parochial clergy, and a large portion of the monks and friars, who were not acquiescent, or silent. These, by their sermons and conversations, made the truth pretty well known to the people at large; and though they did not succeed in preventing the calamities which they saw approaching, they rescued the character of their country from the infamy of *silent submission*.”

“Of all the duties of the historian, the most sacred is that of recording the character of those who have stood forward to defend helpless innocence against the attacks of powerful guilt. This duty calls

on us to make particular mention of the two *friars*, Peyto and Elstow. The former, preaching before the king at Greenwich, just previous to his marriage with Anne, and taking for his text the passage in the first book of Kings, where Micaiah prophesies against Ahab, who was surrounded with flatterers and lying prophets, said: ‘I am that Micaiah whom you will hate, because I must tell you truly that this marriage is unlawful, and I know that I shall eat the bread of affliction, and drink the water of sorrow, yet, because our Lord hath put it in my mouth, I must speak it. Your flatterers are the four hundred prophets, who, in the spirit of lying, seek to deceive you; but take good heed, lest you, being seduced, find Ahab's punishment, which was to have his blood licked up by dogs. It is one of the greatest miseries of princes to be daily abused by flatterers.’ The king took this reproof in silence; but the next Sunday a Dr. Curwin preached before the king in the same place, and having called Peyto dog, slanderer, base, beggarly friar, rebel, and traitor, and having said that he had *fled* for fear and shame, Elstow, who was present, and who was a fellow-friar of Peyto, called out aloud to Curwin, and said: ‘Good sir, you know that Father Peyto is now gone to a provincial council at Canterbury, and not fled for fear of you, for to-morrow he will return. In the meanwhile, I am here as another Micaiah, and will lay down my life to prove all these things true which he hath taught out of Holy Scriptures, and to this combat I challenge thee before God and all equal judges. Even unto thee, Curwin, I say, which art one of the four hundred false prophets, into whom the spirit of lying is entered, and seekest by adultery to establish a succession, betraying the king into endless perdition.’ Stowe, who relates this in his chron-

icle, says that Elstow waxed hot, so that they could not make him cease his speech until the king himself bade him hold his peace. The two friars were brought the next day before the king's council, who rebuked them, and told them that they deserved to be put in a sack, and thrown into the Thames. Whereupon, Elstow said, smiling: 'Threaten these things to rich and dainty persons, who are clothed in purple, fare deliciously, and have their chiefest hope in this world; but we esteem them not, but are joyful that for the discharge of our duty, we are driven hence, and with thanks to God we know the way to heaven to be as ready by water as by land.' It is impossible to speak with sufficient admiration of the conduct of these men. Ten thousand victories by sea or land would not bespeak so much heroism in the winners of these victories as was shown by these friars. If the bishops, or only a fourth part of them, had shown equal courage, the tyrant would have stopped in that career which was now on the eve of producing so many horrors." (*Hist. of Refor.*)

We have now reached the period when the first and principal stone in the fabric of the Church of England was solemnly laid. Hitherto we have been clearing away the ground, digging out the earth for the foundations, and searching out the real and undisguised motives which led to this horrible measure. We have seen a young king commence his reign with the most flattering prospects of glory and happiness to his people. Handsome in person, brilliant in abilities, excelling in various accomplishments, rich in his revenue, and devotedly attached to the faith of his ancestors and of Christendom, he stood the envy of surrounding monarchs, and the idol of his own subjects. Had death snatched him away in these his bright and youthful days,

we agree with Southey, his loss would have been deeply lamented as a national calamity. But amidst the dissipation of a gay and splendid court, the reins with which he had bridled his passions were gradually loosened, until the wise and Christian king sunk into the odious and *blasé* slave of sensual pleasures. Everything must now bend to his stubborn will, because his tyrant passions which control him are impatient under the least restraint. Public decency must be set aside, a marriage of twenty years' standing dissolved without sufficient cause, and a new one contracted before the divorce can in any way, right or wrong, be procured. And because the Bishop of Rome, the common father of the faithful, will not truckle to his impure passions, and, in violation of all justice, set him at liberty from his lawful wife, that he may marry another more congenial to his wishes, he will trample upon the faith of his people, change their religion to one more suitable to his own corrupted heart, and, with threats of immediate and ignominious death to every one that should dare to impugn his measures, make himself the supreme head of it, that henceforth no obstacle may oppose his views, and thwart his darling inclinations. We have watched the preparations which he has been making for the accomplishment of this lamentable purpose. Several acts of Parliament, trespassing upon the rights of the Church and of the Holy See, were passed during the process of the divorce. But these we will not notice, because, in a certain measure, they are set aside by the act which finally settles upon Henry and his successors the supremacy, next under God, both in spirituals and temporals, of the Church in England. We will now lay before you this memorable act.

COLLIER.—"Albeit the king's

majesty justly and rightly is, and ought to be, supreme head of the Church of England, and is recognized by the clergy of this realm in their convocations; yet, nevertheless, for corroboration and confirmation thereof, and for increase of virtue in Christ's religion in the realm of England, and to repress and extirpate all errors, heresies, and other enormities and abuses heretofore used in the same, be it enacted, by the authority of the present Parliament, that the king, our sovereign lord, his heirs and successors, kings of this realm, shall be taken, accepted, and reputed the only supreme head on earth of the Church of England, called *Anglicana Ecclesia*, and shall have and enjoy annexed and united to the imperial crown of this realm, as well the title and style thereof, as all honors, dignities, immunities, profits, and commodities, to the said dignity of supreme head of the said Church belonging and appertaining. And that our said sovereign lord, his heirs and successors, kings of this realm, shall have full power and authority, from time to time, to visit, repress, redress, reform, order, correct, restrain, and amend all such errors, heresies, abuses, contempts, and enormities, whatsoever they be, which by any manner of spiritual authority or jurisdiction ought or may lawfully be reformed, repressed, ordered, redressed, corrected, restrained, or amended most to the pleasure of Almighty God, the increase of virtue in Christ's religion, and for the conservation of the peace, unity, and tranquillity of this realm, any usage, custom, foreign laws, foreign authority, prescription, or any thing or things to the contrary hereof notwithstanding." (Stat. 26, H. VIII, cap. i.)

The name given to the Parliament institution for the transaction of religious business is the *Church of England by law established*.

This ever was and ever will be its true, proper, and distinctive name. It is not pretended that it was founded by Christ or by his Apostles, but by law, that is, by acts of Parliament. Now the act of Parliament which has just been cited, and which confers on Henry VIII the spiritual supremacy of the so-called Church in his own dominions, is the first of a series of acts of Parliament which comprise the beginning, the progress, and final settlement of the false religion established by law in England. It is the first and the most important act, inasmuch as the foundation is always the most important part of the edifice.

In the year, therefore, 1534, King Henry VIII and his Parliament, not Christ, nor any one of his Apostles, nor Apostles' successors, but Henry VIII and his Parliament, marked out the boundary, and laid the foundation-stone of the New (so-called) Church of England. Here, then, is a public and notorious fact which is proclaimed by act of Parliament, and which stands recorded in the statute-book of England to this day, and which no one who is not ready with the ancient Pyrrhonists to deny his own existence can call in question.

In the year 1534, after the Church of Christ, "built upon the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone" (Ephes. 11:20), had been established 1501 years (that is, from our Lord's death, in the year 33 of the Christian era), is commenced the *new religion of the established Church in England*. Here we have the birth, and the day of the birth, of the child, called by the fond name of *Reformation* in England, and which child was the younger sister to Reformation on the Continent of Europe. We have, therefore, arrived at a memorable period in this history. "The clergy of the Church of England,"

says Blackstone, in his Commentaries, "look up to the king as *their head*, to the Parliament as *their lawgiver*, and pride themselves in nothing more justly than in being true members of the Church, *emphatically by law established*." We have just read the first law which was proclaimed by Parliament in the fabrication of this much-boasted English establishment; and we have seen the motives which suggested this law, the anger and disappointment of a lustful king, in not obtaining from the Supreme Pontiff a divorce from his lawful wife, with permission to marry another more agreeable to his unhallowed wishes; and I now solicit attention to the consideration of this law. But first I wish to observe, that this act of Parliament deprives the English establishment of every claim to the name of *Catholic* or *Universal*, which is attached to the Church mentioned in the Apostles' Creed. First, with respect to time. This act was passed in the year 1534. The Catholic Church commenced in the year 33. Secondly, with respect to place. This act extends only to the dominions under the crown of England. The so-called Church, therefore, established by this law, can extend only as far as the law extends, consequently it must be an establishment limited to one, or at most, to few places, and not to the Church diffused universally throughout the world, by the commission which was given by Christ to his Apostles: "Going, teach ye all nations," Matt. 28. Thirdly, with respect to pastors. This act pretends to give to the king and his heirs, be they men, women, or children, that ecclesiastical authority and jurisdiction which were conferred by Christ on his Apostles, and on their successors, and on *them only*. "He gave," says St. Paul, "some apostles, and some prophets, and other

some evangelists, and other some pastors and doctors, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; until we all meet in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ; that henceforth we be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the wickedness of men, by cunning craftiness, by which they lie in wait to deceive." Eph. 4. In this list of rulers in the purely spiritual government of Christ's Church, kings are not so much as mentioned, or in any way indicated, much less queens, and much less children. Fourthly, with respect to name. This act of Parliament, in conjunction with others, fixes upon the English establishment its proper and distinctive appellation—not the Church Catholic, but the *Church established by law*.

COLLIER.—"This act (now under consideration) grants the king full power and authority to visit, order, and reform all heresies, abuses, &c. This clause declares the king supreme ordinary, and makes him, and by consequences those commissioned by him, judges of heresy, and puts ecclesiastical jurisdiction in their hands; and yet by the twentieth article of the Reformation, *the (English law) Church is said to have power to decree rites or ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith*. This article pronounces the Church the judge in matters of faith, and seems to contradict the statute before us. But, notwithstanding this inconsistency, the thirty-nine articles are not only confirmed by the *ratification* of two kings, but likewise by an act of Parliament in the reign of Elizabeth.

"In the aforesaid act, a power is given to the king, with the advice

of the major part of thirty-two persons, whereof sixteen to be laymen, to reform all the old canons and decrees of the Church. . . . One of those laws, very remarkable, and particularly belonging to his Majesty's supreme authority in causes ecclesiastical, is this: *The king has and may exercise full and complete jurisdiction, both civil and ecclesiastical, over archbishops, bishops, &c., as well as over the laity, within his own dominions. All jurisdiction, ecclesiastical as well as secular, is derived from him, as from the same and only fountain of both.* And this great and fundamental maxim for ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the Church of England (by law established), is founded upon the express words of several statutes, giving all manner of spiritual and ecclesiastical authority to the king, and taking it away from the bishops, except it be by dependence and delegacy from him, explained and more particularly set down in 1 Eliz., cap. i.

"Amongst these jurisdictions it is evident, that excommunications, suspensions, and deprivations, *ab officio*, and all manner of dispensations belonging to the Church, are to be understood annexed to the king, . . . consequently we find the king and Parliament authorizing archbishops and bishops, &c., by virtue of their act, to take informations concerning the not using of the form of common prayer, and to punish the same by excommunication. And in statute 5 and 6 of Edw. VI, cap. i, concerning the *new* common prayer-book, it is enacted, that by virtue of that act, the archbishops and bishops should punish by censure of the Church (so called) all persons who shall offend this clause, . . . implies that the bishops might not excommunicate and use the church censures for that matter, without the king and Parliament's license, and ought to execute in all matters wherein the

king and Parliament command. Now for the exercise of this supreme jurisdiction, it was enacted, both in Henry's reign and Queen Elizabeth's, that the king shall have full power and authority to name and authorize by commission under his broad seal, such person or persons as his Majesty shall think meet, so they be born subjects of England, to execute under his Majesty all manner of jurisdictions, &c., to visit, reform, and amend all such errors, heresies, schisms, &c. . . . In the same statute of Queen Elizabeth, it is added, that the branches, sentences, and words of the several acts made in Henry VIII's time, touching supremacy, and every one of them shall be deemed and taken to extend to her highness, her heirs and successors, as fully and as largely as ever the said acts did extend to the late Henry VIII. Whereby it appears, that though the title head was left off, yet the supreme authority ecclesiastical was united and annexed to the imperial crown of England, in Elizabeth's time, as fully and largely as ever King Henry enjoyed it; in some respect more advantageously.

"And by virtue of this supremacy, Henry VIII did constitute Cromwell his Vicar-General, in spiritual and ecclesiastical causes, to visit, reform, and censure all manner of persons; . . . which Vicegerent or Vicar-General is in Parliament to take the place of the Archbishop of Canterbury; and in the synods or convocations of the clergy, subscribes his name before the said archbishop, &c., and all this, though the said Vicar-General be a *lay* and *married* person. By virtue of this supremacy ecclesiastical, the king's majesty is made the ultimate judge of heresy, and the determiner of what is agreeable or repugnant to God's law; and all his subjects are obliged to receive, observe, and submit unto

might we not also muzzle the Press, since it does so much harm? This is the sequence of the gentleman's argument.

Where the spirit of absolute antagonism does not exist among the average Protestant traveller, there is at least an almost total ignorance of the tenets of Catholicity about which he undertakes to talk. Several illustrations of this struck us during the trip, but these would form an article in themselves, and with the travellers from whom they were received, we dismiss them from our memory, taking time, however, to include a song so full of good sense and genuine practical advice that its omission would be as unpardonable as the counsel it gives is essential. The accompaniment played by the singer was in keeping with the sentiment of the song, and having given the verses to which we allude, we shall, as above stated, "never mind the rest."

NEVER MIND THE REST.

Faithfully and hopefully,
Oh! tread the path of life,
It may not be all flowers,
Nor free from care and strife;
But it is by blows that iron grows
Of greatest strength possessed;
Then do life's duties faithfully,
And never mind the rest.

Each thing hath its work to do,
Its mission to fulfil,
The plant that grows, the wind that blows,
The waters never still.
Then need we ask, have we a task?
'Tis graven on each breast;
Go do life's duties faithfully,
And never mind the rest.

Fear not pain or poverty,
Fear no earthly thing;
The poorest man that does his part
Is equal to a king.
For a king hath cares, a king hath fears,
Proud heart but anxious breast,
With just like you, his work to do,
Aye! striving like the rest,
Constantly, anxiously, striving like the rest.

Oh! look up to the heavens by night,
Then doubt it if you can,
The countless eyes of Providence
Look lovingly on man.
'Tis little good we here can do,
But let us do our best
With thankful heart and willingly,
And never mind the rest.

As a contrast to this, however, another gentleman came out with—

"My song is of a nice young man,
Whose name was Peter Gray,
And the place that he was born in
Was Penn-syl-va-ni-a."

Travellers who desire a pleasant trip, in which attentive waiters and intelligent officers combine to render the journey enjoyable, should not fail to patronize the vessels plying between Point du Chene and Quebec, and known as the "Quebec and Gulf Port Steamship Company." The stay in Quebec need not delay us. The city is so old-fashioned, its historical places are so well known to the travelling public, that they would form no matter of interest in this sketch. For such, though, as have not paid this city of hills a visit, it will suffice to state that, should they ever get that far, the Citadel, Grand Battery, Laval University, Falls of Montmorency, the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe and Montgomery fell, and the French and the English Cathedrals, will be the most interesting subjects for a day's sight-seeing. By the way, a hotel is a most important item in the comfort of a day in Quebec. Our own experience and that of several fellow-travellers enables us to state that, by all means, visitors should find out the St. Louis Hotel, a most pretentious place, and, having discovered it, *be sure not to enter it*, unless sour milk, bad butter, and other accommodations of a like nature be desired. The charges are in inverse ratio to the comforts obtained.

Those who desire a new form of expression to apply in case of pests of any kind may also learn such by visiting this hotel, where they will be presented with about fifty cards, and, after listening for a half-hour, will learn the motto to be applied to these people, by saying, "They cling to you like Quebec cabmen."

The city of Montreal is perhaps the most attractive to the American tourist. It has so many traits of the go-ahead, full-of-life progress which distinguishes our centres of commerce.

Its churches are among the very finest in America, those of Notre Dame, the new Cathedral, now in course of erection, and which is built on the plan of St. Peter's, in Rome, and the Jesuits' Church, are among the most attractive. Large numbers of Americans visit it daily during the summer months, and not a few attempt the ascent of the tower, whence a magnificent view of the country for miles may be had. It is very questionable whether the wooden ornaments so lavishly scattered throughout the interior of the great Cathedral will improve its appearance, in the opinion of those who will examine the contrast between the massive building and these tiny decorations.

The ecclesiastical or plain chant is executed with remarkable skill and effect in many of the Montreal Catholic churches. We had the pleasure, on several holidays, of hearing this music sung in a manner that goes far to disprove the assertion that it is unsuited to the educated ear. In company with one of Canada's best musicians we listened to the Royal Mass, as it is called, and never enjoyed any music with greater relish. Mozart, an authority that the greatest admirers of figured music will scarcely question, once said that he would give all the success he had ever attained for the honor of being the author of the plain chant music of the *Dies Iræ*.

The general appearance of the private dwellings in Montreal is at least equal to those of the same class in New York or Philadelphia, and there are a great many in the vicinity of the mountain which, for beauty of design and thoroughness of workmanship, have

very few equals, even in our metropolis.

The entire aspect of the better parts of the city and surroundings gives one the idea of stability and affluence.

Here is a specimen of the average local reporter of the Montreal papers. The scenes described explain themselves. The English is suggestive:

"BEATING HIS WIFE.

"Maxime Mantha, shoemaker, Durham Street, was charged by his wife with *a-sault*. He earns a good deal, and spends it all in gambling. He was fined \$20 or two months."

Of another, the reporter says—

"He leaves the wife twice or three times a week, and broke *one of her windows* a few days ago. He was fined \$5 and costs, or *one month*."

The sacred text assures us that a prudent woman is above all wealth that can be given man. Extending the spirit of the assertion, we may equally say that, above all the benefits that may be conferred upon a child is that of a good education to direct the first steps, and after, the more aspiring strides of youth in the path of virtue and science. Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa may fairly claim a larger educational field, thoroughly tilled, than any other cities in America. The numerous colleges, academies, and convents, in which every grade of intelligence may find its level, would here call for a notice as lengthy as it is deserved. As the task would be beyond the utmost limits prescribed to this sketch, we may be allowed to select one out of the many we visited, taking the institution selected merely because we devoted more time to an examination into its workings and surroundings than we could afford to any other. We allude to the Young Ladies' Literary Institute of our Lady of the Sacred Heart,

Ottawa. The ladies who conducted us through the various highly finished class and music rooms, though in the midst of a French and Canadian element, speak the purest English to such a degree that we could scarcely recognize ourselves as in a French settlement. The course of studies embraces the highest grade of studies pursued in American convents, and includes the superior advantage of French conversation, which is obligatory on certain days each week. It may as well be asserted that the mere memorizing of a few French lessons can by no means secure a knowledge of the language of *la belle France*, hence, in this convent, as in several of our American institutes for young ladies, the conversational method is insisted upon.

But there is another idea faithfully carried out in this convent which deserves special commendation and secures for it great patronage. The young ladies are taught that labor is the lot of women as well as of men; that it is honorable to be not only the lady, but also the mistress of the family.

In this, therefore, each young lady has certain days in the week in which she has some office to fill in the domestic economy of the house—a certain number of hours in the kitchen, also in keeping various parts of the house in order.

It is unnecessary to say that this is the only way to bring up young women that they may afterwards be active agents and not mere decorated toys in society.

The buildings originally secured

for this convent were known as the Revere House, but so great has been the rush of young ladies that a very extensive addition has already been made, and other improvements, in the form of extra buildings, will be required. These improvements in the buildings for the course of studies leave nothing to be desired in its completeness, and less, if possible, in the intelligence of the ladies who so faithfully carry it out. The Gray Nuns, as they are called, are known not only as the friends of the poorest, but also as the instructresses of the richest young ladies of Ottawa, and others who come hundreds of miles to secure the advantages offered here. It is a mystery to us how these sisters can afford such advantages for the small sum of one hundred dollars per annum; music extra, according to the instrument specified.

From Montreal to Ottawa, by water, is a most agreeable trip for any one to make who desires to learn of the beauties of Canadian scenery.

From Ottawa to Montreal, thence to New York, by way of Lake Champlain, and a hurried run across Delaware into our own State, finds us again in the city of our choice. With the remembrance of the beauties of the lake, and the souvenir of the many kind people who have tried to make our trip agreeable, we settle down, pleased with the trip, and anxious that those who desire a few weeks of real enjoyment should "go and do likewise."

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP.*

At the cottage-door in Naz'reth, sat the mother rapt in love,
While she watched sweet Jesus playing, and the angels watched above.

Softly fell the sunlight round him, humbly bringing its sweet grace
In mute tribute to the Presence that was hidden in the place.

Voiceless tribute! struck with silence in the marvel of its birth,
Yet e'en like the voice it sprang from, ent'ring ev'ry spot of earth!

Tender tribute! striving softly his poor garment, with its gold,
Into royal robe to transform, gilding every line and fold!

Lowly tribute! shining gladly in the dust about his feet,
Fain to turn it into jewels, his divine footfall to meet!

And the summer wind adoring, murmured gently in his ear;
Lifted tenderly the bright curls to the mother's heart so dear.

Played with every golden outline of that sunlit, snowy dress;
Gave the little form, each moment, an invisible caress.

So the light, with voiceless presence, and the wind, that lived in voice,
Were the holy Child-God's playmates, angels envied them the choice.

And when soft the light encompassed the bright marvel of his form,
Bowed they low in holy envy; and when on the zephyr warm,

Rose the wonder of his laugh, they knelt with longing pangs of love,
That was jealous of earth's owning what was not vouchsafed above!

Then the holy mother smiling, said, in ecstasy of bliss,
"My Beloved!" and the Child-God to her turned to answer this.

Lo! between them fell a shadow, and from sight of her rapt face
Shut the baby-eyes, that wondered at the gloom upon the place.

And in awe the angels trembled as two, brighter than the rest,
Held before his heart a vision, of his love for man the test.

Showed a bloody image plainly, of the cross, and nails, and spear,
Earnest of the cruel anguish that was waiting for him here!

* The following description of the miraculous picture which suggested the above poem, and in the hope of promoting devotion to which it is here published, is taken from Father Müller's book on the subject.

"The miraculous picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help is twenty-two inches in height by eighteen inches in width. It is painted in distemper on a gold ground. Our Lady in half figure holds her divine infant on her left arm. . . .

"The infant Jesus is represented as a grown child. One of his sandals is falling off; he clasps his mother's arm in terror, as if he wished to seek refuge in her bosom from the instruments of his passion, which the angels are presenting to him. Above his head are written the Greek characters, J. C. X. C. (Jesus Christ). On the right of the Blessed Virgin is the figure of the Archangel Michael, who carries in a vase the lance and the sponge. Above him are the Greek letters, O. A. R. M. To the left is St. Gabriel, who presents to the divine infant the cross and the nails. Above him are the Greek letters, O. A. R. G. The faces of the Virgin and child are amiable indeed, but stamped with an expression of deep sadness. The eyes of the Virgin mother are turned upon the beholder with a reproachful expression. . . .

"More than eighty copies of this miraculous image have been blessed in Rome, and sent to various parts of the world. One hangs in the very bedchamber of our Holy Father, the Pope. Several copies were sent to the United States. Wonderful to relate, wherever they have been exposed to public veneration, miraculous cures have been wrought, and extraordinary favors obtained from God."

If one soul should be induced to honor our Lady of Perpetual Help by the perusal of these lines, the dearest aim of the writer will have been amply fulfilled.

Showed a vision of the Passion, showed the bitter, fearful end
Toward which all his human striving was so certainly to tend!

Struck with terror bowed the others, covering quick each radiant face,
Lest the thunderbolts of Heaven should descend upon the place;

Lest the Lord, revealed in anger, should cast off his sweet disguise,
And the vision's horror wither with the lightning of his eyes!

Nay, transfixed a shivering baby stood, in real, human fear,
And God's might was wholly hidden in that Baby's frightened tear.

And the thunderbolts of Heaven, hushed in that sweet, human cry,
"Mother! mother!" and thus human, to the mother did he fly!

To the mother's arms quick outstretched, like a hunted, frightened child,
Little heart with terror throbbing, little frame with trembling wild;

Little robe all tossed and flying, little sandal half undone,
Little hands in child's way grasping the sweet mother's ready one!

And that mother! Ah! the terror in the Baby's pleading gaze,
Filled her tender soul with anguish, filled her love with fear's amaze.

And her heart, transfixed in silence, from her eyes sent forth a wail,
That no voice could half have spoken, but that breathed through tears'
bright veil

In a mighty whisper, calling all the world to her to come
And remove the Baby's terror, which her voice had stricken dumb!

Ah! the language of those sad eyes! Soft he answered it and sweet,
Waving with his hand 'the vision to sink prostrate at her feet.

"Mother! Mother, best beloved! for the sorrow of this hour,
In the future I will give thee o'er the world a holy power.

"E'en as all in vain thy mute look called for aid to come to me,
Thy poor, frightened baby running from his terror to thy knee,—

"So shall they, amongst poor mortals, who for help all hopeless cry,
And not finding it, in anguish to thy sweet protection fly,—

"Lo! Belovèd, Lily-Mother, by thy look of woe for me,
They shall find, when all else fails them, *they shall find their help in thee!*"

In the last words God stood mighty, then upon the mother's breast
Vanished into the sweet silence of a baby's balmy rest.

But the angels of the vision, kneeling at her hallowed feet,
In that silence sought a title that to praise her would be meet.

To extol her in the promise of the Child-God sleeping now—

"Oh, Perpetual Help, sweet mother," in his dream he murmured low.

And the slumbering Baby's whisper, they caught up with glad accord,
For they knew this was her title, from the voice of God the Lord!

M. M. WARDE.

"OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE."

A PRETTY home picture. In front of the window, a little garden, bright with old-fashioned flowers; beyond the little white gate a vista of green fields, with here and there a large elm, ending in the purple haze of a hill. The sun fell athwart the grass, and peeped in at the lattice window upon a sight as fair as the view without. Here sat a girl, not in the first bloom of early youth, but still young, looking out upon the fair and lovely landscape with a thrilling heart. For this was her home, and she was about to leave it.

Laura Gresham had been left an orphan at the early age of eleven. Her mother died when her baby sister was born; her father died two years after. He was a doctor, and had succumbed to the effects of an epidemic in the town. Laura had been father, mother, and sister, all in one to the little Winifred, who, indeed, had hardly felt the loss of parents she had scarcely known, so well had her sister supplied their place. They were living now with their father's sister, and had done so for the last seven years; the interval they had spent at school. Miss Gresham was not rich, but moderately well off, especially for the quiet, country place she lived in. Still she did not associate much with people of her own class who lived near, and had a dislike to what she termed "miscellaneous" society. They were much alone, therefore, but they all liked it. Laura and Winifred were always happy together. Laura found plenty of employment with home work and her books and music, and Winifred was never even wished to do anything but look bright and happy, and go from garden to field, much after the fashion of a butterfly. The

sisters were singularly unlike. Laura had black hair, and what pass for black eyes, with very little color except when excited, with classical features, and a somewhat grave expression. Winifred had sunny hair, eyes like the sky, rosy dimpled cheeks; no regular beauty in face or feature, but an indescribable charm pervading the whole, well deserving her pet name of Winsome Winny.

Laura was alone now. Winny was on one of her numberless flower-hunting excursions. Her sister had refused to go, too; she expected a visitor. She had not given this as her excuse; there was time enough for Winifred to see the visitor, and know who he was; time enough to tell her dear little sister that this visitor was the one person who had come to share the love that was once all hers. So Laura sat alone, and dreamed of happy days past, and happier days to come, until the lines which premature care and responsibility had shaped upon that young face, had melted away under the influence of happy thoughts, and she looked once more the bright, handsome, loving girl, who had caught, and fixed Rupert Lacy's stray fancy. They would live together, she thought, and Rupert must love her winsome Winny; every one did, and Winny would love any one her sister loved.

Laura had met Rupert on the one occasion when she had left school, on a visit to an old family friend. She was eighteen then, twenty-six now, and he was only now able to fulfil the engagement they had then contracted. She had not seen him since they had parted eight years ago. Eight years! She remembered him so well, and taking out a portrait he had sent

her lately, she tried to compare the picture in her mind with the picture on the paper, and make of the two something that should be like the Rupert Lacy of to-day. She fancied the smile on his lips was set, not frank and ready as she remembered it; still it was only a picture, and subject to the inevitable drawback of even photography, that it can produce but one set expression of the living face, often, too, not the most natural. His crisp, fair hair sat as closely and easily as ever, but he had grown whiskers, and she grudged his face being hidden. Those deep, soft, gray eyes seemed to shine at her from the portrait as fondly as ever, and she put the picture back with a smile and a secure feeling that she should love him even if his whiskers were tied under his chin or grew all over his face. Was she altered? Would he think her looking well?

The click of the gate roused her from her reverie. There stood Winny, her hands full of flowers, a pretty shy smile on her bright face, and behind her—was it really Rupert? A moment of doubt—then Laura had run quickly downstairs and was holding out her hand to her lover. What passed across her like the breath of the winter wind? His greeting was not what she had hoped, wished, what she had dreamed. The clasp of his hand was not eager, the look in his inquiring eyes not fond. But do we ever have what we expect? Neither our joys nor our sorrows follow the rules we have laid down for them. She saw that he was altered, and his first words told her that she was.

"I should hardly have known you," he said. "What have you been doing all these years?"

"Waiting, longing for this moment," she might have answered, "only to be disappointed." But Laura fought against the vague

feeling of disappointment. Here was one of those highly-strung natures that respond quickly to the touch of sorrow, but she never met it half-way. Like most women she tried hard to believe what she wished to believe. She was foolish, exacting; what more could she want? Had he not come to claim her promise? These thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, and she seemed ready with her answer when he had asked the question.

"I have done nothing but take care of my sister. This is she, Winifred."

He turned to Winifred at once.

"We have made friends already over the briers, or sweethearts as we used to call them when I was young. I can't tell you how many followers your sister would have brought home in her train if I had not come to her aid and dismissed them."

Winifred said nothing, and Laura had nothing to say. They were walking up the pathway, hardly broad enough for three, and at the house-door stood an old lady, old-fashioned like the house, her soft white hair smoothed back under a mob-cap, black silk mittens on her hands, and with an odd subdued likeness to Laura—subdued by age.

"This is Aunt Laura," said Laura. "Aunt, this is Mr. Lacy. And now you know all the relatives I have alive," she added to him.

"I hope you won't make me acquainted with the dead ones," he said, as he returned Miss Gresham's rather formal bow. "I am quite of the opinion of one of our poets—I dare say you know which—'What use to me can dead folk be?' I was always afraid of ghosts."

Miss Gresham received this rather flippant speech with stiff silence, and Winifred looked rather puzzled. He saw the impression he had made, but was wise enough to let it be

then, trusting to future behavior to better it. Laura saw he was a little embarrassed, and came to his help.

"You must not talk lightly of ghosts here, we believe firmly in them. There is not a house of importance near that has not its haunted room."

She felt her aunt looked at her inquiringly, and she felt her cheeks flush in answer. How foolish it was not to have told her aunt in what relation she and Rupert stood to each other! He could not have meant to include her in his injunction of silence respecting their engagement. But Laura had not been living with her aunt at the time of her one visit. She had gone there from school, and had only gone to live with her aunt afterwards. And Miss Gresham was an old-fashioned person, as has been said. Most old-fashioned and most behind her age in anything that concerned love matters. She was still a firm believer in the creed of our grandmothers: that young girls know nothing, and ought to know nothing about love; that these matters should all be managed by the elders, and delicately broken to the unconscious maid. She was unable to see that this system has passed away, exploded of its own emptiness, that the young people manage their own love affairs, and only consult papas when the money is not quite so ready as they wish it to be. She was happily ignorant that young girls are coolly conscious from the first what a young man's intentions are, and, if some are to be believed, feel no difficulty in forcing those intentions to suit themselves. Laura Gresham was as far from one extreme as from the other; she had certainly made no advances to Rupert Lacy, but she had, as certainly, given him to understand that she loved him, and would marry him whenever he could claim her. But she had been very

foolish in not telling her aunt about Rupert before his visit. It would surprise her so! Perhaps—surely—he would say something about the object of it himself presently, and then all would be right. And with a faint feeling that all was very far from right, at any rate now, Laura led the way into the house after her aunt. She thought she heard Rupert say something in a low voice as he entered, but it was not to her, and they all went into the sitting-room. Winifred began arranging her flowers, Rupert helping her, with a ready politeness and deference quite new to her, petted darling though she was. Not a look, not a word for Laura all the evening. Indeed he seemed rather to avoid her eye, and to try to make the conversation general, whenever he had a chance of making it private with her. He certainly succeeded. So the time passed. Ten struck, Rupert Lacy went to his hotel, and he and Laura had met after eight years' separation after a fond lover's parting, and the first evening was over.

The sisters slept together, and usually talked over the small incidents of the day until they were sleepy. Winifred was unusually silent to-night, and Laura felt as if she could not speak a word. Long after her sister's regular breathing told of peaceful sleep did Laura toss and turn on her bed; and when at last she did sleep it was to dream of wandering in a weary waste of snow, and to wake with a painful blank feeling quite new to her.

The next morning Rupert Lacy came again, and the next, until more days had passed than Laura cared to count. Dreary painful days to Laura, days that each seemed to add another stone to the wall that had arisen between her and her happy past. Rupert still shunned her eye and avoided being alone with her, indeed it was not difficult, for Laura avoided him too now.

with no distinct purpose in her mind, only a general idea of what it would be necessary to say. The path turned rather abruptly, and at the corner she met Rupert Lacy face to face.

He stopped and looked at her, turning a little pale. She spoke almost without thought.

"I know! I saw Winifred and you in the wood, by the brook."

"Well!" he said, defiantly. He thought she was going to reproach him, and was far too clever to assume the defensive, always the losing game.

"Do you mean to marry her?" she asked.

"I question your right to ask."

"I have a right to ask, and you will answer me," she said, quietly. "Mr. Lacy, let us understand each other. If you really love Winifred, you shall have her, but I may be allowed to doubt your constancy."

She spoke quite calmly, but he turned paler with anger.

"You seem to have forgotten your relationship to Winifred," he said. "I don't see what you have to say to any arrangement we may have made."

He knew his power over her, he knew the pride that had kept her silent all these days, but he did not calculate upon the strength of her love for her sister. He did not know how the proud reserve of her nature gave way before it.

"You were engaged to be married to me. I waive my right to you, but I wish to be told whether you mean to treat Winifred as you have treated me."

She looked him full in the face, and he had to answer. To do him justice, he was no coward, and he was quick to see his advantages.

"I really fail to understand your meaning. You have never advanced any claim to my affection, you greeted me as an ordinary acquaintance, you never informed your aunt or your sister of our

former relations to each other, and you have allowed me to gain your sister's affections without attempting to interfere until now. I thought you wished to convey to me that you desired to put an end to our engagement."

The cunning mixture of truth with glaring injustice silenced Laura. What could she say against it? Of what use would it be to show him that the change came first from him, that the first touch of his hand told her that he was changed to her?

"I will not bandy words with you. I only think of my sister. Tell me you will not treat her as you have treated me."

The repetition of that same form of words seemed to irritate him.

"I will not tell you anything," he answered.

"Then you shall not have Winifred."

"How will you prevent it?" He asked the question mockingly, with a laugh that was not genuine.

"I shall tell her that you were engaged to me, and have, what is called, 'jilted' me. Do you think she will marry you then?"

He bit his lips and looked angrily at her.

"I am quite in your power, Miss Gresham, I own. Do you intend to bring an action for breach of promise of marriage?"

She hardly noticed the insult. All these days, even down to the moment when she met him on her way home, the very fibres of her heart were so closely wound round him, that she still loved him. Now, the ties that bound her to him had slowly snapped one by one, and she had no feeling but for her sister.

"I am in your power," she answered, sadly. "You hold my very heart in your hands."

His vanity mislaid him, pardonably, perhaps.

"Laura," he said, and half put out his hand to her.

She shrank back with so unmistakable a look of aversion that he exclaimed bitterly: "Laura, did you ever love me!"

She turned her face towards him and looked at him. Through the trees, the rays of the setting sun fell softly on his handsome head, turning the fair curls into a ring of glorious light, his eyes looked dark and soft, even beseeching, as in days gone by.

Fickle, changeable, Rupert Lacy hardly knew even now which sister he wanted. He had come with the intention of marrying Laura, he had met Winifred in the wood, and had been at once struck by her winning grace. The changes in Laura that absence from him and years of waiting for him had worked, produced an unpleasant effect on his æsthetic sense. Her prompt interpretation of his feeling and consequent shrinking from him, had given him the excuse he needed. It was so pleasant to talk to Winifred, to watch the fair cheek flush as he came near, to see shy love waken in the blue eyes, once so frank and free. It was very pleasant and very enticing, and he did not stop to consider his position until he found himself virtually engaged to both sisters at once. He was one of those easy-going order of mortals, who pass through this life pleasantly, to themselves at least, and rapidly, and find themselves in the other—perhaps rather to their surprise sometimes.

He had often been in such scrapes before and had got out of them without much trouble to himself. Anyhow, this was the most awkward of any though, and he hardly knew what he wanted.

Laura would not have been a woman had she not been stirred by his look, for she understood it. After all, she might have this man, if she would, and she had loved him, although he questioned it.

But the love had gone, and no look of Rupert Lacy's could conjure it back.

"I did love you once, but never again, Rupert, never again."

Then, without another word, she passed him swiftly, and went home. He looked after her until she was out of sight, then he drew a long breath as if relieved, and whistled softly to himself. He was glad she had decided so; it wouldn't have done to throw Winifred over, and he really did like the little one best. Laura would have been rather difficult to manage, she was very much altered from what she was when first he knew her. Poor girl! And with this last charitable ejaculation, Rupert Lacy went to his temporary quarters, feeling the Greshams were best left alone for that evening.

* * * * *

The pale rays of a winter sun strayed into a cheerless room in a poor hotel of a small town. On a bed, clean but poor, lay a wasted shrunken woman, in whose pallid cheeks and sunken eyes only the keen intuition of love could have discovered any traces of the Winifred of this tale.

She had left her home three months after her marriage, and had not been back there since. Perhaps her husband did not wish to continue any acquaintance with his wife's relatives; all the reason he gave was that he hated the place, and Winifred acquiesced in his decisions much as she had always done with Laura. Once freed from her relations' presence, her husband had soon shown himself in his true colors. Petted at first, then treated with little attention, then neglected and all but deserted, Winifred had displayed all the simple faith and constancy of her nature. She never wrote a word in complaint of her husband, she gave accounts of herself, and gladly

filled her letters with descriptions of the baby girl that was born to her. Laura and Miss Gresham never dreamed how it was with their darling, and the letter summoning Laura to her sister came like a thunderbolt.

"I am afraid I am really ill, dear," Winifred wrote, "and Rupert is away on business. I should like to see you, if you can come."

All was told those two loving hearts by those few words.

"Bring her back with you," said the old lady to Laura, when she started, "and Rupert can come after her—on business."

"The child loves him, aunt," said Laura, gently, and she repeated the talisman to herself as she knelt by her sister's side and saw the ravages neglect and illness had made in that sunny face. Winifred had courage to suffer, constancy to suffer in silence, but no strength to endure. She sank under her husband's neglect, only kept alive by her love for her little girl and her anxiety for her. When she saw her in the aunt's arms, the tiny hands gently stroking her cheeks, she felt at peace. Her only anxiety had been that she might die before Laura came, and her little girl be left to the care of strangers. No word of complaint passed her lips, she clung faithfully to her hero, and Laura again forgot her own feelings in unwavering thought for her sister. She uttered no reproach, not even when the pale face was still in death, not even when she stood by the simple grave. She paid the trifling debts, and left with the landlady a few lines for the husband: "I have taken my sister's child home with me. I did not know where to send for you. You know where to write to me if you wish."

Then she took Winifred's little girl home.

"What's your name, my darling pet?" asked Miss Gresham.

"Auntie's Winsome Winny," lisped the baby lips.

Laura's rare tears fell on the golden head, and she silently renewed the promise she had given to the mother, that this second darling should always have a home with her.

The winter passed and spring came. Again Laura sat by her window. The trees were already covered with a soft green mist, and the hill looked purple in the distant twilight.

She expected no visitor, her thoughts, hopes, and fears were concentrated in that room, in the little bed where the second Winifred lay asleep.

A man came to the gate, passed—hesitated—then came in and walked up to the door. Before he could knock, Laura was downstairs and in the garden. He was startled, but spoke, hesitatingly:

"Laura, is it you? Can I see my little girl?"

With a faint sick feeling at her heart, Laura led the way upstairs. She signed to him to walk softly, but never spoke to him nor looked at him. When they reached the little bed, she shaded the lamp from the eyes of the little sleeper, and he bent over the cot. When he drew back his head, a large tear was lying on the golden curls, and Laura ventured to say:

"You will leave her with me."

He grasped her hand and said huskily, "God bless you, Laura! The world would be a better place if there were more like you in it."

Then he went down the stairs, and out of the gate, and Laura Gresham saw him no more in this life.

THE FAITH AND PRACTICE OF CATHOLICITY

IN REGARD TO THE BIBLE, CHARACTERISTIC OF THE ONE HOLY CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH.

IN the exposition of Catholic truth, and in every vindication of the conduct of the Church, throughout the work of the ministry, we feel ourselves obliged to reject the opinion which insists that the Bible is the sole and exclusively sufficient means for publishing and preserving in original purity and integrity the saving doctrines and mandates of religion. We do so because this opinion is not supported by any manifest or presumptive proof; also because it is condemned by the clearest and most positive evidence drawn from the teaching of the sacred volume. Opening the sacred record of the wisdom and will of heaven, we find an order of religious instruction appointed, quite different from and opposed to that invented by seceders from the Catholic Church; we find that Christ declared many truths to his ministry which are not contained in the Bible; we find that those truths have been delivered from generation by the authoritative teaching of the ministry, and that the new Scriptures were designedly left incomplete.

It is a notorious fact that from the earliest date of religion, from the days of Adam unto Moses, men learned the truths of faith not by their own searching, not by any system of free thinking, not by any optional reading of Scripture, but by the positive revelation of heaven's will, communicated through the voice of those whom God chose as his witnesses, either under the name of patriarchs or prophets. After Moses had written his five books, this authority and testimony was continued to explain the sense of those writings;

also to convey a knowledge of many important truths not included in the Scripture of the time. Always it was insisted, "*Ask thy father, and he will declare to thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee.*" Under the dispensation of redemption no change occurred on this score; on the contrary, Christ brought the law to perfection, and confirmed this system of teaching, speaking amidst the evidence of his miracles "*as one sent by the Father, having all power in heaven and on earth.*" He wrote nothing, because a bookful of prodigious miracles and incomprehensible mysteries could not be a proof of its own veracity. He did not give a command *to write*. He gave a command *to preach, to teach*. He did not lay the foundation of faith and the security of truth upon the examination, judgment, and decision of man. He ordered man to hear the Church, under the penalty of reprobation. By the manifestation of divine wisdom and power in his words and actions, he rendered his religion a matter of fact. He organized his Church so as to consist of teachers to transmit the knowledge of this fact, and of disciples to believe it. Such was the evidence he gave when in Judea. He announced the sublime mysteries of religion, all of which provoked doubt and opposition; yet he would not dispel the one nor allay the other by entering on a disputation concerning those awful truths; but always appeared as having the power to teach, and condemning those persons as an evil generation who sought a sign for the gratification of their stubborn minds, and who pretended

mitted by Christ to the apostles, and by them to their successors (such as Timothy and Titus), thence commended to other faithful men. There is set before us the whole organization of the teaching ministry—its call, its commission, its qualification, its work, its duration. Then we have the doctrine, its source, its channel, its transmission. No mention is made of Scripture, of the present or of the future. No theory admissible about any religious knowledge acquired by prayerful research, by presumed special inspiration, by capricious independent interpretation. No. On the contrary, mention is made constantly, invariably, of things heard, things learned from a certain authority. These are to be continued in, without wavering, without doubt, without any fear or danger of deceit, on account of “*knowing from whom they had been learned.*” When St. Paul reminds Titus of his succession and duty in the ministry, he says, “*These things speak, and exhort, and rebuke with all authority;*” hence it is manifest that Titus being thus empowered, the Christians of Crete were bound to rely on the authority, not, indeed, of any individual opinion or view of Titus, but of that word which he had received, in common with Timothy and other faithful men, from St. Paul, and through him from Jesus Christ. This plain statement concerning the divinely appointed means of religious instruction, to the total exclusion of Scripture as a solely sufficient rule of faith, is considerably confirmed and illustrated when we find St. Paul giving instruction about the utility of Scripture. In his second epistle to Timothy, he says: “*All Scripture inspired of God is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice, that the man of God may be perfect, furnished to every good work*” (third chapter). By the man of God, St.

Paul designates the authorized minister of the Church, for he speaks of him who is to *teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct*. Now these are offices of the authorized minister, as is proved by what we read at the opening of the subsequent fourth chapter, where the apostle, instead of referring every individual to his Bible for instruction or reproof, charges Timothy before God to instruct and correct the flock in virtue of the authority vested in him: “*Preach the word, reprove, entreat, rebuke in all patience and doctrine.*” He assigns the reason for this urgent charge: “*For there shall be a time when they will not endure sound doctrine, but according to their own desires they will heap to themselves teachers having itching ears, and will indeed turn away their hearing from the truth.*”

To the same Timothy he had already written in the first epistle, fourth chapter, “*Attend unto reading, to exhortation, and to doctrine, . . . take heed to thyself and doctrine, for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee.*” The duty and responsibility of teacher and disciple is plainly set forth, and an exclusion of any pretence of the sole sufficiency of Scripture. It is as if the apostle had said, Teacher, thou shalt save thyself by reading, and save others by instruction; disciple, thou shalt be saved not by arbitrary reading, &c., but by hearing the duly commissioned ministry, preaching the things which Christ ordered to be observed. This salvation, arising out of the circumstance of the people hearing sound doctrine from those persons having authority, was in the view of the apostle when writing to the Thessalonians (second epistle, second chapter); he says: “*Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word or by our epistle.*” Here we must

observe that the oral tradition, or in other words, the ministerial teaching of which St. Paul speaks, regarded matters not contained in Scripture; the apostle places them on an equality with those doctrines which he himself had committed to writing in a former epistle. Why does the apostle speak so imperatively when he thus identifies in the one tradition, oral and written instruction? Because (as he wrote to Timothy), "*it is the word which God manifested in preaching which is committed to me according to the commandment of God our Saviour.*" Hence he tells the same Thessalonians (second epistle, third chapter), "*That they withdraw themselves from every brother walking disorderly, and not according to the tradition which they have received from him.*" And he orders Timothy, first epistle, sixth chapter: "*O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding the profane novelty of words. . . . Hold the form of sound words which thou has heard of me.*"

If anything more were required to show that the system pretending to erect the Scripture into a sole and exclusive guide in matters of faith, is condemned by the most expressive language of the Bible, we have it in the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, tenth chapter: "*Whoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.*" Then he asks the following important questions: "*How then shall they call on him, in whom they have not believed, or how shall they believe him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?*" According to the notions of those persons who exclaim, "*The Bible and the Bible alone,*" St. Paul ought to have said: "*How shall they believe him, of whom they have not read? And how shall they read without a printer?*" The declaration of the apostle is so perfectly identical with the teach-

ing of the Church at the present hour, that to express our doctrine we need not alter a word. It is so self-evident, that if at any time the Bible would become the only adequate guide in faith, this order, this arrangement, and this language, set forth by the apostle, would be inapplicable and absurd.

There is undoubted proof that the Scriptures have been designedly left incomplete by the apostles. This we discover in the Epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews, fifth chapter, where speaking of Christ he says: "*Called by God a high priest according to the order of Melchisedech, of whom we have much to say, and hard to be intelligibly uttered; because you are become weak to hear. For whereas for the time you ought to be masters, you have need to be taught again what are the first elements of the word of God; and you are become such as have need of milk and not of strong meat. For every one that is a partaker of milk is unskilful in the word of justice, for he is a little child. But strong meat is for the perfect; for them who by custom have their senses exercised to the discovering of good and evil.*" Precisely akin to this was the conduct of our divine Saviour, who in his last discourse said to his apostles: "*I have many things to say unto you, but you cannot hear them now.*" A similar silence was observed by St. John, who in his second epistle says: "*Having more things to write to you, I would not by paper and ink; for I hope that I shall be with you and speak face to face, that your joy may be full.*"

The same apostle informs us, that it was for persons already instructed, for those who had previously received the knowledge of salvation by faith, that the Scriptures of the New Testament were written occasionally: "*I write unto you, babes, because you have known the Father.*"

I write unto you, young men, because you are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and you have overcome the wicked one. I have not written to you as to them that know not the truth, but as to them that know it." (First epistle, second chapter.)

THE COLOSSEUM.

"I do remember me that in my youth,
When I was wandering; upon such a night
I stood within the Colosseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of Almighty Rome."

BYRON.

FROM its magnitude, Rome's Flavian Amphitheatre is termed the Colosseum. By the Emperor Flavius Vespasian it was erected after the Jewish war as a memorial of his triumph. Thirty thousand Hebrew captives were employed in the construction. Its architect, Gandantius, became a Christian and a martyr. The amphitheatre had no roof, but as a protection for 100,000 spectators from sun and rain, an awning, or velarium, was extended overhead.

By mechanical contrivances, the arena could be promptly changed from a smooth level plain into a forest scene, or crystal lake; so that aquatic sports, gladiatorial combats, and encounters with wild beasts, alternately took place. Thousands of rare animals, brought from the most distant climes, were slaughtered in the public games.

Oftentimes, to the gore of untamed brutes was added that of human victims, whose life-blood flowed in torrents, to make a "Roman holiday." *Ave Cæsar! morituri te salutant*—(Hail Cæsar! the dying men salute thee)—was the greeting of the wretches doomed to slay each other for the diversion of an imperial despot. In the Capitoline museum is a statue representing a warrior in the agonies

of death. Byron's description of it is worth repeating:

"I see before me the gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death; but conquers agony.
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops ebbing slow,
From the red gash, fall heavy one by one,
Like the first rain of a thunder shower; and now,
The arena swims around him—he is gone—
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the
wretch who won."

A taste for such inhuman bloodshed survived the fall of paganism, and Christianity's mild spirit for a long time strove, in vain, to abolish the heathen practice. At length, a genuine philanthropist, the Egyptian monk Almachus, intrepidly rushed upon the battle-field to separate the combatants. But, in the heat of conflict, merely changing the object of attack, they turned their swords against the unarmed peacemaker, who had to pay the price of a humane interference with his own blood. This heroic act stopped thenceforth the shedding of human blood in the prize ring; for the reigning Emperor Honorius enacted a law against gladiatorial shows for the future.

In the middle ages, owing to the strength of its walls, the Colosseum served as a fortress to rival factions. Later it became a stage for bull-baiting and chivalrous tournaments. Subsequently, portions of the theatre were, in succession, changed into a citadel, a factory, a hospital, a market, a nunnery, and a church. Battering rams, earth-

quakes, fires, and inundations, helped to dislocate and scatter fragments of the tottering pile. In after-years these ruins were a stone quarry for Rome's palatial buildings.

At length, as a barrier to further pillage, the half-ruined Colosseum was consecrated to Faith's heroes, who were martyred within its precincts. This occurred during the jubilee year, 1674. Of faith's champions, who suffered on this spot, not the least illustrious was the venerable Bishop Ignatius, who, from Antioch, was brought hither to satiate the hunger of wild beasts; or, according to his own typical language, "to be ground like wheat by the teeth of lions, to be made the pure bread of Christ."

Additional interest accrued to the arena when Benedict XIV erected Stations of the *Via Crucis*. Large sums were expended by other pontiffs to check the progress of decay, whether caused by the corroding teeth of barbarism or time. Despite the vicissitudes of seven hundred seasons, the Anglo-Saxon prophecy now seems as far from fulfilment as ever:

"While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand.
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls—the world."

In the arena's hallowed centre may be seen salvation's symbol—a large wooden cross. This trophy is suggestive of much, that, for brevity's sake, must here be omitted. Noteworthy, withal, is a Christian pilgrim's greeting:

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wreck of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

A moonlight pilgrimage to this sanctuary—"noble wreck in ruinous perfection," leaves an impress on the visitor's mind not easily cancelled. The rays of an unclouded lunar orb spread a mournful silvery tint over the vast circumference:

"In fact the moonbeams shine,
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light, which streams here to illumine
This long-explored, but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian sky, where the deep skies assume
Hues, which have words, and speak to ye of
Heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory.
And thus did shine the rolling moon upon
It all and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful, which still was so;
And making that, which was not, till the place
Became Religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WONDERS OF LOURDES. Translated from the French of Mgr. De Segur, by Anna T. Sadlier. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1874.

This interesting volume is a compilation of detailed accounts of the miracles wrought at the Grotto of Lourdes, the sanctuary of our Immaculate Lady; it also briefly touches upon the history of the shrine, and if read in connection with Henri Lassere's larger and more copious account of the apparition and its results, cannot fail to be most interesting and profitable. The interest of the reader

will, no doubt, be heightened by a knowledge of the cause which led to the compilation of this little volume. The distinguished author in opening, thus very touchingly refers to it. "On the 17th of October, 1869, it seemed that my mother was to be snatched from those who loved her, by a terrible attack which, in a few hours, reduced her to the last extremity. A skilful physician candidly warned me of the danger, adding that certain alarming symptoms left him no hope. The distortion of her features, it appears, was frightful, and her pulse had almost ceased to beat.

"After having received the last sacra-

ments with great faith and humility, the dying woman, who was perfectly conscious, remained in the same condition for several hours. 'It will be to-night,' she said to me calmly; 'it will be at sunset.'

"A pious friend of the family, who had come to bid her a last farewell, was inspired to have recourse to *Our Lady of Lourdes*. This thought was joyfully received by all: by a providential coincidence, the last book which my mother and I had read together, towards the end of our vacation, was precisely Mr. Lassere's beautiful and touching book on the miracle of Lourdes.

"In about two hours, our excellent friend brought us a small flask filled with water from the miraculous grotto; we put some of it on the bandage of ice-water which had been placed on the patient's head, and I made a vow if the Blessed Virgin left us our mother, that I would go and celebrate, in the very Sanctuary of Lourdes, a Mass of thanksgiving.

"A few minutes after the water of Lourdes had touched my mother, she fell into a peaceful sleep, which lasted till the close of day. The sun went down, and she did not die. 'Then, it will undoubtedly be to-morrow morning,' said she to me again, 'unless *Our Lady of Lourdes*. . . These sort of attacks return almost always at sunrise or sunset.'

"Next morning, the sun rose and the day began without anything occurring. That evening, the next day, and the day following that, it was the same. The actual danger passed away from hour to hour, so much so, that at the end of ten or twelve days she began to be convalescent.

"The doctor, who was a true Christian, watched with mingled joy and astonishment the progress of so unhopèd-for a cure. Without wishing to present this cure as a miracle, I cannot help regarding it as a supernatural favor, and as a very great grace, due to *Our Lady of Lourdes*.

"Full of gratitude, I have then fulfilled my vow. I have had the happiness of venerating that sacred grotto, still balmy with the fragrance of the Mother of God. And as I wished to leave at that blessed shrine a little offering in token of my gratitude and love, I promised *Our Lady of Lourdes* to collect in a little popular work, within reach of all minds and of all purses, the wonders that the divine mercy has deigned to accomplish in that place.

"It is this little work that I now place at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, in the

Grotto of Lourdes, and which I here offer to your piety, my dear reader."

We cordially recommend this excellent book to our readers.

ALICE HARMON. *THE MOTHER AND HER DYING SON*. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1874.

Two stories in one volume, written with a style of unaffected simplicity, which cannot fail to attract even the casual reader. The first-named story also abounds in beautiful descriptions of prominent points of Irish scenery. The plot opens in Ireland, but the scene is shifted to America, in the stirring days of the Rebellion, and the deeds of the gallant "69th" and its heroic colonel are not forgotten. The minor story of the volume is quite touching, but the charm of both is the simple flowing style to which we have already alluded.

THE VESTAL. *An Historical Tale of the First Age of the Church*. Translated from the Italian, by Madame Anna K. De La Grange. New York: P. O'Shea, Publisher. 1874.

Let any of our readers should imagine that a certain celebrated song-queen of the lyric stage had dropped the music scroll and taken up the pen, we must premise that the translator of this work is *not* the famous artist, that for years delighted the frequenters of the opera and the concert hall with her skilful and dulcet notes, although the similarity of names and the proficiency of the authoress in the musical language of the sunny land of poesy and song, might naturally lead to such a conjecture. Our Madame De La Grange can claim reputation only as an authoress, but her claim to high pre-eminence in that line will hardly be disputed by those who have read her *Ferryman of the Tiber*, *The Last Days of Jerusalem*, and similar works.

THE VESTAL is not inferior, but we should judge from a cursory glance over its pages, rather more meritorious in vividness of plot than any of its predecessors. The scene is laid in the reign of the imperial "fly-killer," Domitian. Among the celebrated characters are Domitia Fabiola Cornelia, the ever famous favorite of the novelists, Flavia Domitilla, and it may serve to awaken still more interest in the book, when we state that not the least charming of its chapters is that descriptive of the attempted martyrdom of the venerable St. John the Evangelist.

Our apologies are due to the publisher for our unintentional failure to notice this work sooner.

THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. VII, No. 42.—OCTOBER, 1874.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

"Some books are lies fra end to end,
And some great lies were never penned.
Ev'n ministers, they ha'e been kenn'd
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid, at times to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture."

SEVERE as these lines of Robbie Burns are, they are not inappropriate or unjust when applied to most of the books and "reports," as they are commonly called, of Protestant missionaries.

We have had full opportunity for judging of this. For more than a quarter of a century after we attained to manhood we were a Protestant, and on intimate terms with Protestant ministers, who were greatly interested in missions among the heathen. We know that those interesting papers called Reports on the State of Religion and Reports on Foreign Missions are prepared, as a skilful nurse prepares and disguises medicine for children—sweet, bitter, sweet—and that, during their preparation, it is suggested: "Enlarge on that, it will make a good impression; pass lightly over that, it might cause discouragement; say nothing about that, it would create distrust! We must

keep up the confidence of the people."

It was our lot—we were taught to say our privilege—in our youth to belong to a "juvenile missionary society," and we well remember how we devoured the pages of missionary "Daysprings," "Heralds," etc., published letters of Protestant missionaries, reports of the American Board of Foreign Missions, the lives of Judson, Martyn, and others, and whole stacks of missionary pamphlets. How our young heart throbbed as we pored over pages describing the anxiety of poor heathens who had "never heard of the gospel" to have it preached to them, and of the gladness with which benighted idolaters, who could not read Bibles and tracts, accepted them.

But even when a lad a "change came over the spirit of our dream." We could not help thinking it strange that all the reports of missionaries should dwell so much upon prospects and so little upon results.

And when we looked back

through old files and volumes of missionary pamphlets we found that this had always been the case. The "door" for great usefulness and extensive conversions was always just about being opened, and yet never became open. The missionaries, as far back as we found reports from them, always seemed on the point of doing great things, yet never did them. Then, too, it seemed strange that people, who the missionaries wrote were so glad of their coming, should oppose and persecute them.

When we became acquainted with geography and the accounts which travellers gave of foreign lands our perplexity increased. The missionaries were always represented, in missionary addresses and reports, as suffering great hardships and self-denials, and living in constant danger of death.

But from their own letters, and the references to them in books of travellers, we found that most of them lived in large cities in Asia, or in seaports of Africa, or the South Sea Islands, frequently visited by vessels, and where they enjoyed almost constantly the society of naval officers, captains of commercial vessels, and the consular agents of the American government, or of the governments of Europe. They seemed generally to live in convenient houses, and have a number of servants to wait upon them; and for what we could see they were in no greater danger, and encountered no greater hardships, than the consuls of the different governments who resided at the same ports. Still we thought "the poor missionaries" good, self-denying men; and though we could not understand it supposed it all right.

At last we were awakened from our slumber. A real, live missionary visited the town, and made his home with our father. Then—as "little pitchers have big ears"—

we learned the reality respecting Protestant missions.

This "poor missionary," of whose "persecutions and trials" we had often heard, had his residence in a large city. He had in his employ a number of native converts who attended to the country districts, which, during the pleasant season of the year, he occasionally visited. He was well satisfied with his residence in Asia, nor would he exchange it for one in the United States. The climate was delightful, the necessities, and even the luxuries of life abundant and cheap. The families of representatives and consular agencies of foreign governments and of wealthy Franks, furnished excellent and desirable society. The wages of servants were low. A large dwelling could be rented for a small sum. And we found that, in order to maintain a proper influence over the heathen, the missionaries kept up a style and manner of living equal to that of the quite wealthy—all of which, of course, was paid for out of the missionary treasury.

All this, we thought, is not so very unendurable after all. We attended the missionary meeting. There we heard nothing of what we heard at home, but a great deal about the benighted heathen, and our duty and privilege to aid in converting them, and the laborious life of missionaries, and their great self-denial, so that we would have wondered, had our little ears not heard what they had, how these missionaries survived to reach their native land, and tell the dangers through which they had passed. Then came statistics: the number of miles travelled, the number of visits made, of sermons preached, and of Bibles and tracts distributed. Then we were told that the people were ready, eager, to be converted—that the harvest was ripe, and in danger of being lost for want of reapers—that the great thing need-

ed to insure success in the mission and save souls was money. Then, again, reference was made to the self-denials and hardships of missionary life; and then "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" was sung, and the "hat passed around."

That meeting was enough for us. Our ears had been too long and had heard too much, and we had taken our first lesson in the art of putting this and that together, and this brings us pointblank to our subject.

We have before us several specimens of missionary this and missionary that, which we propose to put together, and if we obtain from their union what some people call "consecrated" (*concentrated*) lie, we do not think ourselves to blame.

In the *Sunday Magazine* for August, 1873, there is an interesting and instructive article on "The Customs and Curiosities of Madagascar," in which is given a sketch of its missionary history. The writer says that fifty years ago it was inhabited by a "heathen people," "superstitious and ignorant," and "possessed of no written language." Though they "were not so debased morally as some heathen nations," they were, nevertheless, "licentious" and "deceitful." "Purity" and "truth" were "unvalued," and "chastity" "unlooked for." "Thousands of infants were exposed" and deserted by their parents. Such in a condensed form is the picture he presents of the condition of these heathen, "not so debased morally as some other heathen nations," and it is sufficiently unattractive. He passes on to give its present state, and informs us that to-day there are "500,000 professing Christians," "600 or 700 churches," and "20,000 children attending school." "The Bible has been translated," and "in one year 150,000 different Malagasy publications were sold," and "one hundred and twenty na-

tive evangelists are maintained to work in the *remoter* districts of the central province." Having given these statistics and others, the writer remarks, "Madagascar contrasts remarkably with most mission fields in this, that the results have been out of proportion to the means employed. In China, where are two hundred missionaries, representing thirty societies, the converts are under 10,000. . . It would seem as if the religious education of the Malagasy has been, so to speak, taken by God out of the hands of men and conducted by himself."

Then follows a history of the first missions established during the reign of Radama I, who encouraged them, with the design to civilize, educate, and politically aggrandize the Hooahs; then, under the reign of Ranavola, who got the idea that Christianity meant revolution, and prohibited it with cruelty; then, under the reign of the present sovereign, who, we are told, at his coronation made the following "noble argument" for religious freedom, viz.: "As to praying, there is no hindrance and no compulsion, for God made us."

The statement is right encouraging, even though much, of course, remains to be done, such as settling such trivial matters as the relation of church to state, public education, domestic slavery, divorce and polygamy, the organization and training of the people in self-government, etc., etc. But having done so much we can well afford to husband our patience.

It now, however, becomes our duty to put this statement with another, which we find in the September number of the same magazine. The Revs. Stribling and Matthews, missionaries of the London Missionary Society, have favored its editors with letters from Madagascar, of which they kindly allow their readers to have a peep.

"Occasionally," it is said, these missionaries "come on a good and earnest man," but "there is yet much ignorance and indifference." "It is necessary to train native preachers, to reform psalmody, by doing away with native music and introducing English," to habituate them to "weekly offerings," and "urge them to regular attendance in the sanctuary."

Truly such a change in the condition of things during the period of a single month is rather discouraging, and we feel somewhat doubtful as to the solidity of the piety of these Malagasian converts. Perhaps Rev. Matthews may cheer us up a little. Not so. This reverend missionary pathetically "laments that since he came to the island he has not known *one* decided case of conversion to God." "People will ask who the Queen of Sheba was? How Satan came to make war in heaven? How Melchisedek could be without father and mother?" How diligently and inquiringly these people must study their Bibles! Our respect for them increases, but alas! alas! they do not ask, "What must I do to be saved?" "Though they have given up their idols and become nominal Christians, there is the utmost need of an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, to turn them into living Christians. Indeed, the people must be regarded as in a very critical state, having abandoned their old beliefs without having come in any true sense under the power of the Gospel."

Now let us put this and that together, and with what result? The one hundred and twenty native evangelists maintained to work in the remoter districts, and the 500,000 professing Christians, all dwindle down to less than a minimum quantity, to not even one decided case of conversion to God, to absolute nothingness. And the religious education of the Malagasy,

so remarkable in its results that it seemed to the first writer as if "taken by God out of the hands of men and conducted by himself," has failed to bring them "in any true sense under the power of the Gospel." Critical, indeed, must the condition of that people be, who having cast off their old faith, however erroneous it was, are left destitute of any! If the blind lead the blind, will they not both fall into one and the same ditch?

We have before us also several contradictory statements regarding other African missions. Rev. Thomas Guard, now settled in Baltimore, but formerly a missionary in Africa, delivered a lecture a year or so ago, from a newspaper report of which we clip the following remarks concerning the religious condition of the Kaffirs.

"Habits of industry are being formed; wants are multiplying, and labor to supply them on the increase. British laws are shielding life and property; schools are forming the future generation; women are growing in self-respect. Christian homes are increasing; the Bible is rendered into their language, as well as catechisms and Christian hymns; scores have been made new creatures in Christ Jesus, and are bringing forth the fruits of righteousness in good living before their heathen fellows. The great truths of Christianity have found the adaptation to and power over the lowest Kaffir mind in Africa, and hence the result."

This is all encouraging; but let us examine a little by the light of undoubted testimony in what manner Dutch and British laws have shielded life and property, and the character of this boasted progress in civilization and Christianity. The country of the Cape of Good Hope was possessed in nearly equal proportions by two African nations, the Hottentots and Kaffirs. At an early period the Dutch formed a

small settlement at Cape Town, which in process of time increased in numbers, in extent of territory, and in persistent and methodic persecution and extermination of the natives around it. The Hottentots were a pastoral people, of a mild and indolent disposition, and herded great numbers of cattle. Under the pretence of trading with them, the Dutch boors were accustomed again and again to proceed in armed parties into their territory and violently deprive them of their herds. Retaliation ensued, and at the time the English captured the Cape, in 1797, what Hottentots remained had been civilized or "converted" into slaves or wandering robbers.

"Having descended from the pastoral to the hunter state, the Bushmen (the remnants of the Hottentots) have, with the increased perils and privations of that mode of life, necessarily acquired a more ferocious and resolute character. From a mild, confiding, and unenterprising race of shepherds they have been gradually transformed into wandering herds of fierce, suspicious, and vindictive savages. By their fellow-men they have been treated as wild beasts, until they have become in some measure assimilated to wild beasts in habits and disposition."*

The Kaffirs are described as having been "originally a much finer and bolder race than the Hottentots."

"The Kaffirs," says Mr. Pringle, "are a tall, athletic, and handsome race of men, with features often approaching to the European or Asiatic model, and exhibiting few of the peculiarities of the negro race. Their color is a clear, dark-brown; their address is frank, cheerful, and manly; their government is patriarchal; and the privileges of rank are carefully maintained by the chieftains. Their

principal wealth and means of subsistence consist in their numerous herds of cattle. The females also cultivate pretty extensively maize, millet, watermelons, and a few other esculents; but they are decidedly a nation of herdsmen—war, hunting; barter, and agriculture being only occasional occupations." —Pringle, page 413.

The same system of robbery and murder adopted by the Dutch boors against the Hottentots was directed against the Kaffirs. Says Mr. Pringle again, speaking of the murder of some natives by one Cornelius Vanderneest:

"I would not willingly give the impression that he is a mere savage ruffian. On the contrary, he is really one of the most respectable of these frontier boors; and is generally, and I believe justly, considered as a decent, good-natured, well-disposed person. The fact is, that even the very best of these men have been trained from their childhood to regard Bushmen and Kaffirs with nearly the same feelings as they regard beasts of prey, only with far more rancorous animosity; so that they can scarcely be brought to view even the treacherous slaughter of them as a crime." —Pringle, page 456.

This treatment of the natives, inaugurated by the Dutch boors, and tolerated by the government of Holland up to the time of the capture of Cape Colony by the English in 1797, was allowed to continue under English governors down to so late a period as 1836, and British officers and soldiers were frequently called upon to assist the marauders. Thus the Kaffirs were provoked into retaliation, and a war ensued which resulted in their expulsion from the colony.

"It is difficult," says Mr. Moodie, an old settler, in answer to the Parliamentary Commissions of Inquiry, "to account for the cruel measure of driving out so many of these un-

* Pringle's African Sketches, 1834.

fortunate people who had lived for many years with the inhabitants; who had forgot their savage habits and even their language; who had acquired habits which made them dependent upon the colony." . . . "This people have," he continues, "come into actual contact with us; they have tasted some of the advantages as well as the evils of our vicinity to them. Numbers have lived in the colony and proved the most useful and faithful servants. They are a people living under the control of their chiefs, and they have fixed habitations and cultivate the ground; they seem, in short, to be on the very verge of civilization, and instead of doing anything to assist them, we drive them rudely back, even from the point to which they had attained without us; we reduce them to the nomad state, to that precise condition in which they are most dangerous to us." Such then is the manner in which British laws shielded the "lives and property" of the Hottentot and Kaffir population of Cape Colony, and with but little change for the better, still shields and protects them.

But the missionary is with them now, and the Bible has been translated, and "scores of them have been made new creatures," and "the great truths of Christianity have found power over the lowest Kaffir mind in Africa, and hence the result." And what result? Well, as early as, and previous to, 1826 many missionaries were in Southern Africa, and Captain Stockenstrom, whom the *Westminster Review* (October, 1836) considers "a first-rate authority," gives this as his opinion of the Christianizing effect of their labors:

"I can appeal to the government, my fellow-servants, the boors, the savages themselves, as to how I have felt and acted with respect to the latter, and defy the minutest scrutiny; but I am far from running blindly into the opposite ex-

treme, and thinking that collecting them into schools and preaching to them, while they are half starved, through interpreters who do not understand us themselves, will do them the least good. I am a strong advocate for missionary institutions among the Bushmen. I strongly urged Dr. Philip and Rev. Mr. Whitworth to settle missionaries close on our borders; but then I consider these worthy men in the outset more as protectors than as teachers, at least to the present grown-up race of Bushmen."—*Parl. Papers*, part 1, p. 118.

But it may be said forty years nearly have elapsed since then, and great changes have occurred. Will J. Pope Hennessy, C. M. G., Governor-General of the Bahama Isles, and formerly Administrator-in-Chief of the West African settlements, be kind enough to come upon the stand? According to the *New York Herald* (1873), his opinion is, that "at present Christianity has no force or power among the natives, either coast or interior. Islamism has more attraction for them. Isolated missionaries are of no avail towards evangelizing the natives. Trade and religion must work together."

But, Mr. J. Pope Hennessy, trade and religion unfortunately do not work together; and for every five missionaries that England has sent to her millions of heathen colonists, she has sent to their ports thousands of sailors, and in addition has planted in their midst colonies of abandoned convicts, who have not only maltreated and robbed them, but have introduced among them the vices and diseases of Europe, without conferring any benefit upon them whatever, and thus their civilization has become the cause and means of their destruction.

India presents another remarkable instance of unreliability of statements concerning missionary successes. This country, like Cape

Colony, has passed under the English yoke; like it, its native population have been made to feel, and now feel, the character of the fostering care and protection with which British laws, civilization, and religion "shield" their lives and property. As a missionary field it has always been regarded by Protestants with pride because of the wonderful successes which were said to have crowned the labors of their missionaries. It is not our purpose to present, as we could easily do, quotations from the grandiloquent reports which are to be found in missionary papers, and in the lives and works of Ward, Martyn, Judson, Newell, and others. Suffice it to say that for the conversion of the natives of no country have more missionaries been employed, more Bibles and tracts printed and distributed, more schools established for the education of rising generations, and more treasure expended. And with what results?

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the East India Company was chartered, which inserted in India the first and opening wedge of English aggrandizement and power. Blow after blow was struck upon it by England until, by this intrigue and that, the native princes were involved in jealousies and quarrels, and, disuniting them in policy, she opened a door for her own meddling interference. On one pretext and on the other, for the protection of this interest and of that, British arms were interposed; one after the other the native princes were hurled from their thrones, their provinces made subject to the British crown, and finally the lion of England succeeded in pawing the whole territory, population and all, into his voracious mouth. And the inhabitants, whom Bishop Heber, in his work on India, describes as being deficient in no "essential feature of a civilized people," as possessed "of manners at least as pleasing

and courteous as those in corresponding stations of life among ourselves; as having houses larger and, according to their wants and climate, to the full, as convenient as ours, and with an architecture as elegant." These people have the benign influence of British civilization and rule reduced to a condition little better than the slaves, if it be so good, and, though living in a land of remarkable fertility and productiveness, to such utter indigence and want that their wail of starvation is sounding even now in our ears as we write.

No wonder that the *Bengali*, an Indian newspaper, in an issue of no later date than last year, commenting upon some proposed "reforms" touching that country, speaks of British missionaries and British civilization in the following words of scorn and derision:

"The missionary and the brandy-bottle are held to be the pioneers of a certain kind of civilization, and our country has had enough of both these precious commodities. The desire to be like our betters is so strongly implanted in the human mind, that we feel almost inclined to overlook the beastly conduct of several of our educated countrymen on whom wine and spirits have been fatal poisons."

Do we desire, in addition to the above, testimony regarding the means by which the conversion of the natives has been effected, the character of their conversion, and the impression made upon them by contact with "self-sacrificing" Protestant missionaries? If so, the evidence is at hand. Prof. James Forbes, an English Protestant, having visited India, gives this as a portion of his experience. He says the Hindoos would say to him, "You call yourself Christian, so do the Roman Catholics who abound in India. They daily frequent their churches, fast and pray, and do many penances; the English alone

appear unconcerned about an event of the greatest importance." He also records that he had "been asked by many natives of India whether we really believed the truths of our own Scriptures." In full corroboration of the above, a correspondent of the *Church Herald* in India chimes in as follows:

"The Roman Catholics are the only powerful body I have not noticed. *Their work certainly thrives. There are no nobler schools in India than the Jesuit and the Convent school.* The head of the missions in India is Archbishop Steins, a scholar respected for his abilities, and more than respected for his genial and loving character. The Roman Catholic services, too, are attended by different races invariably—*'the Church' will have no distinctions of races within her fold;* whereas the Protestant services are often confined to Europeans in one place and natives in another. *There are many Protestant places of worship in which you do not see a native face.* In a Roman Catholic Church (I was in one at High Mass on Christmas day) you see the native and European kneeling side by side, and I think it has a wonderful effect on the people. The Protestant congregations have great trouble with their native preachers, who claim equality. . . . Such, in general terms, is the state of religious parties in India at the present time. 'We certainly are educating the people—*whether we are christianizing them or not I do not know.*' If you educated a young native for 'the Church' the chances are that he would run away to more remunerative employment. . . . The Roman Catholics have an immense advantage in the Portuguese and French 'East Indians' who adhere steadfastly to their Church. The Protestants, on the other hand, are often connected with ruling men—great temptation to a native in

India; *but when all is done the Brahmin beats us out and out, and will till education has done much more than we can yet foresee."*

Mr. Moncure D. Conway, an English correspondent of the *Toledo Gazette*, relates that at a late meeting of the British Association in Brighton, "he heard Mr. Kaimes, F.S.A., in the presence of a very large audience, denounce the whole missionary system, and declare that the Christian missionary rarely possessed so good a religion as the people he went to convert;" and Mr. Kaimes, instead of being replied to and hissed, was vehemently applauded by his English audience.

Nor is it much wonder that Mr. Kaimes should denounce the whole missionary system, and have so low an opinion of Protestant missionaries, if they carry on their operations everywhere as they are said to do in India. The methods by which the "conversion" of the benighted natives of that country is secured are detailed in the following extracts, the one from the *Pall Mall Budget* of June 1st, 1872, the other from the report of a lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Union of Boston, in November, 1873, by the Rev. Mr. Aldrich, who at one time was himself a missionary in India. Says the *Pall Mall Budget*:

"The promoters of the Baptist mission in Delhi have arrived at the conclusion, which they set forth in their annual report, that 'the expenditures of mission funds on native catechists, preachers, converts, and inquirers, is doing more to hinder the progress of Christianity in India than all the active opposition of Hindoos and Mohammedans put together.' It appears that there is a large and active class of natives who obtain a decent maintenance by living in a state of chronic conversion, transferring themselves with a facility gained by long practice to and from the

communions of Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, High Church, or any church, '*provided they are properly paid for so doing.*'"

Mr. Aldrich fully corroborates the above. We are told "he considered that there was a vast amount of corruption and fraud in missionary work, and that its general tendency was to impede rather than to advance the cause of Christianity. On the whole, it was a work of corruption rather than of regeneration. Converts were bought for small sums of money, and when he first landed he was rather surprised to find a man ready to be baptized and join his church for two-and-a-half dollars a month, which was fifty cents more than he had been receiving from another minister of the Gospel. He afterwards found hundreds of the lower class of people who were ready to do the same thing, and also found missionaries ready to buy them up in order to increase the statistics of their work for home perusal. Of course this had a very bad effect upon the

higher and the better class of people. Then advantage was taken of hunger and want, and as an instance of this, he stated that an English bishop bought up several hundreds of starving people, and thereby caused much joy among the religious population of England when the report of so much good done at one stroke arrived there."

It was our intention to have contrasted several accounts from Protestant sources regarding the social and religious condition of the Sandwich Islanders, and also several in relation to Chinese and Japanese missions. We have said enough, however, and more than enough, to make good the lines with which we began this paper. We lay down our pen, and as we do so, the conviction forces itself upon our mind that in whatever proportion Protestant missions and Protestant civilization have obtained influence over a nation, in that proportion have they invariably deteriorated and debased its people.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

VI.

I THINK it might have been about three months after all this, that my mother came in, weak and weary—I had sorrowfully noticed her growing weaker every day—and told me with trembling, excited voice, and face lit by color not natural there, of the incident in the Park. She used to always tell me of anything strange that happened her, and I was always interested in her account of her day in the outside world. It grieved me to the heart to see her so weak, and I made her lie down and rest, wondering all the time what excited her so. She

did not tell me the latter part of the story till a sad night afterwards, though if she had, without any explanation, it would only have increased my bewilderment. Eugene came in after awhile, and she had fallen into a quiet slumber, so in whispers he gave me his version of the story, wondering at her interest in watching as she did. I said:

"That is easily explained, for the little beggar girl is a neighbor of ours, a poor orphan living with wretched people, who abuse her dreadfully. It was she who gave me my plant. She picked up the potato out of the gutter near a

market-stall; and put it in the old pitcher, and when she found it sprouted she brought it to me."

"What a pretty addition to the story that is!" he exclaimed; "and so that is the reason mother watched her. I was making all kinds of romances out of it."

"Yes, that is the reason, Eugene. But though the watch might come from it, mother's excitement could not."

"Perhaps," he looked at me pityingly, "perhaps, dear Picciola,"—he always called me Picciola after that first night—"it comes from her failing strength."

And as I was silent, having no voice to speak, he went over to the little couch where she lay, and felt her pulse so gently as not to wake her, and looked at her now white and wasted face. I could see it from where I lay. It was a beautiful face with finely cut features, such as I would think the sculptors and artists I read about might take for a model for one of their grandest works, and just then it seemed to me that beauty was more perfect than ever. Ah! it was because she was so near heaven then, and the loveliness of her almost freed spirit was shining there.

"She grows very weak," said he, returning to me; "she must be made take some rest, Picciola."

Then, though he stayed with me till she awoke, and she did not awake for an hour, we did not speak another word. I think we must have felt the shadow of what brooded over her upon our hearts.

She awoke, saying:

"Yes, soon now, James."

Eugene went out and brought her in some nice wine. I suppose he had to do without something to get it for her, but he got it anyhow, and after she took it she sat up and talked quite cheerfully for awhile. So, seeing this, I thought I might speak to Eugene of a little thing I had read of to say to him when he

would come. I laid my rag flower in his hand, and said I:

"Now it is finished, and you must keep it to remember your Picciola."

"Yes," and he smiled one of his own smiles I thought so beautiful, "I am to be the purchaser."

"No," I said, a little hotly, "that would hurt me to the heart's core."

"Well," he spoke very gently, "I will not vex you, dear. Let it be so."

"I am not so poor I cannot give my friend a little rag!" I went on, somewhat chafed.

"No, indeed!" he assented, "that would be woful poverty! But what a beautiful rag! It *could not* be bought!"

"Your goodness to me bought it long ago," said I, melting to tears now. "You did buy it!"

"Ah! that is it. And you will work another now, with real cotton, on what is it—canvas?"

"No, fine muslin, Eugene. And when it is worked it shall be sold."

"Yes. What is this the money is to do?"

I said nothing.

"Now, Picciola, is that trust? You keep such a secret from your friend so closely! You think he is not to be relied on!"

"Tell him, love," said my mother; "it is only a dream anyway."

"Well," I said, "mother loves father's grave so, and I do too, though I cannot go to it like her. And she puts his name on it, in little white pebbles she picks up on the river-bank in winter, but the wind blows them away, or the rain dashes them out of their places, or the snow covers them up. And in summer she plants the letters on it in low grass, and they come up green and beautiful, but after awhile they fade, or some one carelessly pulls away parts of them, or they are parched by the sun, so they look brown and ugly. And she longs so to have his dear name put

there so the sun, nor snow, nor rain cannot deface it, and so it will always shine on her first when she comes near. And I want to get it for her, so she need never shed tears to find her work all gone when she visits the spot."

"And," said Eugene, in a hushed tone, "thus the poor, little, chained hands would, with their work of love, brave the strong wind and rain and sun! Yes, dear Picciola, love is a worker of miracles. And where is that spot so dear to those patient hearts, in whose patience I, every day, find some new marvel?"

"It is in an old graveyard by St. Peter's Church. The grand cemetery was not in existence when father left us. And mother planted a rose tree there, that she carried in her arms six miles, for she had to walk that far out of town to get it at all. And a willow tree, too, Eugene; it was a tiny thing she pulled up by the river's edge, and now it shades the whole place. Birds build there and sing around my father's bed, and the branches bow down like we do over a bed where we watch the sleep of those we love."

"Ah! yes, go on."

"When mother leaves me to visit it I lie, with my eyes shut, and see her kneeling with her cheek pressed on the grave, and the drooping branches above her, and the rose tree, beautiful and silent, but sending out its perfume instead of words, and the little birds looking in wonder at her and afraid to sing. Then I add to it my dear father smiling on all this from above, or maybe coming and taking her to his heart."

Now she was weeping very, very quietly, and not seeming to know this I changed the subject.

"But I will tire you with all this," said I, "and I did not mean to say so much when I commenced. Eugene, will you read me some of Adelaide Proctor? I know mother would like it too."

But he was silent, and so was she. In that silence he stood up, and taking my mother's hand, on which her tears were softly falling, he kissed it, and more to himself than to us, he whispered:

"To lie in a grave so marked, nameless though it be, is a fate to envy!"

Then, bidding us good-night, he went out. I knew he was thinking of the one so dear. I wondered his thoughts could not penetrate to her very soul, wherever she was, and bring her to help him with his burden.

VII.

It was some days after this, and every one of these days my dear mother grew weaker and weaker, though each evening of them Eugene brought her some of that nice wine; I heard a voice on the stairs, a dear, little voice I had always loved, and now had missed for a week, Nora. Nora was the child who had given me my plant.

The little voice, as it came nearer and nearer, was answered by another, a lady's, rich and sweet at once, a voice that seemed made to hold love-tones, and these were in it, as it addressed the child. Finally, the door opened, and with a triumphant shout of "Here's Gertie now!" my tiny friend stood before me, but transformed. From an image of most pitiable childish woe, and most complete destitution of all that children need or crave, she had become an incarnation of the real and beautiful delight belonging naturally to their hearts. The sweet, gray eyes danced with joy, the fair face beamed with light it had never owned before, the little form bounded to my bedside with a motion new to it. A robe of pure white, simply made, and a graceful straw hat tied over the brown hair, now carefully arranged in curls, had taken the place of her old costume of rags. I had never seen a child

so beautiful as she looked to me, except in pictures. But there was a rustle of other robes, silken ones trailing over my poor, worn door-sill; I looked from her, and like visions of the light itself were the face and figure that met my gaze. If light could sing, that soft, and twinkling, and, to me, new and charming sound made by the rustle, might have been its voice, so pleasantly did it impress my unaccustomed sense. It was a stately figure, stepping, as I have often shut my eyes, and imagined the queens of old, of whom I read in the books Eugene brought me, to step over palace floors. Indeed, it made me feel ashamed our poor floor was not marble, that regal step; it seemed to reproach it by the very sound of its proud fall. The robe which trailed over it, as if obeying the bidding of this step, was pale blue in color, and of the make called a carriage-dress, so I have been told since. Out of its shimmering folds I had never looked on such a shining combination of hue and material before, so they seemed to me like some marvel wrought by light—rose a face so beautiful, I began to think I must be dreaming. It was not just the features either, it was even more the expression, which was so lovely, so proud, and yet so melting with pity; so noble and yet so full of tenderness. As it looked on me then, so do I imagine the angels look on those who suffer here. It was a very fair face, quite as fair as the heart-leaves of white roses, and just as daintily tinged with color. The eyes that pitied me so were dark and of the darkness that melts, not penetrates; the lips were curling and proud; the nose delicate and like one chiselled; and the hair—it waved in loose, abundant waves—was of the palest gold. You, who see so much beauty, will say this, of hers, was of a rare kind. It was indeed; I, who had

never seen any before, felt this, as I looked at it dazzled. She came over and laid her hand on my head—it was a small, white hand, exquisitely shaped—and said she, quite as if she had known me a long time, and been in the habit of petting me, “Poor Gertie! Dear, little prisoner.”

I forgot her beauty and her stateliness, and that she was like a queen of old, and an angel at once. I took her for a tender-hearted woman, and it was to this I replied, when I said:

“You are very good. Will you kiss me?”

She did, not as if she were afraid to kiss a crippled thing, that could not look nice to any one, but heartily, as if she would have that kiss do me good, and then she said:

“Nora has been telling me about you, and indeed, you were all she seemed to have to give up, in coming to me. Poor Gertie! I came to let her see you, and to find out if I have anything that will help your patience or ease your pain.”

“You have—yourself!” I said, admiringly. I really felt but that. She laughed.

“And,” cried Nora, eagerly, “she’s got a white marble lady, and a bird, and flowers that grow in a glass garden, and a table that sings when you hit it, and a hundred white dresses”—her breath gave out.

“Which will you have, Gertie?” She was laughing still.

“You, I think!” I laughed too, but that was to hide the trembling of my voice. I believe just then I adored Ethel Esmond, for she it was.

“No, Gertie,” said little Nora, “please don’t have her.”

“Why?”

“For then I will have nobody again. It was awful, and this is so nice!”

“Will you let her often come to see me then?”

"Oh yes," with a tiny grown-up air; "I'll bring her."

"Well," then gently spoke Ethel Esmond, "I must do as I am told, you see, Gertie. Now, let me find out all I can about you."

So she commenced asking me questions. I need not repeat them, for they were almost the same Eugene had asked me. I suppose any one, troubling him or herself about me at all, would have naturally asked them, and that is the reason they were alike. I told her all about myself, and she listened in pity quite as deep as his, though there was not such tragedy in her way of showing it as in his. His pity was a storm, but hers was sunshine. Yet both were equally dear to me.

"Now," she said, when I got to the end, "I am to get the second flower."

"Indeed, you shall."

"But I would like it to be of ravellings, not real cotton."

"It will not be half so nice."

"Oh yes it will. Would your friend let me see the other?"

"I know he would. I will ask him."

"Ask him then, and I will come back in a day or two. I think I know now all that would be nice for you."

I struggled to speak my thanks, but as you must have seen long ago, was often the case with me, could find no voice. She said, gently, then:

"I know what you want to say. If you could understand how happy it would make me to know I had at all lightened your cross, you would consider the obligation all on my side, not yours. Mine is a lonely life, and money cannot buy for me—love," a great deal of sorrow dwelt in the tone that said these last words; "indeed, dear little wondering prisoner, it often shuts it out from us who live in the great world."

I wondered greatly at this, and determined to ask Eugene what it meant, for I generally brought my riddles to him to be solved. I did not get time to say so, for my dear mother entered, very pale and very tired.

"Mother!" I cried.

"Ah! how I envy you," said Ethel Esmond, clasping her hands; "how I envy you, poor Gertie!"

My mother eagerly laid her hand on her sleeve, looked up with eyes full of unnatural brightness into her face, looked wistfully and half joyfully, said in a tone like the last breath of one fainting to death,

"Why? Why did you say that?"

"Because she has you—*her mother!*"

"Oh!" That was like a wail of a heart that bled, yet triumphed, that cry, with which my mother fell forward on the beautiful stranger's breast. She gently laid the poor head thus pillowed back on one arm, looked pitifully into the still face. I saw how still it was, and a terrible fright seized me. But she answered it.

"Do not be frightened," she said, in a quiet, reassuring tone; "it is only a faint."

But it seemed to me a fearful thing, that white, motionless semblance of what I imagined death to be. I could not bear to look on it, and my heart beat so that I could scarcely breathe. She laid her down, and out of a basket which her coachman had placed just inside the door when she first came in, she took some wine, which she held to her lips, as soon as my dear mother unclosed her eyes. When she had swallowed some of it, a faint color came to her cheeks, and she soon said she was better.

Ethel Esmond remained with her awhile longer, during which she sat beside her, talking to her kindly, and now and then giving her some wine. But I watching keenly, for I was frightened about her,

noticed that she never once looked into the lovely face bending over her, never once. Little Nora had been very quiet all this time, indeed, she was naturally a child who did not talk, unless under great excitement. Now when she found her friend engaged with my mother, she crept up to me and said:

"I brought a flower out of the glass garden for you, Gertie."

"Did you, dear?" said I; "where is it?"

"I'll go get it. The lady let me take whatever I liked for you, and I picked it. Wait."

I "waited." She ran out of the room and returned with a majestic white lily in full bloom. She put it on the window-sill nearest me, and patting the queenly flower with her tiny hand, said she, in perfect good faith:

"There, wait with Gertie, for God to come," and as a smile of exquisite childish love for me parted her lips, she added, "then she'll be just as white as you, and as glad, and stand up too."

"For she shall 'put on immortality,'" said my mother's voice, solemn and low, "when God will come. Poor child! if the coming was near!"

Then she sat up, with quiet determination on her face, and forcing her poor lips to smile, said she:

"My weakness goes at the thought of how she needs me. I will be better now, Miss, and I thank you for your kindness to her and me."

"Are you quite sure," asked Ethel Esmond, "that you need me no longer. I can stay with you without any inconvenience."

"No, no!" said my mother, hurriedly, "not in need of you!"

"I would be glad you needed me," and a wonderful smile broke over the wonderful beauty of the face. But my mother was not yet looking at it.

"Tell me," she asked, and her voice was, strange to say, full of

"exceeding great peace," "did you ever get your mother's blessing?"

"My mother died when I was born," said Ethel Esmond, in a tone of tender longing; "I would give worlds to deserve her blessing."

"You do deserve it." She drew down the stately head to her homely breast, and laid her wasted hand on it. "For all your good and sweet acts I say God bless you—for your mother."

I never saw anything like my mother's face then, and I have no words to describe it. It was glorified. I never saw those eyes shine with such love; I, who had seen them at their fondest. I never saw that brow crowned with such pride, I who had watched the impress of its noblest thoughts. And over all there was a halo of such peace as we may imagine settles on a martyr's face when his pain is ended, a glory left by the spirit as it broke the last earthly fetter.

Ethel Esmond stood up weeping, weeping with all the abandon and all the earnest tenderness of a sensitive and yearning heart, and only saying, "I will come again," she went away, as if she could not trust herself to say more.

I noticed that my mother did not yet look at her. And when she was quite gone, said I: "Mother, isn't she as lovely as an angel?"

"Yes, dear," in a broken voice; "and she's the image of one that's with me night and day."

"What, mother? Whom do you mean?"

"My James!"

Then I knew why she could not look at her. After a little tearful silence, then said she,

"I just came from his grave, dear. Do you know what I found there?"

"Ah! that is why you came in so sick! Poor mother, had some one pulled up his name again?"

"No, my honey, no. But as I came near it, I thought I must be dreaming; I saw something white rising up above the green around the place. Indeed, I was afraid my poor brain was giving way. But when I got up to it, there—"

"Oh, mother!" I exclaimed, under my breath, my heart beating, "Eugene had been there!"

"In truth he had, and left the mark of his visit to be seen there always. It's just a tall, beautiful, white pillar, and at its foot a cross, and above that your father's name and age; they told me at the church he inquired for these there. And there's a white step below the pillar, and a hand cut on the step, in such a way, it looks as if it had just placed the cross against the pillar, and it waited there for another to clasp it. I know what it means, my honey. People with hands not waiting so mightn't make it out. *My* cross is there, you see."

When Eugene came, it was not easy to find words to tell our feelings to him. So, being awkward, we could not find them, and not finding them, we kissed his hands, our tears falling on them. He knew, and said:

"My friends, it will bind us closer together. Is it not so?"

"Just so!" we echoed. You see we knew well he had to do without many things for months to come, perhaps, in order to make up for it, and this made us feel it far more intensely than if he had done it from a mere impulse of good nature easily gratified.

"Now," said he, cheerily,—he did not wish the scene kept up,—“tell me all about the day! Has it been a very dull one, poor Picciola?"

How much I had to tell him! He listened quietly without any comment at all. And when I had told all, I eagerly propounded my question.

"She said money often shut out

love from people in the world, Eugene. How can that be?"

As he did not answer, I looked up. He sat gazing, not at me nor at anything I could see, gazing intently on some image of a thought in his heart, his face pale, his eyes lit, his lips smiling.

"Oh!" said I, clasping his hand, and I did not know why I said it, nor did I know what, in his look, gave me the knowledge, "she is the one, Eugene! And she is an angel! I have found her!"

He repeated, as we do some strain of a song we love to hear, "The one."

Then gently unclasping his hand from mine, he went to the window where the lily stood, and looked out for a little while in silence. When he came back, he took from his pocket a book of poems, and read for me, as, indeed, he usually did at this time. But he said no word of what we had been speaking about, and I did not renew the subject, thinking he did not wish it.

But I quietly recalled for myself, and set up on strong foundations my sweet "castle in the air."

VIII.

ETHEL ESMOND came the next day. I knew she would, and awaited her coming, with the little rag flower ready to show her. Nora was not with her; her little pet was not well enough to come, she said, and sent me some flowers instead. Then, with a strange wistfulness in her eyes, she asked for my mother. I said she was out working. She shuddered as one does with cold, and whispered, "That is horrible!"

The tears stood in my eyes, for I knew *how* horrible it was, and pictures of its horror had torn my heart all day. Then she said, "Poor Gertie! She must be made rest—for you."

"Oh!" I answered, "I wish to see her resting more than anything in the world!"

"Never mind, dear, I will find a way. Poor, tired mother!"

The tone was love itself; the look in the eyes, such pity as could never have been put into words. I hope I answered to it by the tears that, when they come, will never let me speak, and that came now, many and fast.

"When will she be home?" she asked.

"Not till late, till seven o'clock in the evening."

"Well, tell her I want her to work for me to-morrow, and not to go out till I send some one for her. Then the work will be rest, but that is between you and me," with a kindly smile.

"You are so good!" As usual, I said a very insignificant thing when I wanted to say a great deal.

"Now, did you ask your friend for the flower to show me?" I knew this was said to change the subject. I gladly produced the flower. She went into raptures over it, quite as 'enthusiastic as Eugene's, notwithstanding my preconceived notion that a lady would not admire it as much as he. Then I told her, with my heart in my words, the story of what he had done about my father's grave. She listened earnestly, with fast moistening eyes, and at the end said, in a hushed sort of tone:

"Did you call him Eugene?" I thought her voice dwelt tenderly on the word.

"Yes," said I; "Eugene."

"A beautiful name—Eugene—what was the other?" eagerly.

"Woodruff."

The sweet eyes drooped, the lips quivered, and hid their quivering then in a smile.

"I knew of a Eugene once," they said, like lips that might be talking in a dream, "like whose good heart and whose poetic mind that act would have been, Gertie. But," and a sigh told the disappointment, "this is not the same."

"It might be," I said; "Woodruff is not my Eugene's real name." At the word "my," how those velvety dark eyes defied me! So I fancied any way.

"Not real! What then?"

I told her in a very simple way, I thought, Eugene's story, and yet, as I went on, she was touched beyond all power of controlling her feelings. Perhaps the stately head might not have drooped so before one who seemed to know the world better than I. Perhaps the queenly heart thought the prisoned cripple could not read love's signs, or it might have been more chary of showing them. I did not know Eugene's real name of course, but I saw the story was recognized; it answered for the missing name. I tried to be eloquent, speaking of his loftiness of purpose, his lonely life, his sacrifice of self, and the low estimate at which he held his own goodness. At the end I mentioned softly, and with all my own deep feeling about it compressed into the sentence which spoke it, about "the one" so dear to him. Then I was silent. So was she, a crimson glow burning on each cheek; her eyes looking far away as his looked, when I knew he thought of her, her lips half-parted, but not smiling, rather as our lips are when we weep. Seeing them without looking above them to the tearless eyes, I would have said she wept. Sitting this way a little while, she appeared to forget me, and wrung her hands, and said:

"Oh! why must it be so?"

I touched her. She did not seem surprised. She only turned and said:

"Yes, poor little Gertie, I know you are there. Do you think, tell me, there is no world of pain but yours, to which you are chained?"

"No," I said; "his is a world of pain, and so is hers, if she loves him."

"If—she—loves—him!" The

words were repeated slowly as though they spoke a monstrosity, the "if" was emphasized as if it contained a sacrilege. Then she quickly added, "Oh! it is all, all outside here, poor Gertie, a world of pain," and walked to the window, the window where the lily stood, and where, last night, he had gazed out, thinking of her, and there she hid her face and her thoughts from me. But I knew the face still held its crimson glow, and I knew the thoughts would people my sweet castle in the air, and lying waiting for her to come back to me, I built it higher and higher.

When she came back she said, "You see, Gertie, I know the one your friend loves so dearly, and I know your story of him would make her proud."

"Then she loves him," I said; "and if she does, why don't she stay with him, and be poor with him? I would, I know!"

The velvet darkness of the eyes defied me again, I thought. But she answered very sadly, and looking on me in a kind of wonder and envy I suppose, of my ignorance of conventionalities,

"The world and Eugene do not let her."

I did not know what that meant, and I could not take it as usual to Eugene to be solved, for I wanted to make real my castle in the air without his help. So, determined to find out, said I:

"I cannot understand that. Please tell me why they do not let her."

"It might be a very lofty sort of courage, little Gertie, for her to go to him, and braving his high sense of honor, which seals his lips and the world's formulæ, which would condemn such an act, say, 'Take me to be your comfort, because I—love you—.'" The voice fell sweetly, as if it had lost itself in the depth of her heart to find the words, and I heard it coming up from there;

the eyes drooped, and the crimson lights beneath leaped up to meet that modest, downward look. "But," she went on, "it is an act that even he might misconstrue, and being motherless, remember, Gertie, she must do nothing that could be doubted."

"But if she had a mother," said I, "Then," and the stately head was raised, "in her mother's sacred presence, she would answer his unspoken cry for love and help, not minding if the world found out and mocked the act."

"Oh! if she had a mother!" I cried, my castle in the air fast dwindling down to a mass of bright ruins.

She stood up to leave me, and with a look of tender eagerness in her eyes, said she,

"Say it once again, that I may be certain of it—for her. You heard him say he—*loved her*. You know he had never said it—in words—to her."

"He said he loved her; that she held his heart in the hollow of her gentle hand."

In a moment more she had kissed me and was gone. But I am sure I saw the "hollow" of that "gentle hand" held tightly against her heart. That night was the saddest of my life.

IX.

MY mother came home and sat down beside my bed, and laid her head on the edge of it moaning, not able, at first, to speak. Lest, after you have read this part of my story you might wonder why I call her so all through, I will say here, that then, and now, and forever, I held her and hold her as my mother, my own mother, my best-beloved on earth, the light of my poor life, and nothing that did happen or can happen, has the power to change this feeling in me.

I laid my hand, so powerless to

words—beautiful even as the subject could make it, and that certainly says all for its beauty. It was the Mater Doloroso clasping the empty cross to her weeping heart. The longing in the eyes, gazing sadly on the brown wood, stained with his blood, who now was not there, was divine, the sorrow on the face human, both blended, were the heart of God's Mother speaking. On a little stand near me was my lily, the lily Nora had brought me side by side with the potato plant, and hanging above this, a little plain shelf Eugene had made me, with my beloved books ranged there smiling on me. I might have thought I was dreaming; I did think at first I was dreaming, and of heaven, but for these familiar realities of earth. Then I heard a whisper behind some curtains near, and the whisper said:

"Her eyes are open, go now, Nora. Say just what I told you."

The curtains parted, and Nora stood beside me white-robed, kissed my hands, and said gladly:

"Darling, darling Gertie!"

I asked:

"What is it all, Nora?"

She said:

"You are at home, Gertie, that's all. And you are not to talk, for you have been very sick. And—and," she looked towards the lily, her little lips trembling.

"I want my mother," said I.

"Eugene says, the lily was waiting with you, as I told it, one day—don't you mind?—for God to come. And—and—oh, Gertie! *God came!*"

"Nora!"

"But Eugene said, He saw *she* was more tired than you, and He'll come some other day for you, and He gave you this pretty place to wait in till then."

I said nothing, my bitter tears fell in silence. The whole world was as a straw to me just then, and

I would have given all that it could offer me to be back in our poor, our poor, but oh! how dear room, with our scanty food, and our sad days and nights, but with my mother!

Ah! well, that was selfish, and He who saw she was "more tired than I," loved her with a love surpassing mine. My dear mother!

XII.

WHEN I was able to be told, Eugene told me the history of the night I lost my mother. It was, that he, coming up to see us as usual, found us both unconscious and in the dark, as I have before described. When she recovered her senses, the first words she spoke were a wild and beseeching call for Ethel Esmond. He got a doctor, who promised to remain with her, and then went wandering, and I can well imagine with what a beating at his heart, to the Esmond house. He had never met her face to face since the "long ago." He found her just alighting from her carriage on her return from a party. On telling her his errand, and that if she delayed she might never see my mother alive, as the doctor had assured him her life was ebbing fast, she simply turned round and re-entering the carriage went back with him just as she was. I can imagine her—I make a picture of her often to myself—coming there, in her youth and her joy, with her festal dress upon her, and all her rare beauty resplendent as when, but an hour before, it won for her the homage only given to the queens of society—coming to give tenderest pity, and to find what no one could deny to be a severe blow to that which made up her sum of earthly hope. I often think of it all, and often think how nobly she bore it, and how little the world could understand of what passed in the poor, shadowed room that night.

Eugene said it was touching

beyond words to see the joy with which, forgetful of the loss of wealth, she welcomed the news, that this was really her mother; heart-rending to hear her implore the doctor to save that precious life. Indeed he told the whole in broken sentences, and with many pauses of silence, which is the reason I cannot even try to narrate it in his words. Finally, he handed me a paper, walking up and down in agitation while I read it, and told me that would explain to me how it came that I, not she, was really the heir to the Esmond property. I opened it. It was my dear mother's deposition, sworn to by her, in presence of the doctor, Eugene, and Ethel.

It amounted to this: Mrs. Esmond was a companion of her childhood and friend of her girlhood. Young and innocent and beautiful she was wooed by Mr. Esmond, an old and childless man, immensely wealthy, and far above her in station. She was dazzled by the prospect of this wealth and married him. The marriage was most unhappy; her life, a purgatory; he was unreasonably jealous and exacting, tyrannical to an extreme and ill-tempered beyond bearing. I am trying to tell the thing in the way I read it, dryly and legally expressed, and as if I spoke of strangers, for only thus can I tell it at all.

When a child was born, a poor, ugly, crippled thing, the ill-treated and cowering mother was afraid to show it to her husband, afraid, God help her! of a blow, or if not that, a curse; afraid of a life of torture afterwards. She sent for her friend, living happily in an humble cottage not far from her, married to her heart's choice, and mother of a beautiful baby, only ten days older than the moneyed cripple. Mr. Esmond was away; she had time to plead and time to plan. She persuaded her friend to lend the lovely,

healthy infant for exhibition as hers; not having nourishment for the little one, she employed her to nurse it; in the future another child might be granted to her, and when its presence made up for the trial she would tell her husband all. The doctor promised silence in pity for her, and so did the nurse. None else knew of her child's sad condition. She was near it to care for and love it, and both children were equally tended by her friend, Gertrude Berer. Then a day came when Henry Esmond was called to look upon her, as she lay wildly striving to tell him what she never found voice to say, for she died, and his son, born an hour before, lay dead beside her. This latter was a terrible blow to his hopes, and set him frantic. Mrs. Berer told the story of the changed children. He would not listen; he cursed the wretched cripple, and swore no other child should ever share his wealth but the beautiful little Ethel. To make good his words, he took her away with him and did not reappear for years. The mother grieved, but determined to do her duty toward the helpless and deserted child. Just then, too, her good and faithful husband was taken from her, and she had to struggle on alone. Year after year she worked, growing poorer because less able to work. Then, when Henry Esmond died, she heard of her Ethel's return to the city, a great heiress. She watched and found her just and noble and true, like her father in character as in outward look. She made many efforts to tell her the truth, but could not find heart to do so; it would be such a dreadful test to her. Now knowing she had no time to live, she begged her to see the poor cripple reinstated in her rights.

Ethel Esmond listened, Eugene said, with cheek that never once blanched, and when she found that

her mother indeed must die, she sent promptly for the lawyer who managed her affairs. She requested Eugene to read to him the deposition, and when it was read, said quietly and firmly:

"I believe all that. Please draw up the necessary paper, relinquishing on my part all claim to the property and making it over to the rightful owner."

He tried to remonstrate.

"Nay," she said, "legal quibbles might make my claim good, but it is truly hers. God forgive the injustice that has heaped years of privation on her and luxury on me. I only wish I could make up for that too."

The lawyer drew up the document and it was then read to her, Ethel kneeling beside her, and saying at the end,

"Is that all, dear mother? Can I do more?"

Perfect peace came into the dying eyes, such as she might well have given a fortune to bring there.

"It is all, my child—my James's own child. You can do no more."

They were clasped in a sweet embrace then, and the mother said, "God will care for you, my own. I am not afraid to leave you."

And then, he said, a gray shadow began to come over her face. He knelt down, and began the prayers for the dying, which threw Ethel into the passion of sobs, that I saw when I became conscious. The doctor had pronounced this swoon of mine to be dangerous, as coming from an affection of the heart. Restoratives had been applied in vain, and I was then left to time. When I again became insensible, I was removed, and I lay for weeks in a sort of stupor, and perfectly devoid of reason. Still the doctor said I would recover, and the room in which I found myself was fitted up, divided from my sick-room only by curtains. When I showed signs of reaching a crisis,

my bed was rolled into it, that I might awaken to a sense of life and cheerfulness; all this done by Ethel. They thought little Nora best to see me first, as she would be least agitated on account of her childish unconsciousness of the terrible in grief. The doctor, an old lady who had lived with Ethel since her father's death, and Ethel, had watched me by turns, and awaited behind the curtains the result of little Nora's words, when I should awake. He had now told all.

XIII.

"AND your love, Eugene?" said I.

"I am not yet free to speak it."

"And you have never said a word!"

"A word would have been all, my Picciola."

"Am I rich? Very rich, I mean, Eugene?"

He smiled.

"It would turn your head if I told you how rich," said he; "we will not mind it to-day; you have talked too much now, and the only way for me to stop it is to go."

He went, and I built a castle in the air, with gold for a foundation this time. I have said many times in the course of this story that I did not know the world, but I knew enough of it to understand the might of gold in it, to feel that it gave to me, a motionless cripple, the power lacked by a strong man, with muscular arm and willing heart and proud intellect.

While I built it, notes of tender music floated out on the flower-scented air around me, and a voice tremulously stole in amongst their melody, a sweet and yearning, nay, weeping voice. The curtains hid the singer, but though I had never heard that voice in song before, I knew it was Ethel's, and as its last tones quivered into silence with the words,

"Sweet spirit, hear my prayer,"

I shut my eyes to behold the sweet

spirit that had so tenderly watched my helpless life, gazing on me, on us with eyes that blessed, for my mother's face was the picture the words made for me.

A gliding step stole up to my bedside, and lips that tremble, as our lips do when we weep, were pressed to my cheek, saying then, "God bless her always." I knew she thought I was asleep, my dear and noble Ethel, and, from pure selfishness, to see if she would let fall any other word of love for me, I lay still. She only stood silent a few moments, and then with inexpressible compassion in her voice, said,

"Thank God, the poor, suffering one has her rights at last; thank God!"

If I could have sprung up and caught her to my heart. I opened my eyes, but she was vanishing behind the curtains. I called "Ethel," but she did not stop to answer.

After awhile little Nora came up crying, crying as if her heart would break, and gave me a note, cowering down then on my pillow, a woful picture of childhood's passionate grief. The note said,

"You are nearly well now, dear Gertie, and can do without me. I know you thought I could stay the same as ever, but you do not understand the world, dear, or you would not think so. I am young and strong, and can earn my bread, and it would be craven in me to live an idle life, taking from your generosity the means of doing so. Instead of that, I grieve to think, how impossible it is for me, to ever make up to you, that of which you have been defrauded. That I am fitted for the profession by which I now propose to gain a livelihood, teaching music, with the money that really should have gone to rescue you from privation and mental ignorance, is enough. I write all this instead of saying it,

because I know how hard it would be to convince you of the justice of the thing.

"I leave little Nora—for awhile. Of all I leave behind I will reclaim but her from you. Do not let your good heart drop one tear for me. I am not unhappy, and I bless God that you are so sheltered.

"ETHEL."

I laughed, yes, laughed, and Nora sat up and looked through her tears amazed. I said,

"She shall come back, Nora. Let us laugh at this."

"I can't," said the child, still doubtful. "She went all around and kissed everything, and said she would never come back to the dear things."

"And you trotted after her like a little kitten."

"No, for kittens are glad; like some sorry thing, Gertie, I went round after her."

"A lame kitten then that a big dog had worried. Are lame kittens glad?"

Then she laughed.

"But she didn't cry till she came there," pointing to the curtains, and growing serious again; "she cried over her piano. I used to think it was a table, Gertie, and sang when people hit it. Do you mind?"

"Yes; well, go on."

"Why she bid it good-bye in a song, and kissed it, and then she came in here, and did she kiss you? She signed to me I wasn't to come."

"She kissed me." I was too touched to say more.

"I held her dress, and pulled it, and screamed," went on the child, wofully. "I screamed awfully to go with her, and she took me up and held me tight, and said, 'Dear, I will come back for you; I would not do without you for the world.' And I said, 'Will you, for sure?' And she said, 'Yes, you are all that is mine.' Oh, Gertie!" with

childhood's ecstasy; "I am hers!" The little hands clasped themselves upon the innocent heart. Ah! Ethel was richer than I.

I did not speak. It hushed me into that silence, the picture that rose up before me of the high-hearted girl, bidding that farewell to her home. I saw the stately form in its black robe of mourning for the mother whom she had found but to lose, drooping before the sight of all that must be so cherished and beautiful to her. I heard the no doubt passionate and tender kisses fall on the dumb objects, that could not move to follow her. I thought I could fathom the backward glance of the proud and longing heart, at all it left behind with these; the homage of the world, its fascinating pleasures, its ornaments, and poms, and jewels, and dresses. I imagined the vacant throne in the society where Eugene had told me she was queen. I wondered, if, with her royal step, she had trampled over it in going forth. Framed in my tears, I placed a picture last, the little orphan her gentle charity had rescued from the street, clinging to her on the threshold, where she laid down all in the stranger's hand, the only thing that clung to her then. And for this picture, I thought her words made a name of infinite pathos, "You are all that is mine now."

Now this, exactly, "as 'twas told to me," is the story of how Ethel Esmond left her home. But you might like to know the fate of my castle in the air, which, having gold for its foundation, did not fare as castles in the air usually do, but being drawn downwards by the gravitation of that which is well known to be the heaviest of all metals, settled itself substantially on the ground, and defied the world's storms.

XIV.

HE was a shrewd business man,

a lawyer, who had charge of the property now mine. I am told the world is chiefly made up of men like him. I am sorry, for if it were not so, I am certain a great deal of good could be done there which is left undone.

He called on me, the day after Ethel left, to know my wishes.

"I have kept the whole thing a profound secret," said he, "so far, and I assure you that is no easy matter, where there is a woman or women in the business. I thought if you only had your senses back, you and she might come to some sort of a compromise, you see." He spoke testily, and as if I were a sort of criminal. "She don't know what's for her own good, and being a girl, sets aside all the advantages of still living here, as being a help to settling herself in the world. If she'd have managed matters right, she could still seem to be the same as before, and neither of you need have been any the worse."

"But she would not," said I.

"No," with a sharp glance at me, "though, mind, she needn't have given up to you at all, which I told her, before I made out the deed of transfer. For, you see, I had, and others with me, ma'am, heard Henry Esmond swear, over and over, that even if she wasn't his child, she should be his heir, and if the thing was brought to law, her chance for a verdict would have been good for half the property anyhow, you see?"

I saw, but this only made her act the truer and loftier. Her simple sense of justice exceeded that brought by the knowledge of the law.

"And now, here's the finest property in town, ma'am, at your disposal! Heavens! what a mint could be made out of it, just now, in railroad stocks! Some way or other, it seems to me, a mistake of Providence, for girls or women to have the control of such a pile of money.

You won't spend it in kickshaws. What would you say to railroad stocks?"

"What good would they do?" said I.

"Double, maybe treble your money, ma'am, and do good to the country besides. That's the way men manage money, ma'am—good men of business, live ones, as the saying goes. They benefit the country, and fill their pockets too, you see?" He put his hands in his pockets. I assured him I saw clearly.

"And women?" said I.

"Well, I've managed plenty of estates for them, and my experience is, that they either spend it on kickshaws, or give it up to some fool of a man too lazy to work for his living, ma'am! Positively so! You show pluck. Invest in railroad stocks—or there's oil, only it's liable to so many ups and downs, and railroad is safe; railroads, ma'am, as a general thing, can't move—and don't have the most available estate about this part of the country lying idle because the Lord saw fit to make you a woman!"

Then I asked him to listen to me for a moment, and I told him my views. I assured him making money was no object to me, to begin with. As to doing good for the country, I knew of a crowd of people in a far-off city in actual suffering, because they had been swindled out of their poor savings. I wished to return those savings to them; I could not imagine a better scheme for doing good to such a portion of the country, as might be supposed to belong to the sphere of a single private individual. I would be glad to employ his business powers in seeing this done.

"How am I to find them, ma'am? It is throwing money away, of

course, but that's the way when girls or women get hold of it!"

I had found out that Eugene's father was Enoch Grey. So I told him the name, and that the people in question were his debtors. He gave a long whistle.

"That was the biggest swindle of the age, ma'am! Why it will take all your property at the lowest estimate. You don't know what you're doing—you can't understand what a prodigious waste of capital it is! Worse even than kickshaws—this! Good Lord!"

He stood up and paced the floor, a picture of very unbusiness-like bewilderment, running his fingers through his hair every now and then, and stopping to eye me. At last,

"Pay fifty per cent.," said he, desperately; "mighty glad the poor wretches will be to get it. Keep the rest, and let me invest it. I'll then get your money back for you."

As the sole light in which I viewed the money, that it could make Eugene—to whom I owed the most precious part of my possessions—and Ethel—to whom I owed the rest—happy, I did not want it "back."

When I add that Eugene now holds up his head amongst men, a peer with the noblest; that his name, no longer hidden, is honored as foremost amongst the poets of the land; that Ethel is his happy wife; that I am "getting my money back" every day by their tender care of me, as Nora and I live with them, and all of us are provided for solely by Eugene's exertions; that our cottage is the most beautiful model of a tasteful and cosy home about the country; that the world considers Ethel a fool, and me, in a degree, a greater one; I have made for you a reality of my castle in the air.

DYING SUMMER.

Now, the sun his torch reversing,
 Setteth autumn's woods afire,
 And their smoke-winged mists dispersing,
 Drape sweet summer's funeral pyre.

Dimmed her dark eyes' brilliant flashes,
 Sallow hectic-tints her blooms,
 And her roses turned to ashes,
 Near the pestilential fumes.

All her gay robes' faded tatters,
 Dangling seamless round her form,
 Which the pitiless rain bespatters,
 Through the equinoctic storm.

Gone, her wealth of grains and grasses,
 To the garner's miser hands;
 All the stores that she amasses,
 Ta'en by ruthless harvest bands.

And they're laughing, yes, they're laughing
 At the havoc they have made,
 'Mid the dance and bumper quaffing,
 In the picnic's festive glade.

Can she find no stern avenger,
 For the woes they've made her feel?
 Soon stout winter will revenge her,
 With his darts of frozen steel.

She the princess of earth's treasures,
 Stewardess of fruits and flowers,
 Empress of the leaf-crowned pleasures,
 Tripping through the sun-gilt bowers.

Out in fairy shallops sailing,
 O'er the brightly glistening streams,
 Or in dalliance soft regaling,
 'Mid aerial haunts of dreams.

On her bed of dank leaves lying
 Now her forest psalm she saith,
Miserere for the dying.
 WHAT IS AUTUMN BUT HER WRAITH?

What the sermon that her story
 Preaches to our earth-chained hearts?
 What the balm her transient glory
 To our wearied souls imparts?

Griefs and losses are our teachers,
 We have here no lasting home.
 Earthly pleasures are but preachers
 Of the better things to come.

CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

FOURTH LETTER.

DEAR SIR: In my last letter, I asserted that the religion established in England began in the year 1534; therefore it is to be considered a new religion. I hope that the evidence adduced was sufficient to defy contradiction. As, however, the confirmation of this fact, that the law establishment was founded by King and Parliament in the sixteenth century, and therefore was new and unheard of before that period, is of the highest importance, affecting, as it does, the claims of a large body of heretics to the possession of the true faith in the Church of Christ, and constituting the principal object of my writing, I should not be satisfied until we have the most positive proof, and every pretext for doubt upon this question is entirely removed. I shall, therefore, be excused, if I call your attention to certain observations and facts, particularly connected with the subject under consideration.

No one will object to the counsel which the Lord gave to the Israelites by his prophet Jeremiah: "Stand ye in the way, and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest to your souls." (Jer. 6.) So forcibly does this instruction strike candid minds, that the conviction of any religious invention being modern and unable to trace its descent from Christ, is sufficient to stamp upon it the character of falsehood. Aware of this irrefragable truth, many ministers of the law religion deny, in the face of undeniable facts, that their mis-

called church was founded in the sixteenth century. Some time past, I met with a tract, in which these questions and answers were unblushingly committed to print: "Q. Which is the oldest, Popery or Protestantism,—that is, the religion of the Church of England? A. Protestantism. Q. But is not Popery, which was determined by the Council of Trent, 300 years old? A. It is; but Protestantism is 1800." Such mendacity and chicanery are vain; even the most ignorant know better as long as those beautiful and splendid monuments of Catholic faith and Catholic piety adorn the land. It is impossible to find language strong enough to express indignation at so much foul and shameful deception. Even the spiteful heretic Whitaker exclaims: "Forgery, I blush for the honor of Protestantism whilst I speak, seems to have been peculiar to the reformed, and I look in vain for one of those accursed outrages of imposition among the disciples of popery."

It may be well to show in another way the utter futility of all claims which the ministers of the law establishment have to be members of the Catholic Church, and to exhibit in its true light, and to its fullest extent, the stamp of novelty which is indelibly impressed upon that state institution. And first I will advert to the destruction of the Catholic religion in England. This work of destruction commenced with that act of Parliament which I cited in my last letter. We have seen that, in the reign of Henry

VIII, the Catholic religion was the only religion existing in the kingdom; and that Henry obtained for the defence of this religion, the title of *Defender of the Faith*. Now one prominent feature in the Catholic religion is obedience to one head, the viceregent of Christ on earth, and the common father of the faithful, which head is the Bishop of Rome, the successor of St. Peter, and commonly called the Pope. This supremacy of the Bishop of Rome is termed the centre of Catholic unity. Mortified at the opposition which Pope Clement VII made to his foul passions, Henry determined upon a severe revenge. Every connection between his dominions and the Holy See must be severed, therefore the authority of the supreme pontiff must be suppressed; the bond timber must be untied; and the work of demolition commenced in this important part of the edifice of the church. Behold the first stroke in the destruction of the ancient faith in England! King Henry VIII, with the consent and (forced) sanction of his Parliament, proclaimed himself the supreme head in all spiritual matters. To this authority, to this new head, all his subjects were compelled to submit under the severest pains and penalties. They were prohibited with the threat of death to hold any communication with the one shepherd of the one fold, or to be obedient, in purely spiritual matters, to the Bishop of Rome, the common father of the faithful.

Christ said to St. Peter, after changing his name from Simon to Peter, which signifies a rock: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou

shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven." (Matt. 16.) Henry VIII, without changing his name, without being called by Christ *Peter*, declared himself the head of a new church which he pretended to erect in his dominions, and claimed not only for himself, but also for his son Edward and his daughter Elizabeth, the "keys of the kingdom of heaven;" that is, all manner of spiritual power and jurisdiction next to, and under Christ. A distinguished Protestant writer (Mr. Cobbett) expresses his views on this subject in the following manner: "The Scripture tells us that Christ's church was to be one. We, on repeating the Apostles' Creed, say, 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church.' Catholic means universal; and how can we believe in a universal church, without believing that that church is *one*, and under the direction of *one head*? In the gospel of St. John, 10:16, Christ says that he is the good shepherd, and that 'there shall be one fold and one shepherd.' He afterwards deputed Peter to be the shepherd in his stead. In the same gospel, chap. 18, Christ says, 'And all mine are thine, and thine are mine, and I am glorified in them, and now I am no more in the world, but they are in the world, and I come to thee, Holy Father. Keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be *ONE*, as we are.' St. Paul, in his second epistle to the Corinthians, says, 'Finally, brethren, farewell; be perfect, be of good comfort, be of *one mind*.' The same Apostle, in his epistle to the Ephesians, chap. 4, says, 'Endeavor to keep the *unity* of the spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, *one faith*, *one baptism*, one God and Father of all.' Again, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, chap. 1, 'Now I beseech you, brethren,

by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions amongst you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the *same mind and the same judgment.*' But besides these evidences of Scripture, besides our creed, which we say we have *from the Apostles*, there is the reasonableness of the thing. It is perfectly monstrous to suppose that there can be *two faiths*. It cannot be; one of them *must be false*. And will any man say, that we ought to applaud a measure which, of necessity, must produce an indefinite number of faiths? If our eternal salvation depend upon our believing the truth, can it be good to place in a state of necessity to have *different* beliefs? And does not that which *takes away* the head of the church inevitably produce such a state of necessity? How is the faith of all nations to continue to be *one*, if there be, in every nation, a head of the church, who is to be appealed to, in the last resort, as to all questions, as to all points of dispute, which may arise? How, if this be the case, is there to be 'one fold and one shepherd?' How is there to be 'one faith and one baptism?' How are the 'unity of the spirit and the bond of peace to be preserved?' To give this supremacy to a king, is, in our case, to give it occasionally to a woman; and still more frequently to a *child*, even to a *baby*." (Hist. Refor.) Behold in this supreme spiritual authority claimed by, and given to, Henry VIII and his successors, the first stone which was laid in the erection of the so-called church established by law in England. And here I wish to observe by the way, that it is proper to place the demolition of the Catholic church in England in juxtaposition with the building up of the new Protestant church, so called; because I am not detailing works which at present are merely in prog-

ress, but works completed years ago and long since become the subjects of history.

I will now proceed to another part of the sacred church which was attacked and destroyed by that act of Parliament which gave to Henry the spiritual supremacy in his dominions.

The Catholic Church was always considered and venerated by Christians as their faithful and unerring guide in matters of faith; they ever respected this divine admonition: "He that will not hear the church, let him be to thee as the heathen or the publican." (Matt. 18.) When, therefore any disputes arose in matters of faith, if they could not be otherwise allayed, they were referred to the bishops and the lawfully appointed pastors of church assembled in council, over which presided the Bishop of Rome, the successor of St. Peter, either in person or by legates. Whatever was declared by a general council of this description to be the doctrine of Christ and his apostles, was received by all the faithful with humble obedience, and with a firm and unshaken belief. If any one dissented and refused submission, he was viewed in the light ordained by Christ. But this rational, ancient, and apostolical method of settling matters of controversy and pointing out correctly what are dogmas of faith, practiced in the Catholic Church, must be abolished by the founders of a new faith; and, according to this modern system, the king (or queen or infant, whichever may sit upon the throne) is invested with the novel and arbitrary power to visit, repress, redress, reform, order, correct, restrain, and amend all such errors, heresies, abuses, etc., by his own erring judgment, as he may by his ignorance pretend to discover in his dominions. Hence, according to the constitution of the English law establishment, it

priestly office, St. Paul wrote to Timothy: "I am appointed a preacher and an apostle, a doctor of the Gentiles, in faith and truth. (1 Tim. 11.) Till I come, attend unto reading, to exhortation, and to doctrine. Neglect not the grace that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy with imposition of hands of the priesthood" (c. iv). And to Titus: "For this cause I left thee in Crete, that thou shouldst ordain priests in every city, as I also appointed thee" (c. i). In his epistle to the Romans (c. x) he asks, "How shall people believe in God of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they be sent?"

Now every Catholic priest can say with St. Paul: "I am appointed a preacher and an apostle in faith and truth," and "the word of God which I announce to you, and the holy sacraments which I dispense to you, I am qualified to announce and dispense by such a Catholic bishop, who was consecrated by such another Catholic bishop, and so on, in a series which reaches to the Apostles themselves; and I am authorized to preach and minister to you by such a prelate, who received authority for this purpose from the successor of St. Peter in the apostolic See of Rome." But this succession of pastors must be broken. This essential part in the beautiful edifice of Christ's church must be razed to the ground. And what kind of modern building is to supply its place? Why this masterpiece of impiety, folly, and inconsistency: "*The king is the fountain of all ecclesiastical jurisdiction.*" (Refor. Leg. Ecclesiast.)

"By virtue of this supremacy," says Collier, "the clergy are bound to admit and consecrate what person soever the king shall present to any bishopric, upon penalty of incurring *premunire*; and the consecration is to be performed

by such and so many as the king shall appoint; which persons are to do this work, not by virtue of any ecclesiastical jurisdiction in them, but as the king's delegates, who by his letters patent commands them to consecrate the elect bishop; and in them, if there be any canonical defect or impediment, the king by his *royal, supreme spiritual jurisdiction dispenses with it*. Both which things are evident by the patent for the consecration of Parker in Queen Elizabeth, by the instrument of the said Parker's confirmation, and by practice ever since."

Who ever heard that Henry VIII, Edward, his son, and Elizabeth, his daughter, were the successors of the Apostles, and received jurisdiction and mission from them, through the channels of apostolical appointment and succession? What bishop sent them? What bishop was so impious as to impose hands upon them? What bishop said to Henry, or to Edward, or to Elizabeth's heirs, "Neglect not the grace that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with imposition of the hands of the priesthood?" What bishop, possessing authority himself, said to any one of them, "I have been lawfully appointed, I also appoint thee; ordain priests in every city, and give them a lawful mission?" For a woman to claim to be the *fountainhead* of all ecclesiastical jurisdiction; to sit above the bishops in the church of God; to command them to preach or be silent at her pleasure; to supply whatever canonical defects there might be in their consecration by her supreme spiritual authority, is, of all the absurd things in this world, decidedly the most absurd! What indignation would be enkindled in the countenance of that Apostle who said in so firm a manner, "I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to use authority over man; but let her

learn in silence with all subjection" (Tim. 1, v. c.), to behold the unparalleled presumption of a woman sitting as the supreme governor of the church! From what we know of St. Paul's apostolic character, we may conjecture that had he been living in the times we are speaking of, he would have made both Henry and his two children, Edward and Elizabeth, memorable examples of his fervent zeal in the cause of God and the holy faith, for daring to intrude into the purely spiritual province of the church; for daring to overthrow the ecclesiastical government established by Christ; and, above all, for daring to make bishops the mere creatures of the crown—the mere sheriffs or lay vicars created by letters-patent from the sovereign; nominally bishops as long as the will and pleasure of the king or queen permitted! "When Ozias was made strong, his heart was lifted up to his destruction, and he neglected the Lord his God; and going into the temple of the Lord, he had a mind to burn incense upon the altar of incense. And immediately Azarias the priest going in after him, and with him fourscore priests of the Lord, most valiant men, withstood the king, and said: 'It doth not belong to thee, Ozias, to burn incense to the Lord, but to the priests, that is, to the sons of Aaron, who are consecrated for the ministry; go out of the sanctuary; do not despise; for this thing shall not be accounted to thy glory by the Lord God.'" (2 Paral. 26.) I am persuaded that St. Paul would have acted in a similar manner against these profane usurpers of the sacerdotal power in the Christian Church, and would have punished them with an anathema.

Various heresies have been remarkable, in different periods of Christianity, for the strange and inconsistent nature of their tenets. But of all the wild vagaries ever

imagined, this of declaring the king, a mere layman, and his heirs, whether women or children, to be the supreme authority on earth in all spiritual matters, is surely one of the wildest. The acme of this absurdity consists in declaring a queen to have that power which she is incapable of possessing according to the clear testimony of Scripture. Hence, we find nothing like this in the whole range of ecclesiastical history. Julian the Apostate made himself high priest in the pagan temples, and exercised jurisdiction over all the pagan priests in his dominions; but Julian can be no example for kings pretending to be Christians. Surely there is not a greater novelty under the sun than this trumpety church, which consists of laymen dubbed bishops and priests by kings and queens at their own will and pleasure! "A jest to the rest of the world!" Well might the witty Sydney Smith, dean of Paul's big meeting-house, in London, say of this anti-Christian establishment: "There is nothing like it in Europe, Asia, or America, not even in Timbuctoo." I am not surprised that these pseudo-bishops and priests—these puppets of kingly power—should so highly exalt their masters, and bestow upon them epithets grievously at variance with their true character.

"With all the tokens of a knave complete," King Henry VIII receives this fulsome eulogium from the Book of Homilies, composed by Cranmer and Jewel: "Honor be to God, who did put light in the heart of his faithful and true minister, of most famous memory, King Henry VIII, and gave him the knowledge of his word, and an earnest affection to seek his glory, and to put away all such superstitions and pharisaical sects, by Antichrist invented. and set up again the true Word of God, and glory of his blessed name, as he gave the

like spirit to the most noble and famous princes, Josaphat, Jusias, and Ezekias." (Third part of Serm. on Good Works.) And with respect to Edward, the son of Henry, "he generally seemed," says Sir John Hayward, "to be as Cardane reported of him, a *miracle of nature*." (Life of Edward VI, year 1546.) Lord Bacon speaks in these terms of Queen Elizabeth: "Her step and mien displayed the *goodness*; her voice was more than human; her eyes shone with exquisite lustre; her color the purest white of ivory shaded with the brightest crimson of the Indies, and with neck of roseate hue; her robes hung in graceful folds upon the bosom; and a divine perfume was diffused from her ambrosial locks." (Discourse in praise of Queen Elizabeth.) How could good Protestants resist the temptation to place this beautiful and more than human head upon the *body* of their *new church*, notwithstanding the sneers of Dr. Heylin that "it seemed a thing abhorrent . . . a woman should be declared supreme head on earth of the Church of England?" (Hist. of Reform.) "Queen Elizabeth," says Dr. Hugh Campbell, "also took so great pleasure in flatteries beyond all reason, that it had been said to her expressly that there was no venturing at times to look full upon her, because her face shone like the sun;" and that all "the ladies of the court were constrained to use this language" toward her. Even the famous Sir Edward Coke, acting as her attorney-general at the trial of Essex, in 1601, said that he and his partisans "went rather into the city than to the court in regard to the lustre of the Divine Majesty that glistened so brightly in the Royal Majesty, and did so dazzle their eyes that they durst approach no nearer." (Camden Trans. Big. Campbell's case of Mary.) "James I was so accustomed to regard him-

self, and to be addressed by his flatterers as the Lord's anointed, the vicegerent of God upon earth, in fact a kind of deputed deity, that he was constantly tempted to accuse his subjects of blasphemy and irreligion when they presumed to oppose his will, or to call in question his lawless assumption of authority; at the same time, there was no form of impiety, from the light and irreverent mention of the sacred name in familiar speech to profane cursing and swearing, and to the blasphemous and audacious assumption of a kind of parity with the Supreme Being, by which the lips and mind of the prince himself was undefiled. . . . James was the first of England to whom the inappropriate title of *sacred* majesty was applied." (Mem. Court of James I.) Dr. Adam Littleton, in his dedicatory epistle to his Latin Dictionary, thus addresses Charles II: "Such is the clemency and goodness of your divinity, that your very holy and sacred Majesty will not despise this work by your domestic servant," etc.

I may now, I think, close my remarks upon this part of my subject. We have seen the nature of the new authority established in the new thing called a church; and we have heard the titles with which the heads of this thing were addressed by those who derived all action and jurisdiction from them. I will therefore proceed with my remarks upon the destruction of the one, holy, catholic, and apostolic faith.

Monasteries were all destroyed, and the poor-laws and barracks introduced to supply their place. The churches were all taken from the Catholic clergy, desecrated, despoiled, and committed to the profanation of the infamous apostates who embraced the new anti-Christian doctrines, proclaimed and murderously enforced by impious and immoral princes and councillors.

The dogmas and sacraments of Christ were either totally abolished or disintegrated and changed. But without enumerating any more of the peculiar features of the new religion, it will at present suffice to state, that the Holy Faith of England and of Christendom was declared by the Book of Homilies to be no better than damnable *idolatry*, and the severest penalties were enacted against all who adhered to it.

May I not say, without fear of contradiction, that the Catholic Church was destroyed in England as far as human power could destroy it? And with equal confidence I say that the establishment built on its site was a novelty, differing and adverse to the edifice founded on the Apostles. If any doubt still remain, the necessity under which the founders of the new institute were placed of adopting a new name will remove it. King Henry VIII is declared by Parliament the supreme head, not of the Catholic Church, but of the

Church of England. The new edifice, therefore, could not be designated by the name catholic, without declaring Henry VIII supreme head of the Catholic Church; consequently they were compelled to select a new name for their new structure. "The clergy," writes Blackstone, "of her persuasion . . . look up to the king as their head, to the Parliament as their lawgiver, and pride themselves in nothing more justly, than in being true members of this church, emphatically by *law* established." And this name stamps upon it the brand of novelty, and condemns it to a place amongst all human licentious and erroneous institutions. Did there ever spring forth into existence any heresy which could not be pointed out by a *certain name*, and in a *certain place*, and at a *certain period*?

Having completed the most difficult part of my labor, the putting in the foundation, I shall be able in my next letter to make greater progress.

A PILGRIMAGE OF PLEASURE.

It is said that when all virtuous Americans shake off this mortal coil their spirits wing their flight to Paris. An exception should, however, be made in respect to the inhabitants of the Quaker City, for when good Philadelphians die they go to Fairmount Park.

It might be supposed that proximity to what so closely answers for the Elysian Fields of classic story would prevent the brotherly lovers from seeking for even a temporal paradise in climes beyond the sea, or that their staid and steady Quaker instincts would be

satisfied with a sojourn upon the banks of the romantic Schuylkill. Yet such is not the case, even though grim death is not so inexorable as to demand life as the guerdon of such a pleasure. This stern enemy of mankind, whose existence is coeval with the primal fall of humanity, softens periodically and for the nonce his visage and only demands that we die metaphorically of the lassitude and monotony of earth's labors, studies, griefs, and cares, aye even of its pleasures, in order that when sweet summer sends annually her rose-

tinted and perfumed invitation, we toiling children of men may from the noisy workshops of labor, or the dusky cabinets of study, spring to our feet and respond in the latest words of one of our own Philadelphia's sweetest poets :

I cannot feel the music,
I cannot find the song,
I cannot see the picture—
These walls are over strong;
Yet here in many pages
Of many books life dead
The songs of other ages,
The best that men have said.

But out there in the forest,
Beside a little stream,
I find the living fancies
Of many a cloistered dream.
Ah me! if after reaping
Through all God's woods and fields,
I only press for keeping
The flowers that Nature yields.

Elastic with the invigorating inspiration even "we too in Arcadia," prompted by the impulse of humanity, which urges us to spurn the present good to seek in untried paths untasted pleasures, desert

That delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding mid sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Where stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded,
Where all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As though they fain would appease the Dryades, whose haunts they molested.

But whither shall we go? In what fair lands, 'neath what healthier skies shall summer build our tabernacles? These are momentous questions to many whose brains are never burdened with heavier cares. Alas for those who durst not ask them, for whom nature's leafy refuges are, by the stern decree of fate, opened in vain! But whither shall we go when we can? We who have sported over and over again with the foaming beard of old Cape May; we who have listened to the sermon preached by that mighty orator of nature, Watkin's Glen, as standing within the spacious walls of "Glen Cathedral" we heard in spirit, from its lichen-draped pulpit, of the rock of ages cleft for man, while its choir of cascades sang of

the stream of life that flowed for us from that wounded side. We who have revelled mid the quaint architectural beauties, the scenic surroundings, and the resplendent glitter with which modern fashion has struggled with antique beauty in decking that loveliest of earth's cities, fair historic Newport. Who have rambled amid the mighty chasms and glorious plateaus of the venerable Alleghanies, or paid our tribute of tender awe where rainbow-crowned Niagara, wrapped in her flowing tissue of green and silver, sits in beauty, ancient yet ever new, the enthroned queen of the scenic kingdom. All these and many more that can no longer put forward the claim of novelty, we pass by unheeded, but far off in the north-eastern section of our country there are spots where beauty and freedom have vied with each other in seeking their chosen home. Poets have sung of them, artists have painted them, orators talked of them, history honored them, and even religion hallowed them. All our glorious land is full of them. But perhaps nowhere on the earth has nature been so lavish in the variety of her gifts as in that one little corner of our country encompassed by the States of New York and New England. Hither then we will go. The genii of history, poetry, religion, beauty, pleasure, and health shall be our goodly company, and we ask a gentle pardon if we intrude too long upon the patience of our friends, if we invite their attention while we in our little summer diary "paint the living fancies of many a cloistered dream," or

While, if after reaping,
Through all God's woods and fields,
We only press for keeping
The flowers that Nature yields.

The steamboat winds out gracefully from her metropolitan dock. We have a long journey before us and by a gracefully connected water-route, rich with scenes of

marvellous beauty and interest, we are to thread our way from the metropolis of the United States to the sister metropolis of her Majesty's dominions in America. As we take our seat on the forward deck and our floating throne glides swanlike up the noble stream, the vagrant minstrels twang their harps and we feel like some wizard king of eld commanding the visions of scenic beauty to rise and fall in obeisance before us. Surely there is no river more wonderful than this, rising, as we shall hereafter see, a weak and puny stream among the mountain swamps, growing as it glides along into the gigantic river, frowning with grandeur as it breaks through the portals of the mountains, like Samson wresting from their hinges the mighty gates of Gaza. Anon smiling out into broad, sunny bays, or soothing us with its graceful tranquillity, till it advances with one final and magnificent embrace to its parent ocean, that seems to welcome it all the more proudly for the struggles it has encountered in its coming. No wonder that its varying moods inspired our superstitious Dutch ancestors with many a romantic terror that smacks of the weird folklore of the Norse. No wonder that quaint old legends love to hang about its steepes as thick as the drooping ferns. No wonder that its marvellous grandeur wrung from even the compressed lips of its phlegmatic discoverer, as he sailed up in his mystic craft, the "Half Moon," the terse but expressive phrase, "See der." We sweep past the splendid establishments of the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of Charity at Manhattanville and Yonkers. We laugh at the legends of Spuyten Duyvel and Sleepy Hollow, and we frown with the suggestively frowning river at the spots where Arnold consummated his treason. As we round the gorgeous sweep of "Point-no-Point," we

think how strikingly it reflects the character of some modern "philosopher's" arguments; they are broad in theory, fresh with the verdure of poetry, graceful in rounded sentiment, and apparently very full of acumen, but when one has swung the circle of their lordly phrasing they are found to have no point about them, and the silly man who has trusted in them finds himself deceived and laid up high and dry on the barren beach of sterile thought; just as poor Jans Peeks, ensnared by the false topography of yonder rocky curve, found himself swamped in Peekskill Bay. In "Anthony's Nose" and the Dunderberg we recognize old acquaintances; while rock-throned West Point from beneath her canopy of stars and stripes introduces us to her mighty north-posted sentinels, "old Cro' Nest," "The Storm King," and the mystic crew of the thunder-tossing Catskills. But now we are nearing the region of the traffic-loving and plodding burghers of Fort Orange, and very appropriately the lordly river smooths its brow, wrinkled with the terrors of dark and quaint old legends of the mountains, or rippling with the broad smiles with which genial Washington Irving has sought to chase away its superstitious inspirations from Tappan Zee and Haverstraw Bay. The river scenery now grows flat—flat as the keels of the old Dutch boats, and such phrases as the *Von Koorn patroonery*, *Stuyvesant manor*, the *castle of Rensselaerwick*, and similar titles, that mark the shore localities, indicate that we are approaching Albany. There it is yonder, yet nine miles distant, gracefully seated on the western hills. The spires of the stately cathedral and the broad and expansive front of "Kenwood," the novitiate of the order of the Sacred Heart, being the first objects that greet the eye. As we climb the streets of the

quaint old town, we do not fail to discover in the unornamented solidity of its buildings, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, that the smoke from the pipes of their Knickerbocker ancestors still impregnates the systems of the descendants.

But Catholicity with its genial presence steps forward to relieve, in the beauty of its temples and the sweetness of its influence, what is lacking to the sturdy "low Dutchism" and the New York "ringism" of the capital.

Yonder stands the graceful gothic Cathedral of St. Joseph, with its beautiful shrines and blazoned windows, each of the latter the gift of some church of the diocese. One shrine towers above all the rest in the grace of its exquisite and fragrant wealth of flowers and lights, that cluster round the sculptured form of Heaven's queen on this, "her festival of highest tide," the glorious Assumption. We gaze with lingering fondness. But hark, what is that music that breaks our spell? Floating down from the belfry come the delicate strains of the silvery chimes, and the burden of their softly stealing notes is that sweet, sweet hymn, old and familiar as a mother's voice:

Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining
Ave Maria, day is declining.

There is a brief pause in the music; anon it floats again:

Ave Sanctissima! 'Tis nightfall on the sea,
Ora, Mater, Ora, we lift our souls to Thee.

Again silence reigns, her sway broken a second time by the gently rising tones of the organ, and the appropriate notes, to which our heart can so cordially respond,

Mother of Christ, Star of the Sea,
Pray for a wanderer; pray for me.

The solemn service of the festival is over, and we pay a brief visit to good Father Noethen, pastor of the Holy Cross Church, and creditor to the Catholics of the United

States for a large debt of gratitude they owe in return for his splendid translations of the Sermons of Dr. John Emmanuel Veith, preacher of St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna, the English collections being known as *The Instruments of the Passion* and *The Life Pictures of the Passion*. His cheery hospitality is but a prelude to the graceful courtesy of the good ladies of the Sacred Heart, which permits us to ramble through the noble glades of Kenwood, and to break the stillness of the annual spiritual retreat by visiting its lovely chapels, and holding brief converse with old friends among its community.

But now the scene must change by a wide descent from the charming to the ridiculous. The afternoon train from Albany has whirled us just at sunset among the Berkshire breezes, crispy and keen as those of an early autumn frost, which play so luxuriantly about the mountain plateau whereon rests the brave little town of Pittsfield, like a young romp of the mountains. We rove at sunrise through the fragrant arcades of Maplewood Hall. We glance with poetic reverence at the house where Longfellow wooed and won his wife, snatched from him later by so untimely and distressing a death, and in the spacious hall of which stood "the old clock on the stairs," immortalized by his pen, with its ceaseless song—"Never, Forever; Forever, Never." Then after a "huntsman's" mass in the splendid church of Pittsfield, give the rein to our restless gray, and dash at break-neck speed down the craggy slopes of Mount Lebanon towards the Shaker village.

How peacefully it rests in the "Sabbath" sunlight, neat, trim, and quiet as its inhabitants; solitary and still as the famous city of stones in the Arabian Nights, it lies on the heart of the glorious Berkshire Valley. Suddenly, in answer to

our loud halloos, a man and boy appear at an upper window, and direct us silently but with mysterious gesture towards the meeting-house. A short drive, a sharp turn of an angle in the road, and it lies before us surrounded by hundreds of vehicles which have set their occupants down at its doors. As we enter and take our place among five or six hundred other visitors, of all sexes, ranks, ages, and colors, we are greeted by the brothers and sisters in the vociferous and shrill *twang*, so peculiar to "meeting-houses," with the words, "Sound ye the trumpet! sound ye the trumpet!" During the process of sounding the trumpets in their throats, we inspect the costumes of the community, whose members range through the various ages from juvenility to senility. The garb of the males is of no particular hue or pattern, their only object seeming to be to make themselves look as ugly as possible, and their success is such that, what with their hair cropped close, or rather, to use the fashionable phrase, "banged" in front, and suffered to hang long and loose behind the ears, the variety and shabbiness of their pants and coats, and the cunning twinkle of the eye, we may fairly compare them to Falstaff's recruits. "No eye hath seen such scarecrows." The women, many of them quite prepossessing, display, on the contrary, a neatness and regularity which is a pleasant relief to the effect produced by the "brethren," while the exquisite style in which the dresses are made, and the artistic arrangement of the neckerchiefs would infatuate even a Parisian modiste. At the conclusion of the hymn, one of the elders steps forward and delivers an address, not to his Shaker congregation but to us "world's people," who comprise the audience. We shall say but little of it, save that it is a strange compound of blasphemy, indecency, humor, and

common sense. We have entered the place with the reverence we deemed due to sincere but misguided worshippers of God, but what with the shock to orthodoxy our religious sentiments are obliged to sustain, together with the infection of the sometimes giggling, sometimes roaring, audience, we can no more resist the choking mirth which holds our throats at what we feel by this time to be the outgivings of a people, some of whom at least we conceive to be hypocrites, any more than we can seriously think of joining these disciples of Ann Lee. Nor does the community itself seem to resent our hilarity, for while the brethren appear to be greatly amused at the jovial manner in which we accept the expounding of such doctrines as the sinfulness of marriage, the enormity of eating flesh-meat and drinking spirituous liquors, the necessity of the advancement of women's rights, the overthrow of Beecherism and similar theories calculated to hasten the millennium, we fancy we can detect the sly glances of the Shaker maidens twinkling beneath the dainty caps as they ogle at the dandies from Lenox and "the Springs."

After the sermon, dancing is in order. We must beg our readers here to let us forbear any description. We know of but one man whose genial and racy pen could do justice to the scene, as the long lines of skipping and tripping disciples of the religious Terpichore wind around the spacious room into all sorts of curious circles and angles, and then evolve themselves with a dexterity that proves the training of a master mind in the geometry of "the light fantastic." How great a loss we have sustained in the absence of the venerable pastor and graphic humorist of Chestnut Hill, his hosts of friends and admirers who read the CATHOLIC RECORD may just faintly

guess. The preacher compliments us on our good behavior; admonishes us that this community is the largest of sixty scattered through the United States; that a monthly newspaper, entitled *The Shaker and Shakeress*, because it represents that duality of all things inculcated by Shaker theology, can be procured by mailing fifty cents to the P. O. address; and after a gentle intimation that "the world's people" are not permitted to visit stores and other objects of interest in the Shaker village on the "Sabbath," we retrace our route towards Lenox. Far different the scene that greets us here in this miniature Mecca of literature and fashion, sweet little village whose groves have for years nursed the inspiration of many a star in the literary world, and whose health-giving breezes have reinvigorated during the summer rest many a queen of the dramatic stage, but which now seems to be giving itself over entirely to the claims of a most refined and cultivated social circle. The drowsy summer afternoon is drawing to a close, as from yonder little frame chapel, whose neat but unostentatious exterior scarcely prepares us for the exquisite ornamentation as well as rich floral decorations of the sanctuary, come as we pause upon the threshold, wafted with the fragrance of the altar flowers, the familiar strains of the beautiful vesper psalm, "*A solis ortu usque ad occasum, laudabile nomen Domini.*"

The Catholic ladies and gentlemen visiting at Lenox have been very zealous in rearing and fitly adorning this temporary tabernacle for the Lord of Hosts, and the good pastor of the mission has determined to reward them by granting their request, that they be permitted to celebrate the Feast of our Glorious Mother's Assumption. So, on this Sunday within the octave he has transported his

curates, vestments and altar service, and even his picked choir of singers, such as few country missions can boast, to this little church, and the result has been a gala day of devotion. Soon the Sacramental God is enthroned upon the altar, the incense wreathes the humble sanctuary. The grand old *Tantum Ergo* reverberates through the air, and

With grace richly tender
As sunset's splendor

the benediction from that invisible hand enriches our inmost souls. The stars are peeping forth from the firmament and the new moon is crowning the grand old hills as we drive homeward, but the beauty of Fanny Kemble's words, applied to the graveyard of Lenox, most aptly embalms our memories of the sweet old town: "I will not rise to trouble any one if they will but let me lie there. I will only ask to be permitted to once in awhile step forth and look out upon the glorious scene."

Stepping from the Boston and Albany cars to the palatial accommodation train of the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad, we find ourselves scarcely seated before we are whirling by the headwaters of the Hudson and the famous falls of the historic Mohawk into the classic town of Troy. On the auspicious occasion of our visit we find the Trojans engaged in introducing into their city not the famous "wooden horse," but an invention almost as mysterious, consisting of an immense furnace and boiler on wheels, surmounted by a stovepipe, which emits thick streams of smoke, and occasionally gives utterance to piercing shrieks, accompanied by a few discordant notes, which sound very much like the squeaking of a bagpipes, which terrific machine the surging and excited crowds greet with loud applause as "a steam-piano;" the steam is

very perceptible, the piano not so much so. The whole contrivance is being conducted around with all the tinsel pomp and glittering circumstance which usually accompanies "THE GREAT ORIENTAL CIRCUS." After viewing the startling spectacle we begin climbing the famous Ida, mountain of the gods, what time they came with all their celestial train on a picnic to America. Ida is now, however, devoted to the service of the once "unknown God" of the Athenians; for its principal structures are the imposing Theological Seminary of the province of New York, and the beautiful hospital of the Sisters of Charity, through the wards of which we are conducted by the Father Procurator of the seminary, and the chaplain of the hospital, who, from his elevated perch on the seminary towers, looks over a glorious expanse of varied landscape, throbbing with the pulsations of labor, and passes his leisure hours in tending his birds and pressing flowers. We cannot fail to notice the charm his kindly presence seems to throw over the monotony of the patients' sufferings as he leads us through the spacious wards, beautified by the tributes of love from the ladies of the "Flower Mission," and refreshed by the early morning breezes from the mountain groves. We would advise, however, any Catholic toiler up the well-paved slopes of Ida, not to enter the Church of the Holy Cross, which stands side by side with the two above-named establishments, nor to be misled by the statues of our Lady, crucifixes, and flower-wreathed "Madonna Dolorosas," which ornament the neat little pastoral residence, through the halls of which we have unsuspectingly entered this temple, sacred to the memory, not of Him whose naked cross adorns the chancel, but to the "late Mary Warren and her deceased husband."

A brief visit to one of the famous bell foundries, and we leave this town, which certainly bears the palm for thrift and elegant buildings, public and private, especially its new Academy of Music, from its more pretentious sister city just below on the other side of the river. As we roll on up the Hudson, we are chagrined that we receive no tones of welcome from that famous "little Irish bell of Cohoes," which we have tried to immortalize by our pen. Ungrateful piece of baked and moulded metal! Since you disregard our efforts to make your *brazen* boasting famous, we will now spread abroad your claim to the *infamous*. The brilliant pageantry of that queen of watering-places, Saratoga, however, soon dispels our wounded feelings, while after a free indulgence in its various cathartics, diuretics, hydrostatics, and gymnastics, we depart, feeling as full of *tics* as a blackberry-bush, an eight-day clock, or a needy man's pocketbook. Following the headwaters of the great North River to where it winds majestically, although broken by drift lumber, around the flourishing town of Fort Edward, famous in colonial story as the scene of the murder of the fair Jane McCrea, whose dust lies mouldering in its village graveyard, we roll along the sparkling river till it makes its leap at Glenn's Falls. Dismounting from the train we make a hasty run on foot, then with a leap that would do honor to a harlequin, we find ourselves on top of the "Concord coach and six." A merry party of no less than fifteen on our aerial perch. The driver cracks his long snakelike whip. We clatter through the charming town of Queensbury, down the old and famous plankroad. Happy plankroad! to how many joyous travellers has it been your privilege to give safe and easy conduct to regions where beauty has made her chosen haunt,

and when, some of these days, the iron horse shall have destroyed your pleasant mission, we will drop a tear of joyous gratitude to your venerable memory. The counter-running stages pass us. With many a huzza, and wave of gentlemen's hats and ladies' kerchiefs, we exchange pleasure's joyous benison; are pelted with a perfect shower of fresh-plucked pond lilies by the country children lying in wait on the roadside; then drink, in sparkling milk punches at the "Halfway House," a parting bumper to the outside world ere we enter the land of the beautiful. Yonder, on either side of the road, like two war-begrimed sentries, "William's Monument" and "Bloody Pond" admit us through the fairy portals. The shadows deepen, the mountains loom up around, the mist rises from the forest, a faint glimmer of blue waters glistens through the trees, a strange undefinable sensation, partly awe and partly pleasurable expectancy, steals softly as a dream over us. Are we trespassing on enchanted ground? 'Tis but a momentary feeling, and we recover our mental balance. Away in the distance looms up the white towers of the "Seelye House." An angle in the road is turned; we dash merrily down the mountain, wind across the valley shore, and with a peal of guns from the neighboring ruins, and a rapturous greeting from the palatial porticos of the "Fort William Henry," its guests welcome us to their goodly company. Soon then, after one brief glance, kindly night draws her sable curtains o'er the scene and bids leave to music and dance to seek repose ere we feast our souls on the unwonted banquet that nature with the morrow will spread before us. Softly the gentle ripples upon the shore lull us to repose, and our last speculation is not, "Now I lay me

down to sleep," but rather those beautiful lines of W. Cullen Bryant:

The Briton lies by the blue Champlain,
In Ticonderoga's towers;
But ere the sun rise twice again,
Must they and the lake be ours.

Morning dawns. Our first impressions of the lake have not been up to our anticipations. We had deemed it less imposing and more secluded. Now, with the rising sun, we step forth. From the tower of the beautiful little Paulist Monastery, "St. Mary's of the Lake," comes musically floating three miles down the waters the eternal story of the Incarnation: "*Angelus Domini Nuntiavit Mariæ et concepit de Spiritu Sancto.*" Every sense of religion and poetry in our nature is awakened, and rises responsive to the tones of the novitiate bell. Then the mystic beauty of the scene begins to grow upon us. Caldwell, with its diminutive towers and the imposing front of its great hotel, add, if possible, to the picturesqueness of the scene, but not yet has it unfolded for us its special prerogatives of attractiveness. But when, from the deck of the "Minnehaha," we drink in the length and breadth of the glorious scene, we first begin to realize its transcendent and peculiar charms. Lake George possesses an individuality which is exclusively its own. We can neither regard nor describe it as an ordinary piece of natural scenery. Whether this be from any atmospheric influence we know not. Historical and religious associations it certainly possesses in a high degree, yet not more so than other favored spots whose influence is less perceptible; but be the cause what it may, it certainly throws a peculiarly potent spell over the beholder. It is not a feeling of exultant admiration, but rather a soothing sensation, a sacred feeling of reverential awe, such as the Catholic instinctively feels

when the transparent white host is elevated before him. The comparison may seem exaggerated, but is made in all due reverence; for we know of none more appropriate. All our fellow-passengers seem equally impressed, only they cannot comprehend what only the Catholic may express. Even the rough sailors of the boat seem to have their natures softened by the spell, and a tear of admiration glitters in the pilot's eye, as with one hand he grasps the tiller, and with the other points out the spots of interest on the lake. How discordant with the spirit of the scene seems all conversation among the passengers, while the hilarity of the parties camping out on the islands, or fishing in the transparent waters, aye, even the very disturbance of those placid waters by so material an invention as a steamboat, seems almost like irreverence to the lake's seraphic beauty. This strange sensation is demonstrable by the change in our feelings as we enter the Narrows. Here the scenery seems less supernatural. The groups of islands, ranging in size from three miles to three feet, the exceeding grace of their grove-covered heights, and the curiosity to know how we are to steer through them, has changed the current of our admiration. Somehow, even though inappropriately as we glide through them, will ring like notes of harpists through our thoughts, the beautiful boatmen's song of Tom Moore, associated in our earliest recollections with a small engraving of this very locality.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide, yon trembling moon
Shall see us ride o'er thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayer,
Grant us cool heavens and favoring air,
Blow breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past,

The opening verses of the last stanza are prophetic of the climax of our own journey, but *Bolton* and its lovely chapel of *St. Sacrement* have faded from our vision, *Recluse Island* is past, and as we glide out by historic Sabbath-day Point, the Narrows and their clustering isles cease to elicit our admiration; the old rapturous sensation returns. Surely, though Como may boast of a deeper blue to its waters, it cannot equal this exquisite stream; even an Italian sky has not a charm equal to the effect which this soft veil of haze throws over what the guide-books so aptly term "this Holy Lake," like a screen of gauze over a form of beauty. But now "we are nearing the spot where once, when May flowers were blooming in the woods, came the martyr priest, the first white man known to have looked upon the silvery water, who named it *Lac St. Sacrement*."

The instinct of faith which induced gentle Isaac Jogues to call it *Lac St. Sacrement* must certainly have been an inspiration from heaven, just as the warlike name of the soldier saint, which the Briton's coarser nature prompted him to substitute, seems as inappropriate as the recollection that its placid bosom has been so often ruffled and its encircling hills resounded with deeds of blood and carnage. Even the untutored children of the forest caught more truly than the martial representative of British civilization the spirit of the stream when they named it "*Horicon, or the Silvery Waters*." But even Protestantism laments, as we do now, another misstep in its own false philosophy, by the change of nomenclature, so that even the bigoted Parkman has expressed the wish that its present name could at least be softened into that of him who first discovered it, the martyr Jesuit missionary JOGUES.

But yonder on the hills stand the

bold outlines of "old Fort Ti," with—beautiful emblems of its peaceful decay—the quiet sheep browsing among the ruins, and the violets and wild flowers clustering around its mountain steep.

Our reverie of beauty is ended, but ere we bid farewell to the "Minnehaha" we can but from our inmost souls breathe forth the parting prayer. Beautiful Lake George, may guardian angels ever tread the framing circle of thy battlemented hills as the bearer of the flaming sword stood of old at the gates of Paradise, that God may see preserved unviolated for himself one spot of earth that reflects, inasmuch as earth can mirror, not merely the material beauty of the heavens, but even the unsullied brightness of His unseen presence.

As we sail up the broad avenue of waters lying between the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains, some one remarks to a fellow-passenger, "You do not seem to appreciate the full grandeur of Lake Champlain." "No," is the reply; "Lake George has spoiled my taste for all other scenery." We rest for the night at where "the beautiful city of Burlington" may some day stand, for at present all that gives the metropolis of Vermont its right to such a title is its magnificent granite cathedral with its significant inscription over the door, "GOD WILL PROVIDE," and its superb and artistic windows. In the early gray of the morning we are guided by lanternlight down the precipitous docks, step on board another of the magnificent boats of the Lake Champlain Transportation Company, through a pelting rain and the chatter of numerous *habitans*, of which we comprehend but one significant word, *rien*, and soon are gliding past the noted Ausable chasm, the storied harbor of Plattsburgh, Isle la Motte, and Grand Island, to Rouse's Point. The remaining brief distance by

rail gives us a pleasant introduction to two fellow-travellers, one a somewhat fastidious Scotch gentleman who has been but one week in America, while the long clerical cloak and cassock alike proclaim the other a Canadian priest; a few minutes later and his card informs us that he is Père Le Sage, pastor of Stotsville, Canada, while his courteous endeavors to render pleasant and instructive our visit to the metropolis of Canada prove his countenance beaming with kindness to be but the index of his generous character. A few moments more and the August sun is driving the storm-clouds before him. We suddenly gaze from the car window and lo! the majestic St. Lawrence is pouring its mighty torrent before us, while yonder, with splendid quays crowded with shipping, with shining cupolas of countless institutions of charity for the alleviation of every imaginable human woe, with innumerable churches presenting a forest of glittering crosses, reposes against its royal mountain the grand old city of Montreal. The great white towers of Notre Dame lord it over the whole lordly scene, but—a flash and six minutes of time and two miles of distance through almost total darkness, break all further view, and tell us that we are rolling over one of the most wonderful pieces of engineering the world has yet seen—the Royal Victoria Bridge.

We are admonished that Montreal has been written to death by Catholic tourists. We shall therefore refer to it but briefly. It is probably the most solidly built city in America, almost all its buildings even the smaller private residences being of gray limestone, which, although it gives the city a grand appearance, causes it also to have, in many parts, a very dingy look, from the fact that the building material rapidly becomes discolored. The churches are grand in size and

architectural beauty, but much disfigured by tawdry and diminutive decorations. The Gesù or Jesuits' church seems to be the favorite, but not to our mind either the grandest or most chaste. There is at present no cathedral; the one in course of erection is known as "the Canadian St. Peter's," being a miniature model of St. Peter's at Rome. The churches, however, which please us most, are the two quaint old shrines of Notre Dame de Pitié and Notre Dame de Bon Secours. The former adjoins the strange-looking old convent whose sisterhood was established here with the foundation of the city. At the left-hand side of its sanctuary transept stands a small marble shaft with the simple but expressive inscription:

CI GIT MARGUERITE BOURGOYS.

Notre Dame de Bon Secours is a very old building overlooking the St. Lawrence River; over its steeple is an old statue of our Lady, said to be much venerated by the sailors. The inscription in large gilt letters over the door particularly attracts the stranger's notice.

SI L'amour de Marie en ton cœur est gravé
En passant ne t'oublie à lui dire un ave.

Of which we venture the following translation:

If on thy heart our mother's love
Be graven, be thou wary
In passing by this sacred shrine
To say an Ave Mary.

We are indeed far from home in this quaint foreign-looking Canadian city, yet we are as Catholics no strangers in Montreal, which presents us so many reminders of all that makes the brightest charm of home, a mother's—a heavenly mother's—love. Everything seems to speak of her. The great bell "Gros Bourdon" answers for the whole city. Its inscription reads as follows: EX PISSIMO MERCATORUM AGRICOLORUM ARTIFICIUMQUE DONO. MARIANOPOLIS, MDCCCXLVII.

Everything about Montreal is "royal" at least in name. Wherever

the Protestant portion of the inhabitants desire to place an inscription or fix a record in the Latin tongue, they have invariably dated it, REGIA MONTANA, Royal Mountain, while the Catholics just as persistently have it MARIANOPOLIS, Mary's city. The naming of the city seems to be the only subject on which the three great divisions of the inhabitants, English, Irish, and French, do not appear to agree. Some of these days perhaps we shall have more to say to the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD about "Ville Marie," especially its most charming of shrines, La Chapelle Nazareth, not much seen by strangers, as it is not in the guide-books, but which rivals in beauty anything the city can boast. Now, however, space presses, and we can only say that Montreal bears very few evidences of poverty among its inhabitants, for its public buildings and residences are generally superb. The thousands of strangers, however, who throng the city, whether they be Catholics or Protestants, seem to rush for the churches before all things else, and give to Montreal the appearance of keeping a perpetual Holy Thursday. No stranger, however, should fail to visit the suburban village and shrine of Côté des Neiges (Snowside) so called, because the story of its foundation is identical with the legend of our Lady of the Snows at Rome.

But it is time to set our faces homeward. Softly as if on rails of velvet the "Vermont Central" bears us right down the valley between "Camel's Hump" and Mount Mansfield. These glorious Green Mountains are not green merely in name or color; they seem the quality of greenness itself, as they stand like shining masses of emerald while the glistening streams wind through them like veins of silver quartz. We must rest one night in the midst of these lovely hills, and Vermont's charming capital, Mont-

pelier. proves for us her hospitality. She shows us many things of note, not the least singular among them a Protestant church, its handsome walls blazoned with the "Romish" inscription: "*Thou art the Rock,*" etc., etc. And there, side by side with the elegant marble capitol, with Ethan Allen breathing marble defiance at its door as he stood of yore in the flesh at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, stands the Catholic church with its life-size statue of its patron, St. Augustine. Sunday week will be within the octave of his feast. How will it be celebrated? Here in the vestibule stands a large bell just arrived like ourselves from Troy. Its face proclaims its birthplace and pedigree. "*My name is Monica; I am the offering of grateful hearts, and will call down a blessing on them.*" A bystander informs us that the Son's feast will be celebrated by blessing and hanging this beautiful bell named in honor of his mother. Thence down through "loveliest vale of fairest stream that flows, willow-fringed Connecticut," to where fair old Northampton, "Queen City of the Meads," famous in Holland's songs and "Norwood's" story, sits veiled with elms and rules that glorious valley, which Jenny Lind so aptly styled "the Paradise of America." Quietly she prepares us for an introduction to all her sister towns that stud the valley. Elegant Amherst, with her splendid colleges, breathing only of study and refinement. Old Hadley, with her two elm-arched streets, that would make some of our "boards of surveys" and "highway commissioners" ache with envy, or as our cockney driver expresses it, "Haul 'Adley 'as the 'andsomest hand stroightest havenues hof hany 'amlet hin Hamerica." Quaintly she sits on the famous "Oxbow," "where the Connecticut runs seven miles to gain but one." Surely she is a study for the historical

student, as wrapt in the veil of mystic silence, she seems to feel the spirit of the ancient regicides, Goffe and Whalley, still hanging over her superb but deserted avenues. Thence we ride up the now sadly famous Mill River Valley to view with painful regard the unimaginable destruction of life and property caused by the bursting Williamshburgh reservoir. Thence through the other neighboring towns, rich with colleges and factories, for just here study has found a favorite resting-place, while thrift has made of the falls of the Connecticut at Holyoke City, the greatest water power of the country. But ere we seek more southern skies, old Mount Holyoke, with his solitary beacon twinkling like a diamond on his brow, has summoned us up its thousand feet of perpendicularity to see the view he gives us of the Connecticut Valley, one of the most glorious sights in America, for he, with Mount Tom and Nonatuck, "Mountain of the blest," hold triune sway over one hundred and fifty miles of an amphitheatre, encircled with hills, tessellated with fields of vari-colored grains like geometrically arranged mosaics and alive with hundreds of villages and towns. Now fair and blithesome Springfield from her tier of hills displays her beautiful specimens of Venetian and Swiss architecture, her spacious cathedral, her arsenal, where—

From floor to ceiling
Like a huge organ rise the burnished arms.

And never did poet make better metaphor. While impressing those other organs of our digestion, the viands of the renowned "Massasoit House" sit with artistic grace at the keyboard of our palate. And last but not least, beautiful Hartford displays her grand churches, and palatial insurance offices, and unlocks for us her treasure-house of historical relics; shows us her famous charter and the remains of

"the oak;" permits us to look into that renowned chest that "came over in the Mayflower;" lets us gently feel the weight of King Philip's war club over our pates; and last but not least, among other curiosities too numerous to mention, permits us to listen to the wisdom of a modern philosophic historian of the *subversive order*, who is prepared to prove, at least to his own satisfaction if not to that of those who choose to hear him, that *Captain Wadsworth never did hide the charter in the oak*. This specimen of doubting humanity can be seen free of charge by any visitor at the State-house, and will benignly commiserate any silly traveler who is so regardless of the *truths* of history as to pass *him* by unnoticed.

But on we go. After a brief visit to quiet, quaint, and classical New Haven, our iron horse runs us in the circle of our tour back to New York. A night's rest at the palatial "Windsor," which might be more aptly styled the "Versailles," and we take up our route for "home, sweet home," with the consciousness that all the historical reminiscences of our hasty trip have made us return to "the birth-place of liberty" *feeling thoroughly centennial*.

But we have not yet had the last of our "sweet surprises," for mid the early worry and bustle of the business heart of the great metropolis the chimes of old Trinity greet us as we pass with the gracious tones of their morning psalm. Instinctively we pause to listen. How appropriately at such an hour and in such a place come flowing down the well-known strains:

Praise ye the Lord; Alleluia!
Alleluia, praise ye the Lord!

Through our ears they ring and memory bids the echo pursue us down the bay even to where the twin towers of Neversink keep guard over sea-girt Long Branch, beautiful as a bride decked for her wedding.

We have not been able in our brief space to speak in detail of the "characters" one always meets in travelling, nor of many things which would interest the general reader. We have sought only to give briefly a few impressions, and such as would be chiefly interesting to Catholic readers. Yet even here we have failed, for the progress of our holy religion, especially in "Puritan" New England, far outstrips the power of pen in descriptive pace. The small city of Hartford alone boasts of two Catholic churches of the finest order. We quote them merely for example, for all through New England many of the temples of the living God are fit to be cathedrals. In the matter of education, New England seems to have more secular colleges for both sexes than her population could supply students, yet the Catholics everywhere keep rank with the best Protestant institutions. In the little manufacturing towns of Chicopee and Holyoke we found the schools of the Sisters of Notre Dame to be splendid in appearance and as popular among the people as could be desired. But it is time to close. The shadows deepen, the flames from the great log-fire are struggling with the hues of the early October sunset, and we lay aside our little diary, for autumn in illuminated letters has written *FINIS* to the golden-text volume of the summer.

A VESPER HYMN.

THE hours of light are faded,
 Dark fall night's shadows now—
 O Jesu! we at thy dear feet
 In Vesper worship low!
 Around thine Altar gathered,
 Thy holy name invoke;
 While incense slowly burning,
 Rolls high its odorous smoke.

Thou thro' the day hast kept us
 From every harm and snare;
 Saved by thy hand, O Saviour!
 Watched by thy loving care,
 Protected from all danger
 By Thine Almighty power,
 We meet again to thank Thee
 At twilight's shadowed hour.

In holy chant uniting,
 All now on bended knee;
 Glad homage do we render,
 O holy One! to Thee:
 Thee do we laud and worship
 With thankful hearts sincere—
 From Thy great lofty dwelling,
 O Son of Mary, hear!

Still tender watch, O Jesu!
 Above Thy children keep;
 Through the still silent darkness,
 While close our eyes in sleep!
 O may no ill betide us
 Thro' hours of coming night;
 By Thy hand still protect us
 Safe till the morning light!

And when, O Christ, most holy!
 Life's fleeting hours shall fade,
 And on our spirits darkening,
 Shall fall death's lonesome shade—
 O then, be Thou, dear Saviour,
 Our hope and refuge sure;
 And to that blest land lead us,
 Where night shall come no more!

PROF. TYNDALL'S ADDRESS.

OCCASIONALLY it happens that the staid world of science is astonished at the dogmatic high-handedness with which some of its representative men dispose of questions, which are usually approached with extreme caution and treated with a peculiar reverence as being the dim points of demarkation, where what is positive in the physical world begins to melt into the mysterious and unknown. The deductions and inferences of science are generally so plain, so tangible and fixed, that the scientist, once firmly placed in the pathway of progress, walks steadily on, in no fear or danger of confusing or confounding either himself or others, so long as he is content to abide by the laws with which prudence and his own reason would regulate his steps. But it has long been evident, that in the world of science, as well as that of sentiment, there are fanatics, and the philosophical acrobat is as much to be pitied as his neighbor who runs to the other extreme. Diogenes in his tub, with his pride and absolutism alone to bear him company, is quite as sad a sight as a dervish in the desert wrapped in his own sombre thoughts. There may be, and seems to be, a spirit of earnestness in the latter, while no motive more exalted than egotism can be attributed to the former. Sometimes the vagaries of the leaders of science appear little less than ludicrous to the staid minds of the masses. Witness the efforts of Darwin to prove that the original progenitors of man were little better than the figurative worm of Holy Writ; and of Bishop Berkeley, who, with characteristic consistency, spent a lifetime in endeavoring to show that the creatures he

professed to lead to eternal salvation had no existence save in his own fancy, and consequently could stand in no need of his ministry. Extremists are always aggressive, equally so whether led on by passion, sentiment or reason. When passion gets beyond its due bounds it makes man a reprobate, to be restrained and punished by his fellows. When sentiment is permitted to dominate unduly, it produces what men usually designate a simpleton or fool. Reason, too, when pushed beyond its sphere, and urged to the contemplation of secrets which it cannot fathom, generates a creature of its own, a skeptic, who always doubts, and generally despises all theories and opinions but his own.

Reason overstrained is as deceptive and dangerous as either passion or sentiment. The power which urges it on gives it no rest, forces it to guess and surmise instead of drawing legitimate conclusions from sound premises, and is necessarily from its position ready to receive the spurious article for the genuine one.

The latest and one of the saddest instances of reason run aground is furnished by Professor Tyndall's address before the British Association for the Promotion of Science.

Professor Tyndall has for years and deservedly held a high position among scientists. A man of powerful mind and untiring energy, he has steadily advanced in learning and reputation till he has become the leader of an association which numbers among its members some of the greatest thinkers of the age. As president, he at a recent meeting in Belfast, delivered the opening address, and surprised the world by enun-

centuries, is to be believed, we may safely assert that the Professor's change of base has not placed him in the most respectable company.

He has declared himself a materialist, an atheist—that is his own concern, but the thought comes to us, that the molecules to which he owes his existence and identity must have imbued him with a slight surplus of vanity, for he must needs

make his exit and bid us adieu with a grand flourish of trumpets; he must in true theatrical style proclaim his convictions and make his bow before the assembled wisdom of Great Britain and Ireland. His modesty, at least, will not be likely to interfere with any molecular developments which may be going on in his organism.

AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART.

BY AN OLD FOGY.

THE little girl was too charming to be resisted. In vain I called to my aid all the gravity and soberness that becomed my age. In vain I held up myself to myself as a person already within the verge of old foggydom. In vain I propounded and solved elaborate arithmetical problems as to the variable proportions which sixteen would assume to forty at advanced stages of life. I know that last sentence is not correctly expressed, but let it pass. Thus stood the case: Charlotte was sixteen and I forty, and I, more than double Lotty's age—almost old enough to be her respectable papa—I found myself irretrievably enslaved by that young person, and trotting captive at her chariot-wheels—or, more properly, the wheels of her infantine go-cart. I had nursed Lotty, she had ridden a cock-horse upon my knee. I had kissed her moist lips when kissing was a ceremony performed rather for the sake of politeness to mamma than for any pleasantness in itself. I had made Lotty ill with surreptitious sugar-plums; I had presented her with Christmas-boxes of the most astonishing toys; I had assisted in the instilling of the alphabet into her youthful mind

by means of highly-colored pictures, in a painful state of alliteration; I had begged Lotty out of the corner, where she stood obstinate, finger in mouth, and with a general humidity of countenance. I had thought Lotty a dirty child when I saw her paddling with her little fat hands in a puddle, or with traces of lollipops about her innocent mouth. I had execrated Lotty as a nuisance and a bore when she *would* poke her pug nose into my flirtation with Miss Mirables. And at last, it had come to this! We had changed places. I was the child now, and Miss Lotty was mistress over me, and she knew it. She threw me a sugar-plum when she so pleased; she taught me a letter of some sweet sibilating alphabet when she had nothing better to do; she patronized me, and began to take an interest in my temper and morals; she petted me when she lacked amusement, and when she was otherwise engaged gave me to understand in the plainest manner that I was a consummate bore, and an unmitigated nuisance—that I was.

Miss Lotty knew all about it. In vain I tried to treat her as a child. She laughed in my face at the

transparent absurdity of the pretence. In vain I affected indifference. She exacted attention, and would not be snubbed. She flirted with small boys for the express purpose of vexing me, and knew that I was vexed, and I knew that she knew it.

In what manner, or at what precise time she left off being a child and began to be a woman, I do not know. She passed out of the nursery by no sensible transition and took to her Missdom quite naturally. Juliet of the house of Capulet, brought out by her provident mother at the age of fourteen, did not assume her new honors with a more perfect coolness.

This, then, was the state of the case. I, who had overlived all my youthful heart-weaknesses, who prided myself on being safe henceforth from the subtlest fascinations of the female sex, fell into captivity at the hands of a little girl just out of the nursery. Having struggled in vain, I succumbed, and began to think seriously whether sixteen and forty were, after all, such-incompatible ages. It was not quite a case of January and May. If I had been sixty, and a lord, there would have been nothing unusual in the notion. If I had been a widower, and possessed of a daughter a little older than Lotty, the match would have been perfectly *en règle*. The difference was on the right side. It was not as bad as if I had married my first love, who was forty when I was sixteen.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.

So I ceased to compare myself with the small boys with whom Lotty flirted, I turned a blind eye on the budding obesity of my figure, and began to consider the matter as an accomplished fact.

Miss Lotty had an aunt—a very respectable person—of mature age. Miss Simms was the name of this

lady, and Miss Simms and I had always been great friends. She was a gushing person, strongly sympathetic, and given to the study of the minor poets of the last generation. We had often exchanged sympathies, had often discoursed together on the affections after a diluted Platonic manner, and she was accustomed to apply to me for explanations of namby-pamby passages of her favorite poets.

Miss Simms occupied that place in the family which maiden aunts so often fill. To make things generally pleasant, to be a general go-between, the friend of everybody, the deliverer of messages, the arranger of the delicate amenities of social life—such was Miss Simms's mission.

Her age was certainly verging towards fifty. She was well-preserved; had expressive eyes, hair scrupulously neat, but very thin, white, angular hands, a sweet, faint smile, and a purring sort of voice.

I respected Miss Simms immensely, I had a great friendship for her. The idea struck me that I would make her my confidante with regard to Lotty. She was the very person for a confidante. I could not, for the life of me, have broken the subject to papa or mamma. Lotty was a child to them still, and I felt that it would scarcely have seemed more ridiculous to them for me to confess a tender passion for the infant in long clothes than to hint the state of my heart towards Lotty. I had determined to make some move, and the aunt appeared to me the very medium through whom to make it. The familiar friend of Lotty, to whom that little maiden confessed all her innocent secrets—the companion and fellow-counsellor of Lotty's parents—this aunt was just the confidante I wanted.

But, beyond this, I felt sure that the state of the case had not altogether escaped the sympathetic

penetration of Miss Simms. That faint smile of hers, that wistful look in her fine eyes, a playful shake of the head sometimes, the pressure of a kind hand—these signs had not been lost upon me. Often, when my eyes had been following against their will the graceful buoyant figure of Lotty, recalled, they would meet the eyes of Miss Simms; and as I smiled and half-blushed at being thus caught, Miss Simms would smile and half-blush likewise. Often, when I had been leaning over Lotty at her book, admiring the downward contour of the soft cheek, or the luxuriance of the glossy hair, lifting my eyes, they would again meet Miss Simms's eyes, and Miss Simms would turn her head away with an expression of countenance which spoke volumes. Once, when I was shaking Miss Simms's hand on departure, I could not restrain myself from whispering "Qu'elle est charmante?" Why I spoke in French I cannot tell. Miss Simms's knowledge of that language was imperfect, while Lotty's exceeded my own—so that it could not have been an aside from Lotty. But such French sentences are generally spoken without there being any satisfactory reason why they should not be uttered in English. However, to my exclamation, Miss Simms had rejoined, "Hush!" with an upraised bony finger, and an arch smile.

In breaking the matter to Lotty's aunt, then, I did not anticipate very much difficulty. She certainly had observed my admiration of her niece; and even had it been otherwise, the ready sympathy of this kind, estimable woman would have interpreted my meaning from a word or look.

I chose my time. I was copying some music for Lotty. Lotty and her mamma were going forth on the business of card-leaving.

As I took them down to the carriage, Lotty said:

"You *will* finish my music?" and she made the prettiest beseeching *moue*, and lifted up her face, just as when a child she had lifted it up to be kissed. "We will soon be back, and you can stay to dinner. You *must* stay to dinner. The evenings are so dull and stupid, and then you can sing that duet with me. Now, go back and finish the music. You and Aunt Sarah can talk poetry, you know, till I come back."

Yes, Miss Lotty, I had that very intention of talking poetry with Aunt Sarah—the sweetest poetry in the world—yourself the theme.

Returned to Miss Simms and the music-copying, I made a crotchet—"Miss Simms," I said—then two semiquavers and a rest, then three blank bars—

"Miss Simms," I said, "I hope you will not see anything absurd in what I am about to—to—to lay before you—" *crescendo*, written in neat italics.

"My heart—"

"Dear me!" cried Miss Simms.

"My heart, my *dear* Miss Simms, may be of a soft and foolish texture—yes, texture." (I had screwed myself up to the mark, and chose my language with deliberation.) "It may be soft, I say, but upon my soul, I do not think it is. I think no man, the most insensate, could have seen daily, as I have seen, this sweet girl" (*con molto spirito*) "and have resisted her attractions. It does not lie within the power of human nature to resist them."

I was silent for a few minutes, and steadily continued my copying. I had determined to discuss the subject in the calmest and most reasonable manner. I confess the dots were scarcely circular, and the strokes scarcely straight, but I completed a most prodigious series

of running notes *ad libitum* before I recommenced. I dared not look at Miss Simms.

"That there is disparity in age I cannot deny. Some people would call it a great disparity—"

"Sir!" cried Miss Simms, with some warmth.

"Yes, my dear madam, I am not surprised at that tone. But I feel that I must bring this into prominence, and consider it judicially. I am not a young man. I cannot hide it from myself, even if I would—I am no longer young. Perhaps I have an appearance of age, a gravity, beyond my actual years. I entreat you not to forget that point—it is a point that we must fully grasp—and I wish to impress it on your mind that I have thoroughly weighed this, and thrown every possible argument into the scale that opposes me. This is but just."

"I think enough has been said on that part of the subject," Miss Simms interrupted me. "You lay too much stress on this point, and must be laboring, I think, under some strange misconception. After all, what does age matter—a few months more or less. It is the heart, my dear sir, the heart; the sympathy of affections, the reciprocity of ideas, the congeniality of sentiments—"

"It is like you to say so," I exclaimed. "I appreciate your kindness. We are old friends, Miss Simms—"

"Friends of long standing," Miss Simms agreed, correctively.

"Friends of long standing. I knew that you would understand me. I felt that you were the best person, the only person, to whom I could first break this delicate subject. I knew that you would meet me half-way."

"Oh! do not say that," sighed Lotty's aunt.

"You have seen the truth for some time," I went on. "In your

eyes, in your smiles, I have read that you had discovered my secret. Woman's insight, the sympathy of a gentle nature—who can disguise such secrets from these? And now, be frank with me. I come to you in my perplexity. Do not pretend to misunderstand me. My tongue is timid. Help me—advise me!"

"Maidenly propriety!" she said, in a low tone.

"Exactly so. Your good sense and instinctive feeling of what is right prompt those words. I anticipated this. But, my dear Miss Simms, I do not wish to make you a conspirator with me. There shall be no secrets. I ask you to confess none to me. All I ask is that, as a friend, you will tell me whether there is any chance for me. You are everybody's friend—do not deprive me alone of your help."

"Really, I do not know what to say," Miss Simms whispered, in a voice greatly agitated.

I had all along persevered in my music-copying. I knew that I was making the most astounding blunders, but that was of little consequence. If I left off this accompaniment I felt that my voice would break down, too.

"My dear Miss Simms," I went on, "I know that your present hesitation proceeds from the best of motives. Do not think I am flattering you, when I say that to your influence I attribute much of the exquisite purity of your charming niece."

This was not quite true, but I saw that a compliment would be well-timed.

"She is a good child," said Miss Simms.

"I see," I continued, "in your present hesitation, precisely that delicacy of decorum which has guarded so constantly the opening leaves of that sweet flower. Ah! what a delightful occupation! To

a heart so sensitive as yours, what a labor of love! To watch the birth of new beauties and virtues from day to day—to tend, to foster—to—to—in short—to find, as it were, your own sensibilities reproduced and springing up—like—like objective personifications under your incubative cares.” I was pleased with the sentence, and paused in order that the words might take due effect upon her.

“I, too,” I went on, “have not been blind to this gradual change, to those unfolding beauties. We are old friends, we have known each other many years. You can forgive—nay, you will sympathize with the warmth of my expressions. This gradual growth of love—what a mystery it is! ‘He never loved that loved not at first sight,’ says the poet. What a libel upon human nature, worthy of the gross lips that uttered it! True love is always gradual. The first indifference bourgeons into liking, flowers into friendship, fruits into love. We know not where indifference ends and love begins. Ah! my dear Miss Simms, etc.”

This sort of thing may be continued *ad libitum*, through as many pages as my reader pleases. In the heat of my oratory I flung aside my pen, and strode to the fireplace by which Miss Simms was sitting. My oratory must have been moving. Miss Simms was in tears when I next came to a pause.

She lifted her tearful eyes for a moment to mine, as I stood upon the hearth-rug close by her side.

“Oh, spare me!” she said. “This tumult of feelings—so painful and yet so delicious! I am but a weak, girlish thing” (she giggled, hysterically). “Leave me alone now. Some other time—some other time. I have been expecting this. I knew it must come.”

“You had discovered my secret,

then,” I said. “I knew you had. Long ago, Miss Simms, long ago—did you not?”

“I could not be blind,” she said. “Maiden modesty is very innocent; but could I help seeing?”

“Ah!” I exclaimed. “And there is hope for me?”

“What can I say? Do not press me.”

“I entreat you. Say, at least, there is not despair.”

“No, do not despair,” she said.

“I do not wish that.”

We were silent for a minute or so. Miss Simms spoke first.

“You will speak to my brother!” she said, covering her face with her hand.

“Certainly. That is my intention, if you tell me I may do so. Do you think I may?”

Miss Simms looked at me between the fingers of the hand that covered her face.

“Yes,” she said. “I think you may.”

I deliberated.

“My dear Miss Simms,” I said, “I can never sufficiently repay the kindness—the sympathy, the great sympathy—you have shown to me, to-day. I am going to take advantage of this sympathy—”

“Sir!” cried Miss Simms.

“Yes; gratitude consists mostly in taking advantage of the people who are kind to you. I am going to ask a still greater favor of you. Will you break this matter to your brother? Will you hint my feelings to Lotty?”

“I see no occasion for that! Why to Lotty!”

“Well; I respect your prudence. No doubt you are right. To your brother, then?”

“Had not you better do that. It is so very awkward.”

“My dear Miss Simms, oblige me in this. I shall be eternally indebted to you.”

Miss Simms gave me her angular white hand. She looked up into

my face with an expression of most intense sympathy. "I will do anything you tell me, *Henry*," she said—"May I call you *Henry*?"

"I consider it a most tender mark of your sympathy," I replied. I really thought her calling me by my Christian name, which she had never done before, a touching proof of her kind friendship.

"And now," I said, "I had better go. I am not inclined to see any one in the present state of my feelings. When I next see you, Miss Simms, I hope to be received in this house on another—a closer and more intimate footing. I think we fully understand each other?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Adieu! God bless you!"

* * * * *

My readers, I have no doubt, see clearly the fix I had got myself into. Will they believe me when I say that I had no notion of it myself! A preoccupied man assimilates every word that is spoken to the subject of his own preoccupation. When he enters into tender confidence, he speaks in ambiguously bashful hints, not in that precise language wherewith he would draw up his will.

I left the house with a feeling of the greatest satisfaction. The first move had been made, and made, I could not but flatter myself, with consummate address, and with a success equal to my highest hopes. This good, kind aunt of Lotty's, I was deeply grateful to her, and determined that I would make her a handsome present on my wedding.

Everything went well.

The next morning I received a letter from Lotty's papa.

"I can have no objection, if you have none," he wrote. "I consent gladly to receive your visits at my house on the footing you desire. Come and dine with us at six, and we will talk it over."

Miss Simms, how could I feel sufficiently grateful to you! Every

difficulty was cleared at once from my path. I saw now how foolish had been my self-depreciatory doubts on the subject of age. My budding obesity no longer gave me a pang. Did Ophelia find Hamlet the less attractive for his fatness?

And Lotty—what did Lotty think of all this? How would she meet me under these new relations? I painted for myself the most delightful picture. The sweet bashfulness, the maiden coyness, the blushes of the charming face, the beatings of the pure little heart, the downcast eyes, the trembling lips. Ah, me!—away with such remembrances!

I confess I was slightly nervous as I knocked at the Simms's door. There was a smile on the flunkey's face and an alacrity in his manner as he let me in. I saw that he knew all about it. What can he hide from these omniscient flunkies?

Miss Simms happened to be upon the stairs.

"How can I thank you?" I said, grasping her hand with the warmth of friendship. The flunkey had disappeared.

"Oh, *Henry*!" Miss Simms gasped.

Her feelings were too much for her. What a good heart this woman had to be so moved by the happiness of others. She clung to my hand, to my arm, to my shoulder for support. She raised her eyes to mine, her face to mine—her lips; by Jove, I thought for a moment the good creature was going to kiss me. Her attitude was the very attitude of Helena lifting beseeching lips to Bertram. "What would you have?" quoth he. She answers:

Something, and scarce so much: nothing, indeed.
I would not tell you what I would, my lord—
'faith, yes;—
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not *kiss*.

But I did gently sunder myself from the weight of Miss Simms without any osculation.

"And how is—is *she*?" I

said. "She is not unfavorable, I hope, towards my suit?"

"*She* is only too much blessed!" Miss Simms replied, with a smile, in which archness blended with sympathy. "Can you doubt it for a moment?"

At last I managed to reach the drawing-room door. Miss Simms would have me enter without her, for what reason I could not understand, but she professed to be too bashful, and said:

"It would look so odd for us to enter together."

I was certainly very nervous. It cannot be expected that I should now relate accurately all that was said to me, and all that I said in return, when at the time itself I had no very clear notion of that same.

I stammered some sort of vague thanks and gratitude to Lotty's papa; and he said something about congratulating me in return, and then by mutual consent we suffered the conversation to turn on indifferent subjects. Lotty's mamma helped me out of the difficulties of conversation as only a woman's fluent tongue can.

Lotty was not in the room.

Soon Miss Simms entered; and afterwards Lotty.

The expression of Lotty's face surprised me—and her manner still more. There was an angry flush upon her cheeks, a flashing fire in her eyes, an obstinate firmness about her red lips—very different from the signs I had expected to read upon that fair face. When I shook hands with her, she just gave me the tips of her fingers for the fraction of a moment, and pulled them away with a jerk.

"I hope, Lotty," I whispered, "that you have no objection to receive me in the new character which I take upon me here for the first time?"

"*Me?*" Lotty said. "Why, on earth, should I have any objection? I wish you joy, I'm sure."

Lotty carried her little nose high in the air, she tossed her head, she gave utterance to a short, sharp laugh, and looked very much as if she were going to cry. Her manner was most perplexing. Who can interpret the signs of a woman's face, or predicate the way in which she will act under any given circumstances?

"Henry," said a mild, purring, sugary voice; "Mr. Jones, I mean—I beg your pardon."

I crossed over to Miss Simms. She motioned to me to take the chair beside her. I sat down. Lotty remained at the window. Her papa and mamma entered into private and engrossing conversation. Miss Simms and I were, to all intents and purposes, alone together.

Dinner was announced.

Even while I was looking round for Lotty, Miss Simms had seized my arm.

I went down the stairs in a hideous dream—that clinging, angular hand was a special nightmare upon me.

My place at the dinner-table was changed. From the time when Lotty used to appear at dessert-time in a clean white frock and blue sash, her place had always been by me. Now, I and Miss Simms were placed together on one side of the table, and Lotty alone on the other side.

I was perplexed and miserable. Some shadow of the truth—not as yet the terrible truth itself—began to fall upon me.

How I got through that dinner I cannot tell. The chief remembrance I have of it, is of the expression of Lotty's face. It was precisely the same look that I had seen on it half-a-dozen years before, when a new doll which I had presented to Lotty had been taken away from her in punishment of some childish peccadillo.

I remember that we had champagne, as upon some gala occasion.

Lotty's papa drank Miss Simms's health and my health together in a humorous manner.

I was in a ghastly dream. Whether I knew the truth or did not know it I cannot tell. The dinner was over at length—the wine was put on. The ladies drank their one glass and left us.

As I opened the door for them Miss Simms whispered: "Do not be long."

We filled our glasses with claret.

"My dear fellow," said my host, "this little affair has given me the most entire satisfaction. I had not a suspicion of it. My sister Sarah, though I say it, who shouldn't, is a most estimable person, a capital housewife, good-tempered, and you and she have always got on very well together in your tastes for poetry and so forth. Ages not unsuitable. You are no longer a chicken, my dear fellow, and if she has a year or two the advantage of you, why that is your affair not mine. That is a matter of taste. Of course you know that her little property amounts to a mere nothing. She has lived with us now for a number of years, and, upon my soul, I shall be sorry to lose her. But we must not be selfish in this world.

Yes, I am convinced that Sarah will make you an excellent wife."

"Sir!" I gasped, "there is some terrible and fatal mistake!"

"Mistake, sir?" cried my host, fiercely; "what do you mean?"

"Your sister is a very respectable person," I stammered; "but I never had the remotest idea of—of—"

"Of what, sir?"

"The remotest idea of asking her to be my wife."

"Jones!" he said, solemnly, "I always took you to be a man of honor. The feelings and affection of a woman are not to be played with in this atrocious manner . . ."

Everything swam before my eyes, the room turned round—the world was resolving itself again into chaos—the final collapse of all things was at hand.

Like Shylock, flung from the height of my certain hopes to ruin irretrievable and blank despair, I turned sick and faint.

"I pray you give me leave to go from hence,
I am not well."

I rushed from the room—from the house.

That same night I took my passage on board a steamer, and floated away in the darkness, an exile from my native land.

THE THEORY OF THE "ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF THE BIBLE," IS DISCREDITED AND CONDEMNED BY PROTESTANTS.

THE religious revolutionists of the sixteenth century perceived at an early stage of their proceedings the fatal tendency of their gospel liberty, and vainly endeavored to arrest the tide of infidelity which they let loose upon the world. However, they effected nothing more than to render conspicuous the absurdity of their biblical system; for that

surely must be absurd in theory, which its advocates are obliged to abandon in practice. Such precisely is the case with the principle which has been set forth in opposition to the authoritative and infallible teaching of the Church. The sole and exclusive sufficiency of Holy Scripture was proclaimed as the palladium of gospel liberty; the

proper and secure means for ascertaining and maintaining the truths of divine faith; yet upon inquiry we find that this doctrine never was sincerely believed by its most ardent abettors. The persons who proclaimed it never practiced it, as we can easily show by their professions of faith. Of these I shall select only a few that are most important, and include the whole amount of evidence which could be collected from other similar testimonies. In these documents we find the exclusive sufficiency of the Bible repudiated; we find a specified formulary of faith established, and all else denounced and condemned. The Confession of Augsburg in its article on "*Unity of Essence*," condemns all heretics opposed to its views! On "*Original Sin*," it condemns the Pelagians! On the "*Ministry and Baptism*," it bestows double perdition on Anabaptists! On "*Penance*," it condemns those who assert that man being once justified cannot fall away from grace and virtue. In the seventh article on "*the Church*," it declares, that *One Holy Church* shall remain perpetual, and that in it "*the word of God shall be purely taught, and the sacraments purely administered*." Here the unity, sanctity, perpetuity, and visibility of the Church are made an article of so-called reformed faith. Now the Church that is one, holy, perpetual, and in which the word of God is purely taught, and the sacraments purely administered, must certainly be infallible, and being such, its authority to teach cannot be set aside by any appeal to the Bible, as a distinct and complete guide. Two things have been effected by the compilers of this Augsburg Confession: they have set forth their own definitions of faith; and they have solemnly declared that to be the pure word of God which is taught by the Church; accordingly it is evident that the

sole sufficiency of the Bible was denied by those creed-makers and their followers.

Our next subject of examination is found in the thirty-nine articles of Queen Elizabeth's Institution, known by the very peculiar and proper name, "*The Church by law established*." The eighteenth article pronounces a curse upon all persons presuming to say: "*That every man shall be saved by the law or sect which he professeth*." The twentieth article declares that the Church hath authority in matters of faith! The thirty-third article attributes to the Church the power of excommunication, and declares that the person excommunicated ought to be considered by the whole body as "*a heathen and a publican*," until he be openly reconciled by penance and received into the Church! I must say that this is a very strange kind of liberty! First a man is told that he is not to believe anything except what is clearly stated in Scripture, or which may be proved by it; then after exercising his right of private judgment and discovering that the Bible did not authorize Elizabeth to set up a so-called Church; and that it could not be proved that a set of hard-drinking, gambling, dissolute members of Parliament were the foundation of the Church instead of the Apostles, he is called a heathen! Then, again, he must do penance, in order to obtain the comfort of being received into an establishment which declares itself to be fallible.

The establishment of Scotland lays down this position in its Confession of Faith, that "*there shall always be a Church on earth to worship God according to His will*," a position directly opposed to the idea of the sole and exclusive sufficiency of the Bible. The subscribers to that confession oblige themselves "*to abhor and detest all religion and doctrine contrary*

thereto, even as they are damned and confuted by the word of God and the kirk of Scotland." So that although a man may study the Bible with a prayerful spirit, and prove thereby many things clear and satisfactory for his conscientious conviction, yet if he happens to disagree with the kirk, he becomes a subject of horror and detestation. The same Confession declares that "*it belongs to synods and councils ministerially to determine controversies of faith.*"

The National Assembly of the so-called Reformed Church of France obliged all its members to subscribe thus: "*We promise before God to submit to all that shall be resolved in your Holy Assembly; convinced as we are that God will preside over it and guide you by his holy Spirit into all truth.*" From these authorities and from the confessions of all parties who pretend to maintain the Bible as being alone a rule of faith, it is evident that there is an assumption of infallible authority to teach, to sit in judgment on matters of doctrine, and to pass sentence of excommunication upon dissenters. And thus it is clearly proved that although it may be convenient, through subserviency to popular clamor, and for the purpose of exciting enmity against the Church of God, to publish as a theory the Bible, and the Bible alone, in practice such a principle is totally abandoned, and we are justified in saying that such a system is an absurdity, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.

The experience of a few years brought clearly before the eyes of the fermenters of the religious rebellion of the sixteenth century, the frightful consequences that must always ensue from a rejection of legitimate authority and the adoption of a system of anarchy. As they had defied the jurisdiction of the Church, they soon dis-

covered that their own usurpation over the consciences of men was despised; and, in the bitterness of disappointed ambition, they acknowledged that their power was unequal to the task of appeasing the spirit which they had evoked. "*Verily I must acknowledge (writes Luther) much trouble cometh of my teaching. Yea, I cannot deny that this matter maketh me sorrowful when my conscience especially chideth me, in that I have torn asunder the former state of the Church, which was tranquil and peaceful under the Pope, and excited much trouble, discord, and faction by my teaching. If the world endureth much longer we shall be forced by reason of the contrary interpretations of the Bible which now prevail to adopt again and take refuge in the decrees of Councils.*" Calvin writes to Melancthon: "*It is of no little moment that the dissensions which have arisen amongst us should remain unsuspected by posterity. For it is truly ridiculous that after opposing ourselves to the entire world we should at the very commencement differ among ourselves.*" "*The whole Elbe (proclaimed Melancthon) could not supply water enough to bewail the dissensions of the Reformation.*" Thus did the very men who proclaimed the principle of Bible guidance record their condemnation. The case was then such as it is in our days; such as it ever shall be when men presume to deviate from the order of instruction appointed by our divine Master from the beginning; no harmony of judgment was found or could be expected! Under such a system one man has as good a right as another to indulge in daring conjecture or sturdy dogmatism. All moderation is lost in the conflict of opinions, and the combatants agree in nothing but in detesting each other and disturbing the peace of

the world. Each man thinks he has discovered what God concealed, and gives his own opinion as a supplement to revelation. The iterated cry of modern times, "*To the Bible! to the Bible!*" has been the constant cry of all separatists from the Church in every age. And what has been the effect of these appeals to the holy written word? Have they eradicated error, and brought men to the unity of the faith? Quite the reverse. But, is the Bible the cause of all the divisions which exist? No man, no professing Christian can have the presumption to say that it is. And what then is the cause of these disorders? The self-sufficiency of individuals, who prefer their own opinions to the immutable truths taught and believed by the Church of Christ. Hear the Church, say the Scriptures of truth! Hear no Church, but judge for yourselves, say the opponents of the apostolic ministry. Believe the Holy Catholic Church, says the Apostles' creed; disbelieve the Church, say those who pretend to extraordinary reverence for the evangelical writings. From generation to generation, from kingdom to kingdom, this system of setting up the Bible in opposition to the infallibility of the Church has been denounced as an impious delusion, and the fertile source of infidelity and immorality, by the most distinguished men belonging to the very establishments that subsist through the maintenance of this pretence of the sole sufficiency of Scripture rule. The learned Dr. Walton of the "Church of England by law established," complained of it in the following terms: "*Aristarchus could find scarce seven wise men in Greece; but with us there are scarce to be found so many idiots; all are doctors, all are divinely inspired, learned. There is not so much as the meanest fanatic that*

does not give you his own dreams for the word of God. The bottomless pit seems to have been set open from which a smoke has arisen which has darkened the heavens, and the locusts are come out with stings, a numerous race of heretics and sectarians, who have renewed all the ancient heresies, and invented many monstrous opinions of their own; these have filled our cities, nay, our pulpits too, and led the poor deluded people with them to the pit of perdition." Numerous, indeed, are the undoubted and well-authenticated historical facts which I might adduce to show that treason, sedition, and almost every crime in the catalogue of sin went hand-in-hand with the rejection of the teaching of the Church and the pretence of the sole sufficiency of the Bible. It is enough to make reference to a few authorities outside the pale of the Catholic Church, to such men as Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Beza, Dudeth, Grotius, Rivetus, Strype, Camden, Heylin, Dugdale. To use their own words the immediate consequences of this principle were: "*A general corruption of morals—charity became weakened—no conformity in the manner of living with the law of God—avarice, oppression, murder—no remedy by law, magistrates making a traffic of justice—adultery and libertinism—ambition and jealousy among the great—insolence and sedition among the people.*"

I say this system has led to infidelity, and has debased the masses of the people into frightful immorality and religious ignorance in every country where it prevails. Cast your eyes towards Germany, and then say if I am wrong in my assertion.

Now let us look to England. That ill-fated land of pride, and lust, and mammon, lies to-day, by its own confession, deep under a cloud of mental, moral, and relig-

ious darkness, which makes the condition of millions of souls, for whom the Saviour shed his blood, more pitiable than that of the stolid savages of Africa, or the ice-bound regions of the Arctic. In a recent debate on general education in England and Wales, the following facts were introduced to the notice of the Parliament. From a report of the census, it appears that in 1851 there were *three million* of children between three and fifteen years of age who were attending no school at all. In 1846, when the population of England was seventeen million eighteen thousand six hundred, there were sixty thousand eight hundred and fifty-six persons convicted of crime! The population of Austria (1838) was twenty-three million six hundred and fifty-two thousand, and detected crimes amounted to twenty-nine thousand four hundred and ninety-two. The result was, therefore, that while the population of Austria was upwards of six million five hundred thousand more than that of England, the detected crime in England was double that of Austria. So that in Austria one in eight hundred of the population is detected in crime, while in England one in three hundred is detected, making a difference of nearly three to one. (General and Religious Ignorance.)

It is not only that children from twelve to fifteen years of age cannot read or write, but they are not acquainted with the Creed, or with the Lord's Prayer, and scarcely know that there is a God in heaven! Inquiry having been made, whether such cases were of frequent occurrence, the invariable answer has been, that they are *the rule*, not *the exception*. The most complete and heathenish ignorance prevails among the children. It is found

that the generality of grown-up boys have not an idea of religion in any shape or form. A Reverend Mr. Clay says that the majority of men, women, and youths who came under his observation, amounting to many thousands, were so incapable of receiving moral or religious instruction that to speak to them of virtue, vice, iniquity or holiness *was to speak to them in an unknown tongue!*

By a report, furnished in 1849, on the state of education in Preston, it appears that only ten per cent. were acquainted with the elementary truths of religion,—sixty-two per cent. were ignorant of the words "*virtue*" and "*vice*," and did not even know the Saviour's name.

Now let us follow those thousands to their homes, let us go to the homes of those children, and we easily discover the lamentable condition of the bulk of the population. For, the parents of these unhappy people must not have been Christians. The name of Christ must not have been heard beneath their ill-starred roofs. Still more their neighbors must have resembled themselves, else why should these boys not have heard the Saviour's name? The whole population must in England be one mass of something worse than pagans. In every country, even the most savage, there is some Divinity adored and feared after some fashion, however gross. But in England they scarcely know that there is a God at all. It is worse than barbarism, as Mr Clay is right in declaring, because, while these unhappy outcasts know nothing of a Saviour or a God, they are conversant with vice, they are familiar with crime, and they are steeped in debauchery.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NOTES ON THE SECOND PLENARY COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE. By Rev. S. S. Smith, Professor of Sacred Scripture, Canon Law, and Ecclesiastical History at Seton Hall Seminary. New York: P. O'Shea. 1874.

All Catholic publications, especially of such importance as this one, should invariably, in our humble judgment, bear the proper *imprimatur*. This book, however, does not. We do not commence our criticism with this assertion because we wish to find fault, as some of our contemporaries have done, with its contents. It certainly is not perfection, but it is perfect enough for its purpose, and we heartily agree with the editor of the *New York Tablet* when he says that anything which tends to throw light upon the constitutions of the Church should always prove welcome, especially to the laity, who are grossly culpable in their ignorance in the premises. Any one who has read the review department of this magazine for the past two years, knows well how strongly we have spoken to the laity on this point; here now is another fine opportunity offered them to improve their minds in ecclesiastical law and lore, and we hope they will avail themselves of it. Father Smith has told us but little that as layman we might know, but that little is amply sufficient for the purpose. We have heard the objection brought against his book that he is too diffuse in the discussion of settled questions, but the features of what somebody ignorantly styles "the American Church" are by no means so regular as those of its European sisters; but we live in the hopes that time may soften them into the chaste lines of Rome's maternal beauty, therefore we think our author excusable if he merely paints them as they are, not as they might be. He is, we think, however, a little too personal at times; for instance, the earnestness and redundancy of his remarks about Archbishop Spalding's hospitality are hardly in place, and expose him to the inconvenience of a hint that comparisons are sometimes odious. These are, however, but slight blemishes on a generally excellent and valuable book.

CHARTERIS; a Romance. By Miss M. Meline, authoress of *Montaigne's Legacy*, *In Six Months*, etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 715 Market Street. 1874

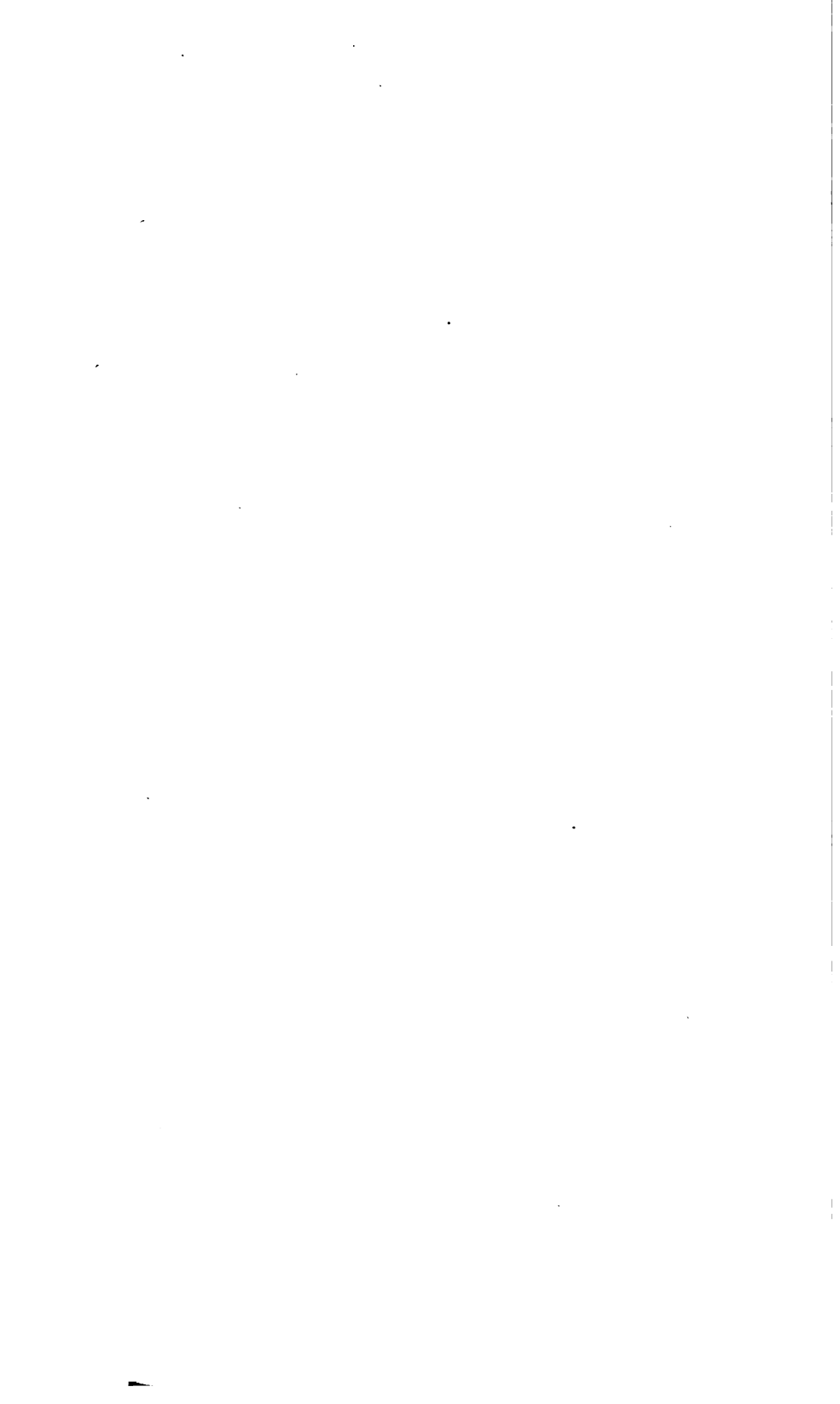
Miss Meline is, we believe, a sister of

the late and deeply revered Col. James M. Meline. We have read all her previous books, but in the present one she seems to have presented us with the mellowed fruits of a long-ripening authorship, of which her preceding works were but imperfect blossoms of promise. The style is refined, the plot is exceedingly vivid and skilfully managed, the scenes are laid amid beautiful surroundings, and the dialogue sprightly and generally as *natural* as that of a novel ought to be. We regard it from a hasty glance through its chapters as one of the very best books for pleasure-reading that we have perused for a long time, and we think that in these days of *deceitful* literature Miss Meline ought to credit us in saying this with a very high compliment. We perhaps ought to add that while the story is thoroughly Catholic in moral tone, as the Catholicity of its authoress ought to make it, it is written and admirably suited for all classes of readers.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PROTESTANT IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1874. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 27 S. Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This, as its title imports, is a controversial tale, but it is also what its name does not import, a story of more than ordinary merit of its kind, both in beauty of sentiment and grace of composition. Its author, "Iota," whoever he or she may be, is evidently a refined and soulful scholar. It has none of the childish *wishy-washiness* which too often characterizes doctrinal tales. The author, in a truly beautiful and instructive preface, explains the scope of the work as follows: "We attempt in these pages to exhibit some of the workings of a mind that may be taken as the type of a large class of young, thoughtful, studious men of the day, who having had instilled into their minds the divine right of private judgment, as the phrase is, have determined to shape out their own course of thought, cast off the prejudices of their education, and adopt as their motto for life, Every man his own creed-maker." Of course the author is himself a convert, and therefore abundantly able to compose such a work in even a far more satisfactory manner than one to the manner born, and therefore happily ignorant of that unblissful gift, a mind working with religious fermentation.







NOV 3 - 1943

